

THE INSTRUCTIVE  
LETTER - WRITER,  
AND  
ENTERTAINING COMPANION:  
CONTAINING  
LETTERS

On the most *interesting* SUBJECTS,

In an ELEGANT and EASY STYLE;

Most of which are wrote by the following  
*Royal* and *Eminent* PERSONAGES, and the  
BEST AUTHORS, Antient and Modern, viz.

CICERO,	Prince GEORGE of	LOCKE,
BRUTUS,	DENMARK,	ADDISON,
TRAJAN,	Emps. of RUSSIA	STEELE,
PLINY,	Sir W. RALEIGH,	POPE,
PLUTARCH,	Du. and Dutchess	GAY,
Q. ANN BOLEYN,	of MARLBOROUGH,	ATTERBURY,
K. EDWARD VI.	Ma. of GRANBY,	Mr. & Mrs. ROWE,
K. CHARLES I.	Abp. TILLOTSON	RICHARDSON,
and His QUEEN,	MOLYNEUX,	COLEMAN,
Queen ANN,		MURPHY, &c.

With *Forms* of *Messages* for CARDS.

To which are prefix'd, INSTRUCTIONS for writing Letters  
with Elegance and Propriety; DIRECTIONS how to  
address Persons of all Ranks; A plain and concise  
GRAMMAR of the *ENGLISH* TONGUE; and  
some necessary Orthographical Directions.

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Blest be the Man! His Memory, at least,  
Who found the ART, thus to unfold his Breast;  
And taught succeeding Times an easy Way,  
Their secret Thoughts by LETTERS to convey.

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By GEORGE SEYMOUR.

---

L O N D O N :

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TO THE  
P U B L I C.

W Hile the respectable Names in the Title-Page sufficiently justify a new Publication, the Editor humbly hopes, that among the various *Collections of Letters* that are abroad, his Attention in selecting from the most *elegant Authors*, such as are best adapted to inspire noble and manly Sentiments, and promote a rational and virtuous Conduct, will not be unworthy the Approbation of the judicious.



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## INSTRUCTIONS for *writing Letters* in the most elegant and agreeable Manner, and also for *subscribing* and *directing* them properly.

“ **T**HE Art of Epistolary Writing was esteemed by the Romans in the number of liberal and polite accomplishments; and we find Cicero mentioning, with great pleasure, in some of his letters to Atticus, the elegant specimen he had received from his son of his genius in this way \*. It seems, indeed, to have formed part of their education; as in the opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deserves to have a share in ours. “ The writing of Letters (as that judicious author observes) enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid shewing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense and abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse †.” Pliny was of the same opinion; for in a subsequent letter ‡, wherein he lays down a method of study to one who desired his sentiments upon that head, he particularly recommends to him performances of this kind. A fine letter does not consist in saying fine things, but expressing ordinary ones in an uncommon manner. It is the *proprie communia dicere*, the art of giving grace and elegance to familiar occurrences that constitutes the merit of this kind of writing. Mr. Gay’s letter concerning the two lovers, who were struck dead with the same flash of lightening, is a master piece of the sort.”

It is a general observation, that we should write as we would talk upon any subject, with the ease and politeness of conversation, and the exactness of study and reflection.

\* *Ad Att. l. xv. 16, 17.* † *Treat. on Educat. 86.*  
‡ *Book vii. let. 9.*

reflection ; always remembering, that when we write, we are more tied down as to the quantity of matter, than when we converse ; that we should therefore write only what is most necessary ; and that a slip of the tongue often passes unobserved, when what is written is liable to be examined and censured. The way to attain this natural easiness of expression, is to converse with, and endeavour to imitate the manner of the polite in conversation and writing. The Guardian and Spectators should be read often ; especially the letters that are interspersed in those valuable volumes.

The papers with the letters C, L, I, O, at the bottom, have for their author the celebrated Mr. Addison, and are remarkable for being wrote in a clear, correct, elegant and easy manner. Cicero, but especially Pliny, are perfect models in this way. The elegant translation of Pliny's letters, by the ingenious Mr. Melmoth, is a copious fund both for entertainment and improvement. Every thing Pliny says, is so just and yet so natural, so exact and still so easy, that he cannot be too much read nor too well digested.

There are many Letters written by Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Melmoth, and other eminent persons of our own country, that are remarkable for their elegance and fine taste ; and they deserve to be much read and regarded.

To be a little more particular as to the practical improvement in this pleasing and useful art. When you have considered the subject in your mind you are to write upon, put down your thoughts immediately, in the words that most naturally arise, without seeking for elegant phrases or studied expressions. After you have finished your letter, but not before, lest you break the thread of your thoughts or vary your stile, revise and alter the language, and then copy it in a fair manner. If you write your first thoughts in a book, kept for that purpose only, leaving a blank page opposite that you write upon, it will be of use not only to know what you have written, in case a letter should be lost, or to enable you to judge of the answers you receive. You will hereby  
also



also discern what degree of improvement you make in this agreeable employment ; and the only way to do this in any considerable degree is by frequent practice. This should be an inducement not to be backward in writing, which many are, because they think themselves incapable of doing it in a proper manner, and has been often the cause why persons are not so well qualified in the Epistolary Art, as otherwise they might be.

As to Letters relative to trade and business of any kind, they should be plain and concise, but full and intelligible. Abbreviations, and especially omissions of any word necessary to make the language grammatically clear, in letters about business, are certainly improper, though too frequent ; for even in the beginning of a letter many write, *Have sent*, &c. instead of, *I have sent*, &c.

In answering letters, no particular, especially in letters of business, should be disregarded. Begin with the first, and proceed regularly till you have gone thro' the whole. If you would shew respect be expeditious in your answers. The want of being so about business is often of bad consequence.

Orders for goods should be clear and particular, especially if to a manufacturer, to make or buy goods of such a quantity or pattern ; for if such are not made agreeable to orders, nor sent in the time limited, the person who ordered them may legally refuse to receive them : But if he should like some of them, it is to be observed, that by taking any part of them he is obliged to take the whole parcel.

As to the Form and Supercription of Letters, especially to those in genteel life, the following rules may be of use.

When you write to a person of rank, or a gentleman, it should be on gilt paper, and without sealing it inclose it in a cover upon which you are to write the Supercription or Direction, which has of late been frequently termed the Address.

Begin your Letter about two inches from the top of your paper, making the first line about an inch shorter than the following ones. When you begin a fresh subject

ject always do the same; which is making, what is called, *a fresh paragraph*. If you send compliments or services to friends, it is thought by many disrespectful if you do not insert them in the body of your letter; but this depends on the freedom you are intitled to with your correspondent, and the manner persons are accustomed to.

It is customary with polite persons to sign their names at a considerable distance from the conclusion of their letters, and thereby leave a vacant space over their names. The doing this has led some bad persons to take off that part of the letter and write a promissory note over it, which may be of bad consequence.

In *directing* Letters to persons who are well known, it is proper not to be too particular, as it is supposing them to be obscure and not easily found.

When you write to superiors your letters should be as short as the subject will permit, especially when you request favours; and to such it is looked upon as disrespectful to make a postscript; to such also it is very customary to conclude with, *Sir, Madam, or may it please your Lordship, &c. &c.*

The underwritten is the customary Form of a *Superscription* or *Direction*: The word *To* is to be wrote by itself nigh the left or the right-hand angle of your letter. Begin the Title or Name of the Person a little lower, and in a line by itself, and the particular Place of Abode in another line, and at the bottom of all the City or Town near or where he lives.

To

*The Right Hon.*

*William Pitt, Esq;*

*In St. James's Street,*

*Westminster.*

*How to address Persons of Distinction, either in Writing or Discourse.*

**T**O the King: most excellent Majesty, Sir, or *May it please your Majesty.*

To his Royal Highness GEORGE, Prince of Wales, Sir, or, *May it please your Royal Highness.*

In the same manner to the rest of the Royal Family; altering the addresses according to the different rank and degrees of dignity.

*To the Nobility.*

To his Grace B. Duke of S. *My Lord Duke*, or, *May it please your Grace*, or, *Your Grace.*

To the most Honourable E. Lord Marquis of A. *My Lord Marquis, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable D. Earl of L. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable E. Lord Viscount G. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable N. Lord D. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

The *Ladies* are addressed according to the rank of their husbands.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquesses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by courtesy of England, the title of *Lord*, and *Right Honourable*; and the title of *Lady*, and *Right Honourable* is given to all their Daughters.

But the youngest Sons of Earls, are only *Honourable* and *Esquires*.

The Sons of Viscounts and Barons, are stiled *Esquires* and *Honourable*; and their Daughters are directed to *The Honourable Mrs. E. C.* but without any other stile; and they have rank amongst the first gentry, without title.

The title of *Honourable* is likewise conferred on certain persons who have the King's commission, and upon those gentlemen who enjoy places of trust and honour; and every considerable servant to the King, upon the civil or military list, or to any of the Royal Family, is stiled *Esquire, pro tempore.*

The title of *Right Honourable* is given to no Commons,

ers, excepting those who are Members of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord-mayors of *London, York and Dublin*, and the Lord-provost of *Edinburgh*, during their office.

*To the Parliament.*

To the Right Honourable the Lords spiritual and temporal, in Parliament of Great-Britain assembled, *My Lords*, or, *May it please your Lordships*.

To the Honourable the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses, in Parliament of Great-Britain assembled, *Gentlemen*, or, *May it please your Honours*.

To the Right Honourable A. O. Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, *Sir*.

*To the Clergy.*

To the most Reverend Father in God, THOMAS, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, *My Lord*, or, *Your Grace*.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, T. Lord Bishop of E. *My Lord*, *Your Lordship*.

To the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of D. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, *My Lord*, *Your Lordship*.

To the Reverend Mr. (or Doctor, if the degree of doctor has been taken) B. C. Dean of D. or Archdeacon, or Chancellor of G. or Prebendary, &c. *Mr. Dean*, *Mr. Archdeacon*, *Reverend Sir*, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Clergymen of all denominations, are stiled *Reverend*.

*To the Officers of his Majesty's Household.*

They are for the most part addressed according to their rank and quality, though sometimes agreeably to the nature of their office, as, *My Lord Steward*, *My Lord Chamberlain*, *Mr. Vice Chamberlain*, &c. and in all Supercriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemen's employments, their stile of office should never be omitted.

*To the Commissioners and Officers on the Civil Lists.*

To the Right Honourable T. Earl of W. Lord Privy Seal——Lord President of the Council——Lord Great Chamberlain——Earl Marshal of England——His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. *My Lord*,  
*Your Lordship.* To



To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners—of the Admiralty—of the Treasury—of Trade and Plantations, &c. *My Lords, Your Lordships.*

*N. B.* If there is a Nobleman, or even a Commoner, who is a Privy Councillor, among any set of Commissioners, it will be proper to stile them collectively *Right Honourable*; the usual address then, is *Your Lordships.*

To the Right Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs—Ditto of the Revenue of Excise—Ditto for the Duty on Salt—Ditto for his Majesty's Stamp Duties—Ditto for victualling his Majesty's Navy, &c. &c.

*To the Officers of the Army and Navy.*

In the Army, all Noblemen are stiled according to rank, to which is added their employ.

To the Honourable B. D. Lieutenant general—Major-general — Brigadier general of his Majesty's Forces, *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable T. Earl of D. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-guards—Band of Gentlemen Pensioners—Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

All Colonels are stiled *Honourable*; and all inferior Officers should have the names of their employments set first; as for example, *To Major J. E. To Captain R. A. &c. Sir.*

In the Navy, all Admirals are stiled *Honourable*, and Noblemen according to quality and office. The other Officers as in the Army.

*To the Ambassadors, Secretaries and Consuls.*

To his Excellency Sir W. J. Bart. his Britannic Majesty's Envoy extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to the Ottoman Port, *Sir, Your Excellency.*

To Signiour G. K. Secretary from the Republic of Venice, at London, *Sir.*

To D. T. Esq; his Britannic Majesty's Consul, at Smyrna, *Sir.*

*To the Judges and Lawyers.*

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are stiled *Right Honourable*; as for instance: To the Right Honourable

P. B. Lord High-chancellor of Great-Britain, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable E. G. Master of the Rolls, *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Right Honourable Sir C. N. Bart. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—Ditto of the Common Pleas, *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir.*

To the Honourable C. L. one of the Justices of the Court of — or, To Judge F. *Sir, or, may it please you, Sir.*

To Sir R. D. his Majesty's attorney—sollicitor—or advocate general, *Sir.*

All others in the Law according to the offices and rank they bear, every Barrister having the title of *Esquire* given him.

N. B. Upon the circuits, and when they sit singly, every one of the Judges is addressed and treated with the same respect and ceremony as the Chief Justices.

*Of the Lieutenancy and Magistracy.*

To the Right Honourable B. Earl of S. Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of H. *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To E. P. Esq; High Sheriff for the County of C. *Your Worship, Mr. High Sheriff; Sir.*

To the Right Honourable B. A. Lord Mayor of the City of London; *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Worshipful D. C. Esq; Alderman of Tower-Ward, London: *Your Worship, Sir.*

To the Right Worshipful Sir, F. E. Recorder of the City of London: *Your Worship, Sir, Mr. Recorder.*

To the Right Worshipful H. G. Esq; Mayor of L. *Mr. Mayor, Sir, Your Worship.*

To the Worshipful G. J. Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of S. *Sir, Your Worship.*

To M. L. Esq; Deputy-Steward of the City and Liberty of W. *Mr. Deputy, Sir.*

C

To

*To the Governors under the Crown.*

To his Excellency J. Lord C. Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland : *My Lord Lieutenant, Your Excellency.*

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of the Kingdom of Ireland : *Your Excellencies.*

To the Right Honourable L. Earl of J. Governor of Dover-Castle, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports : *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To the Right Honourable C. Lord Viscount D. Constable of the Tower : *My Lord, Your Lordship.*

To his Excellency H. J. Esq; Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the Leeward Caribbee Islands in America : *Sir, Governor, Your Excellency.*

To the Honourable N. F. Esq; Lieutenant Governor of South-Carolina : *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Honourable Sir G. J. Deputy Governor of Portsmouth : *Sir, Your Honour.*

To the Honourable P. G. Esq; Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, in East-India.

To the Worshipful the President, and Governors of Christ's Hospital, London.

*The second Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are styled Lieutenant Governors : Those appointed by the Proprietors, as the East-India Company, &c. are called Deputy Governors.*

*To Incorporate Bodies.*

To the Honourable the Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East-Indies : *Your Honours.*

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the South Sea Company.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England : *Your Honours.*

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Drapers.

To a Baronet : To Sir D. C. Bart. at Binfield : *Sir.*

To a Knight : To Sir H. W. at Richmond : *Sir.*

To G. T. Esq; at Wickham : *Sir.*

To Dr. W. Jones, at Reading, Berks : *Sir, or Doctor.*

To

To Mr. John Long, Merchant in London, or Bristol, &c.  
To Mr. Swan, Surgeon at Bath : *Sir*.

*N. B.* The Wives of Baronets and Knights, are styled Ladies.

## A PLAIN AND CONCISE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

**G**RAMMAR is the Art of *speaking* and *writing* properly. It is divided into four parts : 1. ORTHOGRAPHY, which teaches how to write and spell truly ; as *talk*, not *tawk* ; *condition*, not *condishon*, &c. 2. ETYMOLOGY, which treats of the several kinds of words, or parts of speech, their derivations, endings, and change, whereby the meaning of the same word is diversified ; as *man*, *men* ; *we are*, not *we is*. 3. SYNTAX, which teaches the due disposition of words in sentences. 4. PROSOBY, which teaches to pronounce properly ; and the laws of versification.

Without going into remarks on the letters of the alphabet, and the manner of dividing syllables, which are taught at schools, tho' the other parts of Grammar, in general, are not ; we shall begin with the parts of speech, which, according to the idiom of the English Language, are most properly divided into four ; viz. *Nouns Substantives*, *Nouns Adjectives*, *Verbs*, and *Particles*. *Nouns Substantives*, or *Names*, are words whereby things, either sensible or intelligible, are expressed, and cannot have the word *thing* immediately added to them ; for we cannot properly say a *Hand Thing*, a *Book Thing*, &c. and as they require no other word except *a*, *an*, or *the*, to be joined to them, they are called *Substantives*. They are divided into common, proper, and personal. The common comprehends a whole kind or species ; as *Man* is the name that belongs to all men, *City* to every city, and *River* to every river. The proper serves to distinguish particular things ; as *John* is the



name of a particular man, *London* of a certain city, and the *Thames* of a particular river. The personal, or pronoun, is used to avoid the repetition of other names; as *I*, instead of my name; *thou* or *you* instead of your name; *he* or *she*, instead of the name of the person of whom we are speaking; and *it*, when we mention a thing that has no distinction of sex. Thus in speaking of my self, I use the word *I*; if more than one speak of themselves, they use the word *we*; in speaking to another, we use *thou* or *you*; in speaking to more than one, we say *ye* or *you*; if we speak of a person to whom we do not address our discourse, we say *he* or *she*; of a thing without sex, *it*; and if of more persons or things than one, we say *they*.

Here it is worthy of remark, that *who*, *which* and *what*, are sometimes personal interrogatives, as being frequently used in asking questions; in which case, *who* is only used in speaking of persons, and *which* or *what* of either persons or things; as *Who is that lady?* *What man came in?* *What place do you chuse?* It must also be observed, that *who*, *which* and *what*, are frequently called relatives, from their having a relation to some foregoing word; as *the man who wrote this book*; where *who* refers to man; in this case, *who* is only applied to persons, *which* to things, and *what* or *that* to either persons or things.

In the English language, personals are the only nouns that are expressed differently, when placed before and after the verb; as *I*, *thou*, *he* or *she*, which are called the three persons singular, are placed before the verb, and *me*, *thee*, *him* and *her*, are placed after it; as also *we*, *ye*, *they*, called the three persons plural, precede the verb, and *us*, *you*, *him*, *her* and *them*, follow after it.

*Substantives* have two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural; the Singular, which expresses only one Person or Thing, is frequently distinguished by *a*, *an*, *one*, or *the* going before it; as *a Table*, *a King*, *an Arm*, or *the Arm*: The Plural is formed by adding *s*, as *Tables*, *Kings*, *Arms*; or *es*, where *s* could not otherwise be founded; as after *ch*, *s*, *sh*, *x*, *z*; after *c* founded like *s*,

like *s*, and *g*, like *j*; the mute *e* is vocal before *s*, as *Lance*, *Lances*; *Outrage*, *Outrages*. To this general Rule there are, however, a few Exceptions, as those Singulars which end in *f* commonly form their Plural by *ves*, as *Loaf*, *Loaves*; *Calf*, *Calves*: Though *Dwarf*, *Hoof*, *Handkerchief*, *Mischief*, *Proof*, *Relief*, *Puff*, *Roof*, *Scarf*, *Grief*, are made plural by adding only *s*; as are Words ending in *ff*, except *Staves*.

Irregular Plurals are, *Teeth* from *Tooth*, *Lice* from *Louse*, *Mice* from *Mouse*, *Geese* from *Goose*, *Feet* from *Foot*, *Dice* from *Die*, *Pence* from *Penny*, *Brethren* from *Brother*, *Children* from *Child*. Some Words have no Plural; as *Corn*, *Wheat*, *Rye*, *Barley*, *Chaff*, *Bran*, *Meal*, *Beer*, *Vinegar*, *Honey*, *Butter*, *Tar*, *Pitch*, *Wool*, *Dust*, *Hunger*, *Thirst*, *People*, *Offspring*, &c. Of this Class are also the Virtues and Vices; as *Justice*, *Temperance*, *Hatred*, *Envy*, &c. and abstract Qualities; as *Happiness*, *Misery*, *Wisdom*, *Paleness*, *Contempt*, *Grief*, &c. Others have the same Ending in both Numbers; as *Deer*, *Sheep*, &c. and others have no Singular; as *Bellows*, *Bowels*, *Breeches*, *Tongs*, *Scissars*, *Snuffers*, *Folks*, *Wages*, *Thanks*, &c.

In most other Languages the masculine and feminine Genders being applied to inanimate Things, give no small Trouble to the Learner; but in the English Language they are only applied to their proper and necessary Use, that is, to distinguish the Sexes, in which we either use two Words; as in *Man*, *Woman*; *Boy*, *Girl*; *Brother*, *Sister*; *Duck*, *Drake*; *Goose*, *Gander*: Or by putting another Word expressive of the Sex before the Name; as *Man Servant*, *Maid Servant*; *Male Child*, *Female Child*; *Cock Sparrow*, *Hen Sparrow*; *He Goat*, *She Goat*. In some few Words, the Female is distinguished from the Male, by changing their Termination into *ess*; as *Count*, *Countess*; *Heir*, *Heiress*; *Prince*, *Princess*: Or into *x*, as *Administratrix*, *Executrix*, *Testatrix*. They are also known by the personal Names, *He*, *Him*, used in speaking of Males; *She*, *Her*, used in referring to Females; and *It*, when we refer to inanimate Things. But there are four or five Words in

the Language, which may be considered as Exceptions to this Rule; for we sometimes use the Word *Sun* in the Masculine Gender, and the *Moon*, the *Church*, and a *Ship*, are of the Feminine.

Instead of Cases, and the various Terminations and Declensions used in *Latin*, we have only the Articles, *a, an, the, of, to, by, from, with, &c.* to distinguish the several Circumstances of the Substantive, either when alone, or when joined to an Adjective; except in the Genitive Case, which we sometimes form by adding *'s* to the Noun; as, for *the Son of the Prince*, we write the *Prince's Son*, we also say, *George's Watch, John's Book, &c.*

ADJECTIVES in the *English* Language are wholly indeclinable; having neither Case, Gender, nor Number, and are added to Substantives in all Relations without any Change; as *a fine Horse, a good Woman, good Women, of a good Woman, good Men, of good Men, &c.* And though in most other Languages they are placed before the Substantive, in *English* they are placed after it, as in the above Examples; in Poetry, however, this Order is sometimes changed; as, *O Bard divine!* The principal Peculiarity of this Part of Speech, is, that Qualities admit of Degrees of Comparison, which Things do not: And of these there are properly but two, called the *Comparative* and *Superlative*, both formed from the Quality in its positive State, which expresses simply the State of the Name, without Relation to the like Quality in any other; as *wise, bright, fair, vile*. The *Comparative* Degree, by comparing one Thing with another, expresses the Quality somewhat increased or diminished, and is formed by adding *er* to the Positive; as *wiser, brighter, fairer, viler*: And the *Superlative* Degree expresses absolutely the Superiority of one above or beyond the other; as *wisest, brightest, fairest, vilest*.

The Degrees of Comparison are also frequently formed by adding *more* or *most*, without altering the Termination of the Adjective; as *more wise, most wise*: Which serves to vary the Turn of Expression, and is often esteemed more elegant than barely altering the  
Termina-



Termination: This is particularly the Case in Words of two, three, or more Syllables; thus *more beautiful*, *most beautiful*, are more elegant than *beautifuller*, *beautifullest*. Thus *extraordinary*, *remarkable*, and most other long Words, have their Degrees of Comparison always expressed by *more* or *most*; for we never say *extraordinarier*, *extraordinariest*.

The Comparison of Adjectives is very uncertain; and being much regulated by Commodiousness of Utterance, or Agreeableness of Sound, is not easily reduced to Rules.

It is necessary to observe, that Nouns or Names are sometimes used as Adjectives or Qualities; as a *Gold Watch*, a *Diamond Ring*, a *Silver Tankard*: And that a Quality is used as a Name, and is to be considered as a Substantive, whenever it is taken in an abstracted or universal Sense, which Substantives are generally formed by adding *ness* to the Adjective, *Goodness*, *Whiteness*, &c.

Some Grammarians have ranked the Words, *my*, *mine*; *thy*, *thine*; *his*, *hers*; *our*, *ours*; *your*, *yours*; *their*, *theirs*; under the Class of Qualities derived from personal Names, and called them personal Possessives; and also, *this*, *that*, *the same*, which are called Demonstratives, because they shew what particular Person or Thing we mean; as *this House*, *that Horse*. *This* and *that*, in the Plural Number, make *these* and *those*.

A VERB, or Affirmation, is a Word which expresses what is affirmed or said of Things; and is usually reckoned of two Kinds, the auxiliary Verb, and the Verb itself, both of which have Persons, Numbers, and Tenses or Times. The Persons, which are distinguished by a personal Name going before them, vary their Terminations only in the singular Number; as in, *I live*, *thou livest*, *he lives* or *liveth*; *we live*, *ye live*, *they live*.

The Affirmations in the *English* Language have but three Tenses or Times, the Present, the Past, and the Future; or, in other Words, the Thing doing, done, or to be done; for all other Tenses are formed by adding the auxiliary Verb, and without any Variation in the



the Termination. The Present Tense is expressed by the Affirmation itself ; as *I love* ; the Past Tense general ends with *ed* ; as *I loved* ; and the Future is formed by adding the auxiliary Verb *shall* or *will* ; as *I shall love* ; and as there are but two Tenses or Times expressed by the Affirmation, its various Changes are signified by the Nine following auxiliary Affirmations, *viz.* *do, will, shall, may, can, must, ought, have, am* or *be*, which being placed before other Affirmations, signify Time, Resolution, Power, Liberty, Necessity, Duty, &c.

It must be observed, that when one of these Auxiliaries is put before another Affirmation, the Auxiliary only alters its Termination in expressing the Persons, as *I am* living, *thou art* living, *he is* living, *we are* living, &c. *I do* live, *thou dost* live, *he doth* or *does* live, &c.

As some are apt to mistake the Use of *shall* and *will*, the Signs of the Future Tense, it must be observed, that when we only simply foretell, we use *shall* in the first Person, and *will* in the rest ; but when we promise, threaten or engage, we use *will* in the first Person, and *shall* in the others.

It has been observed, that the Affirmation generally expresses the past Time by adding *ed* to the present ; but there are a great many Words which cannot be reduced to this Rule ; the most common Irregularity is the changing *d* into *t*, and omitting the Vowel ; as in *mixt* for *mixed* ; the others are too many to be all here enumerated ; such as, *I am awake, I awoke* ; *I bear, I bore, I have borne* ; *I see, I saw* ; *I swim, I swam* ; *I spin, I spun* ; *I teach, I taught* ; *I tread, I trod, I have trodden* ; *I weep, I wept* ; *I write, I wrote, I have written*.

Sometimes the Particle *to* is placed before the Affirmation ; and when it is thus used, it is always joined with another Affirmation ; and has then the Power of a Name or Substantive.

PARTICLES are such Words as denote some Circumstance or Quality of an Action, joins Words or Sentences together,

together; or express some sudden Emotions of the Soul; and these comprehend all that are commonly known by the Names of *Adverbs, Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Interjections*: Words which, though of different Natures, ought to be reduced to one Class, since they always retain their Form, and are subject to none of the Variations of the other Parts of Speech.

The Use of ADVERBS is to denote some Circumstance or Quality of the Words to which they are joined, which is frequently to an Affirmation; as I love her *dearly*; and as many of these are derived from Qualities, they, like them, admit of Degrees of Comparison; as *happily, more happily, most happily; wisely, more wisely, most wisely*: These always end in *ly*. Adverbs are also divided into those of Time; as *now, already, yesterday, often, always, seldom, &c.* Into those of Place; as *here, there, hither, above, below, &c.* Into those of Number; as *first, secondly, thirdly; once, twice, &c.* Into those of Quantity; as *more, less, enough, too much, &c.* Into those of Affirmation; as *yea, yes, truly, &c.* Into those of Negation; as *no, not, nay, &c.* Into those of doubting; as *perhaps, peradventure, &c.*

CONJUNCTIONS are Words that joins Sentences together, and shew the Manner of their Dependence on one another; as *and, also, or, nor, either, neither*.

PREPOSITIONS are Particles set before other Words to shew the Relations which the subsequent Word has to some other that precedes it; as *at, against, among, between, from, for, in, off, with, &c.*

INTERJECTIONS are imperfect Words, mostly Monosyllables, that denote some sudden Emotion or Passion of the Mind, and being expressed by a Kind of involuntary Impulse, have no Connection with any other Part of a Sentence; as *ah! alas! strange! pity! fob! hush! bark! &c.*

Every Sentence is compounded of these four Parts of Speech, and on the proper Choice of Words, and in the Disposition and Manner of placing them, all the Elegance, Harmony, and Force of Language consist.

Some

*Some necessary Orthographical Directions for writing correctly, and when to use Capital Letters, and when not.*

1. *Direction.* **L**ET the first Word of every Book, Epistle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.
2. *Direction.* Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, &c. begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, &c.
3. *Direction.* 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital; if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous.
4. *Direction.* None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a Full Stop.
5. *Direction.* Qualities, Affirmations, or Particles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.
6. *Direction.* If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author is to be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period.
7. *Direction.* Let not a Capital be written in the Middle of a Word among small Letters.
8. *Direction.* Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, something is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in the Titles of Books for Ornament Sake.
9. *Direction.* The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with Capitals.
10. *Direction.* The Letter *q* is never used without the Letter *u* next following.
11. *Direction.* The long *f* must never be inserted immediately after the short *s*, nor at the End of a Word.

T H E  
I N S T R U C T I V E  
L E T T E R - W R I T E R .

*Queen ANN BOLEYN's last Letter to King  
HENRY VIII.*

S I R,

**Y**OUR Grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant: Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth and so obtain your favour) by such a one, whom you know to be my ancient professed enemy: I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command: But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded; and, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in ANN BOLEYN; with which name and place could I willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased: Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You

D

have



have chosen me from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful tryal, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared: So that whatsoever God or You may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offences being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am; whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only on my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, That myself may only bear the burthen of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of ANN BOLEYN  
hath

hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the TRINITY to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.

Your loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

*King EDWARD VI's Letter to BARNABY FITZ PATRICK his favourite, who had been bred up with him.*

December 20, 1551.

**W**E have received your letters of the 8th of the present month, whereby we understand how well you are entertained at the French court, and also how you have been once moved to go on pilgrimage: For which cause we have thought good to advertise you, that hereafter if any such chance happen, you shall desire leave to go to Mr. Pickering, or to Paris for your business. And if that will not serve, declare to some man of estimation, with whom you are best acquainted, that as you are loth to offend the French king, because you have been so favourably used, so with safe conscience you cannot do any such thing, being brought up with Me. Yet if you be vehemently procured, you may go as waiting on the king, not as intending to the abuse, nor willingly seeing the ceremonies, and so you look on the mass. But in the mean season regard the scripture, or some good books, and give no reverence to the mass at all. For women, as far forth as you may, avoid their company; yet if the French king command you, you may some time dance, so measure be your mean.

*Sir WALTER RALEIGH to Prince HENRY,  
son of King JAMES I.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

**T**HE following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment. You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise which I have observed in you may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you. Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall men have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince; let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he has in common with the deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature. Exert yourself, O generous prince! against such sycophants, in the generous cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow creatures from slavery; from

from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve in your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house, the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your Highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellations of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your Highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended! The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclinations. Chuse therefore to be the king, or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience, that is passive. I am, Sir,

Your Highness's most faithful servant,

WALTER RALEIGH.

*Sir WALTER RALEIGH's Letter to his WIFE  
after his condemnation.*

**Y**OU shall receive, my dear Wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows; dear BESS, let



them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is the will of God that I should not see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with an heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travels seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the fight of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust.

Thirdly, You shall understand, that my lands were conveyed *bona fide* to my child; the writings were drawn Midsummer was twelve months, as divers can witness; and I trust my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek also to kill you and your's with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct you I know not; for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I, that being thus surprized by death, I can leave you no better estate. God hath prevented all my determinations; that great God that worketh all in all: And if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but a vanity. Love God, and begin by times; in him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless comfort; when you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be an husband to you, and a father to him: An husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

Paylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Aryan six hundred; in Jersey also I have much owing me. Dear Wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt, you shall be much sought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich,

rich. Have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect to God and the world. As for me I am no more your's, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from this world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but (God knows) it was for you and your's that I desired it; for know it, my dear Wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I steal this time when all are asleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother. Time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and your's, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear Wife, farewell. Bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Your's that was, but now not my own,

WALTER RALEIGH.

*Prince CHARLES (afterwards King CHARLES I.) to Pope GREGORY XV. from MADRID, while he was making his addresses to the Infanta of SPAIN.*

[Note. *This, and the Letters from him to his Queen, and her's to him, are copied from LUDLOW's MEMOIRS.*]

MOST HOLY FATHER,

**W**E have received your Holiness's letter with no less gratitude and respect than is due to the singular good will and pious affection with which we know

know it was written. Nothing could be more acceptable to us, than to find the renowned examples of our ancestors proposed to us by your Holiness for our study and imitation; who though they frequently hazarded both lives and fortunes to propagate the Christian faith, yet never more cheerfully carried the ensigns of the cross against the most mortal enemies of **JESUS CHRIST**, than we will endeavour, to the utmost of our power, to restore that peace and union which has been so long banished from the Christian commonwealth. For since the malice of the father of discord has sowed such unhappy divisions among those who profess the Christian religion, we think such endeavours to be absolutely necessary to promote the glory of God, and of **CHRIST** our Saviour. Nor shall we esteem it less honour to tread in the same path, and to be their rivals and imitators in pious and religious undertakings, than to derive our descent from them. And to this we are very much encouraged by the known inclination of the King our father, who desires nothing more ardently than to lend a helping hand to so pious a work; and feels the greatest anguish of heart, when he considers the cruel slaughters and deplorable calamities that arise from the dissensions of Christian princes. The judgment your Holiness makes of our desire to contract an alliance and marriage with a Catholic family and prince, is not only agreeable to your charity, but will also be found suitable to your great wisdom. For we would not so vehemently desire to enter into so close and undissolvable an engagement with any mortal creature, whose religion we hated. Therefore your Holiness may rest assured, that our moderation is, and ever shall be such, as will preserve us from any action that may testify the least hatred to the Roman Catholic religion; and that, by easy and gentle means, we will rather embrace all occasions of removing those invidious impressions and suspicions which are among us: That as we confess one individual **TRINITY**, and one **CHRIST** crucified, so we may unanimously reunite in one faith; for the attainment of which we shall not only employ  
our



our vigilant care and utmost diligence, but most readily hazard our life and kingdoms. It remains only to give your Holiness our best thanks for your letter, which we esteem a most singular present, and to wish your Holiness all manner of prosperity and eternal happiness. At Madrid, June 20, 1623.

*King CHARLES I. to his QUEEN.*

DEAR HEART,

Oxford, Feb. 25, 1644-5.

**T**HE expectation of an express from thee (as I find by thine of the 4th Febr.) is very good news to me, as likewise that thou art now well satisfied with my diligence in writing. As for our treaty, there is every day less hopes than other, that it will produce a peace. But I will absolutely promise thee, that if we have one, it shall be such as shall invite thy return. For I avow, that without thy company I can neither have peace nor comfort within myself. The limited days for treating are now almost expired without the least agreement upon any one article. Wherefore I have sent for enlargement of days, that the whole treaty may be laid open to the world. And I assure thee, that thou *needst not doubt the issue of this treaty; for my commissioners are so well chosen (though I say it) that they will neither be threatened nor disputed from the grounds I have given them; which (upon my word) is according to the little note thou so well remembers.* And in this not only their obedience, but *their judgments concur.* I confess in some respects thou hast reason to bid me beware of going too soon to London: For indeed some amongst us had a greater mind that way than was fit; of which persuasion Percy is one of the chief, who is shortly like to see thee; of whom having said this, is enough to shew thee how he is to be trusted or believed by thee concerning our proceedings here. *In short, there is little or no appearance but that this summer will be the hottest for war of any that hath been yet; and be confident, that in making peace, I shall ever shew my constancy in adhering to Bishops, and all our friends,*  
and



*and not forget to put a short period to this perpetual parliament. But, as thou loves me, let none persuade thee to slacken thine assistance for him who is eternally thine.*

C. R.

*The QUEEN to King CHARLES I. from PARIS.*

Paris, Jan. 1644 5.

**I** HAVE received one of your letters, dated from Marlborough, of an old date, having received many others more fresh, to which I have made answer. I will say nothing concerning this; but only concerning the affair of (Gor.) if it be not done, it is time, being very seasonable at this time, which I did not believe before. I understand that the commissioners are arrived at London: I have nothing to say, but that you have a care of your honour; and that if you have a peace, it may be such as may hold; and if it fall out otherwise, *that you do not abandon those who have served you, for fear they do forsake you in your need.* Also I do not see how you can be in safety without a regiment of guard: For myself, I think I cannot be, *seeing the malice which they have against me, and my religion; of which I hope you will have a care of both.* But, in my opinion, religion should be the last thing upon which you should treat: For, if you do agree upon strictness against the Catholics, it would discourage them to serve you: And if afterwards there should be no peace, you could never expect succours either from Ireland, or any other Catholic prince; for they would believe you would abandon them after you have served yourself. I have dispatched an express into Scotland to Montrose, to know the condition he is in, and what there is to be done. This week I send to Mr. de Lorrain, and into Holland; I lose no time. If I had more of your news, all would go better. Adieu, my dear heart.

*Charles*

## CHARLES I. to the Earl of STRAFFORD.

STRAFFORD,

**T**HE misfortune that is fallen upon you by the strange mistaking and conjuncture of these times being such, that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy myself, in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now, in the midst of your troubles, that, upon the word of a King, you shall not suffer in \* life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shewed yourself to be; yet it is as much as I conceive the present times will permit, tho' none shall hinder me from being

Your constant faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

\* *The King, notwithstanding this, gave up the Earl, who was beheaded.*

Prince GEORGE of DENMARK to King JAMES II.  
NOVEMBER 1688.

S I R,

**W**ITH an heart full of grief I am forced to write, what prudence would not permit me to say to your face; and may I ever find credit with your Majesty, and protection from heaven, as what I now do is free from passion, vanity or design, with which actions of this nature are too often accompanied. I am not ignorant of the frequent mischiefs wrought in the world by factious pretences of Religion; but were not Religion the most justifiable cause, it would not be made the most superior pretence. And your Majesty has already shewed too interested a sense of Religion, to doubt the just effects of it in one, whose practices have, I hope, never given the world cause to censure his real conviction of it, or his backwardness to perform what his honour

honour and conscience prompt him to. How then can I longer disguise my just concern for That Religion, in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinceth me to be the best, and for the support of which I am so highly interested in my native country? And is not England now, by the most endearing tie, become so?

Whilst the restless spirits of the enemies of the reformed religion, back'd by the cruel zeal, and the prevailing power of France, justly alarm and unite all the Protestant Princes of Christendom, and engage them in so vast an expence for the support of it; can I act so ungenerous and mean a part, to deny my concurrence to such worthy endeavours, for the disabusing your Majesty, by the reinforcement of those laws, and re-establishment of that government, on which alone depend the well-being of your Majesty, and of the protestant religion in Europe? This, Sir, is that irresistible and only cause, that could come in competition with my duty and obligation to your Majesty, and be able to tear me from you; whilst the same affectionate desire to serve you continues in me. Could I secure your person by the hazard of my life, I should think it could not be better employed. And would to God these your distracted kingdoms might receive that satisfactory compliance from your Majesty, in all their justifiable pretensions, as might, upon the only sure foundation, that of the love and interest of your subjects, establish your government, and as strongly unite the hearts of all your subjects to you, as is that of, &c.

*Queen ANN's Letter to the Dutchess of MARLBOROUGH, who, as a mark of great freedom and intimacy, she called FREEMAN, and allowed the Dutchess to call her MORLEY.*

**M**Y dear MRS. FREEMAN, I cannot go to bed without renewing a request that I have often made, that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful MORLEY, which

which I saw by the glimpse I had of you yesterday you were full of. Indeed I do not deserve them, and if you could see my heart, you would find it as sincere, as tender, and passionately fond of you as ever, and *as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions.* Nothing shall ever alter me. Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear dear Mrs. FREEMAN; who, I do assure you once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express.

*Queen ANN to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH  
after the victory of OUDENARDE.*

Windsor, July 6, 1708.

**I** WANT words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success; for which, next to almighty GOD, my thanks are due to you; and indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me: But be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you, nor think, because I differ with you in some things, it is for want of either. No; I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things, as I fear you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray GOD almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again; and be assured I shall ever be sincerely, &c.

*The DUKE's Answer.*

MADAM,

July 23, 1708.

**I** HAVE the honour of your Majesty's letter of the 6th, and am very thankful for all your goodness to me. And I am sure it will always be my intention,



as well as duty, to be ready to venture my life for your service.

As I have formerly told your Majesty that I am desirous to serve you in the army, but not as a minister, I am every day more and more confirmed in that opinion. And I think myself obliged upon all accounts, on this occasion, to speak my mind freely to you. The circumstances in this last battle, I think, shew the hand of GOD; for we were obliged not only to march five leagues that morning, but to pass a river before the enemy, and to engage them before the whole army was passed, which was a visible mark of the favour of heaven to you and your arms.

Your Majesty shall be convinced from this time, that I have no ambition, or any thing to ask for myself or family. But I will end the few years which I have to live in endeavouring to serve you, and to give GOD Almighty thanks for his infinite goodness to me. But as I have taken this resolution to myself, give me leave to say, that I think you are obliged in conscience, and as a good christian, to forgive, and to have no more resentments to any particular person or party, but to make use of such as will carry on this just war with vigour; which is the only way to preserve our religion and liberties, and the crown on your head. Which that you may long enjoy, and be a blessing to your people, shall be the constant wish and prayer of him, that is with the greatest truth and duty,

Madam, &c.

#### *CICERO to BRUTUS.*

**L** CLODIUS, tribune of the people elect, has a very great affection, or to speak more emphatically, a very great love for me. As I am fully persuaded of this, so I doubt not, but that you, who thoroughly know me, will believe, that I have the same love also for him. For nothing in my opinion is less worthy of a man, than to be behind hand in good offices

fices with those, who invite you to their friendship. He seems to suspect, and not without great concern, that something has been written, or insinuated to you rather in person, by his enemies, which has made an impression on you to his disadvantage. It is not usual with me, my BRUTUS, as you, I imagine, well know, to affirm any thing too hastily of another. The thing itself is hazardous, on the account of the dark inclinations, and variable natures of men. But Clodius's disposition is perfectly understood, known, and tried by me. I have many proofs of it; but not necessary to be committed to writing: For I would have you look upon this, as a testimonial, rather than an epistle. He was advanced by Antony's favour; yet a great share of that very favour came originally from you. He would be glad therefore, to see him in safety; yet so, as to see us also safe at the same time: But he perceives things brought to such a pass (for he is, as you know, very far from a fool) that it is not possible for us both to be safe. He wishes therefore for us, and both talks, and thinks in the most friendly manner of you. Wherefore if any one has written, or given you any different information about him; I earnestly intreat you to give credit rather to me; who am both better able to judge of him, than any obscure informer, and have a greater affection also for you. Look upon Clodius then, as one perfectly well affected to you; and such a citizen, as one of the greatest prudence, and the easiest fortunes ought to be.

CICERO to BRUTUS.

I HAVE already recommended many, and must necessarily recommend many more to you. For every one, in proportion, as he is the honestest man, and better citizen, declares himself the more freely on your side; and all men of courage are eager to exert their pains and zeal in your service: Nor is there any of them, who is not persuaded, that my interest and authority are of the

greatest weight with you. But as to C. Nasennius, of the corporation of Sueffa, I recommend him to you as warmly, as ever I did any man. In the Cretan war, he commanded the eighth century of the Principes, under Metellus, the general; and has been employed ever since in the care of his private affairs. But at this time moved by the cause of the republic, and the excellence of your dignity, he would be glad to obtain some command under you. I recommend therefore to you, BRUTUS, a brave and worthy man; and if that be any thing to the purpose, a rich one also. I shall take it very kindly, if you treat him in such a manner, as to give him reason to thank me, on the account of your favours to him.

*BRUTUS to CICERO.*

**H**OW dear L. Bibulus ought to be to me, after so many struggles and anxieties, which he has sustained for the republic, no man is better able to judge, than you. Wherefore either his own virtue, or our friendship ought sufficiently to recommend him to you; so as to make it needless for me, I imagine, to employ many words. For my desire surely deserves to have weight with you, provided it be just, or excited by a necessary duty. He resolves to sue for the priesthood, in Panfa's place. We beg that nomination from you. You cannot grant this favour to one, more strictly united with you, than I am; nor name a person more worthy of it than Bibulus. What occasion have I to say any thing of Domitius and Apuleius; who, on their own account possess so great a share of your esteem? As for Apuleius, you ought to support him with your authority. But Domitius's pretensions will be set forth in his own epistle. Do not fail however to admit Bibulus into your confidence; who is already, take my word for it, so accomplished a man, that he bids fair to merit the honour of being ranked amongst the few of your class.

*CICERO*

## CICERO to BRUTUS.

I SHOULD perform the same office which you performed in my loss, of comforting you by letter, did I not know that you cannot want those remedies in your grief with which you relieved mine. I wish only that you may cure yourself now more easily than at that time I cured myself: For it would be strange in so great a man as you, not to be able to practice what he had prescribed to another. As for me, not only the reasons which you then collected, but your very authority deterred me from indulging my sorrow to excess. For when you imagined me to bear my affliction with more softness than became a man; especially one who used to comfort others, you chid me by letter in stronger terms than it was your custom to make use of. Out of my great regard therefore, and reverence for your judgment, I recollected myself; and by the accession of your authority took every thing that I had learnt, or read, or heard upon that subject, to have the greater weight. Yet my part, BRUTUS, at that time, was only to act agreeably to duty and to nature: But yours is to be acted, as we say, upon the stage, and before the people. For when the eyes, not only of your army, but of all the citizens, nay of all nations are upon you; it is wholly indecent for you, by whom we other mortals are made the stouter, to betray any dejection or want of courage. You have suffered indeed a great loss (for you have lost that which has not left it's fellow on earth) and must be allowed to grieve under so cruel a blow; lest to want all sense of grief should be found more wretched than grief itself: But to grieve with moderation, as it is useful to every body, so it is necessary to you. I should write more if this was not already too much to one of your character. We expect you and your army; without which, though all other things succeed to our wishes, we shall hardly be free. I shall write more largely on the whole state of the re-



public ; and perhaps with more certainty, in the letters which I am thinking to send by our *Vetus*.

*BRUTUS to CICERO.*

**O**THER people's fears oblige me to entertain some also myself, on *Lepidus's* account. If he should withdraw himself from us (which will prove, I hope, a rash and injurious suspicion of him) I beg and beseech you, *Cicero* ; conjuring you by our friendship and your affection to me, to forget, that my sister's children are *Lepidus's* sons ; and to consider me in the place of their father. If I obtain this from you, you will not scruple, I am sure, to do whatever you can for them. Other people live in a different manner with their friends : But I can never do enough for my sister's children, to satisfy either my inclination or my duty. But what is there in which honest men can oblige me (if in reality I have deserved to be obliged in any thing) or in which I can be of service to my mother, sister, and the boys ; if their uncle *BRUTUS* has not as much weight with you and the senate, to protect, as their father *Lepidus* to hurt them ? I feel so much uneasiness and indignation, that I neither can, nor ought to write more fully to you : For if, in a case so important and so necessary, there could be any occasion for words to excite and confirm you, there is no hope, that you will do what I wish, and what is proper. Do not expect therefore any long prayers from me. Consider who I am : One, who ought to obtain this, either from *CICERO*, a man the most particularly united with me ; or without any regard to our private friendship, from a consular, of such eminence. Pray send me word, as soon as you can, what you resolve to do. From my camp, July the 1st.

*PLINY*

*PLINY to QUINTILIAN, with a present.*

**T**HOUGH I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character ; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary expence in cloaths and equipage, suitable to her husband's quality ; by which though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre ; and knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burden ; and, as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards these expences ; which sum had been much larger, had I not feared the smallness of it would be the greater inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.

*PLUTARCH to TRAJAN.*

**I** AM convinced that your modesty sought not the empire, though the excellency of your manners long deserved it. Your want of ambition in desiring such honours only enhances that merit which was thought worthy to receive them. I therefore congratulate your virtue and my good fortune, provided your future behaviour shall correspond with your former intentions. Should you fall off you undergo the risque of danger, and the certainty of contempt. Rome will never support an emperor unworthy of her ; and the faults of the scholar will be imputed to me his instructor. Thus Seneca is reproached, and his fame still suffers for the vices of Nero. The miscarriages of Quintilian's scholars have been thrown on their master ; and even Socrates himself has been accounted remiss in the instructions

tions of his pupil Alcibiades. Do but continue to be yourself and all will go well. Begin then to govern by ruling at home. Lay then the foundation of empire on the command of your own passions. If you make virtue the scope of your actions they will all proceed in harmony and order. I have already instructed you in the laws of society, and the excellence of your predecessors ; imitate and obey them : If you comply, I claim to myself some honour for influencing your conduct ; if you refuse, let this letter be my testimony to posterity ; that neither your faults nor errors have had the sanction or connivance of PLUTARCH.

*PLINY to his friend FEROX.*

**Y**OUR last letter is a convincing argument that you study, and that you don't. You'll tell me I talk riddles to you ; and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my meaning is. In short, the letter you sent me shows you did not study for it, so easy and negligent it appears to be ; and yet, at the same time, 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossible any one should write it, who did not weigh every word ; or else you are certainly the happiest man in the world, if you can write letters so just and exact, without care and premeditation.

*PLINY to TITIANUS.*

**W**HAT are you doing ? And what do you propose to do ? As for myself, I pass my life in the most agreeable, that is, in the most disengaged manner imaginable. I do not find myself, therefore, in the humour to write a long letter, though I am to read one. I am too much a man of pleasure for the former, and just idle enough for the latter ; for none are more indolent, you know, than the voluptuous, or have more curiosity than those who have nothing to do. Farewel.

*SERVIUS*

## SERVIUS SULPICIUS to CICERO.

I RECEIVED the news of your daughter's death with all the concern it so justly deserves : And indeed I cannot but consider it as a misfortune in which I bear an equal share with yourself. If I had been near you when this fatal accident happened, I should not only have mingled my tears with yours, but assisted you with all the consolation in my power. I am sensible at the same time, that offices of this kind afford at best but a wretched relief : For as none are qualified to perform them, but those who stand near to us by the ties either of blood or affection, such persons are generally too much afflicted themselves, to be capable of administering comfort to others. Nevertheless I thought proper to suggest a few reflections which occurred to me upon this occasion : Not as imagining they would be new to you, but believing that in your present discomposure of mind they might possibly have escaped your attention. Tell me then, my friend, wherefore do you indulge this excess of sorrow ? Reflect, I intreat you, in what manner fortune has dealt with every one of us : That she has deprived us of what ought to be no less dear than our children, and overwhelmed in one general ruin our honours, our liberties, and our country. And after these losses, is it possible that any other should increase our tears ? Is it possible that a mind long exercised in calamities so truly severe, should not become totally callous, and indifferent to every event ? But you will tell me, perhaps, that your grief arises not so much on your own account as on that of Tullia. Yet surely you must often, as well as myself, have had occasion in these wretched times, to reflect, that their condition by no means deserves to be regretted, whom death has gently removed from this unhappy scene. What is there, let me ask, in the present circumstances of our country, that could have rendered life greatly desirable to your daughter ? What pleasing hopes, what agree-  
able



able views, what rational satisfaction could she possibly have proposed to herself from a more extended period? Was it in the prospect of conjugal happiness in the society of some distinguished youth? As if, indeed, you could have found a son-in-law amongst our present set of young men, worthy of being intrusted with the care of your daughter! Or was it in the expectation of being the joyful mother of a flourishing race, who might possess their patrimony with independence, who might gradually rise through the several dignities of the state, and exert the liberty to which they were born in the service and defence of their friends and country? But is there one amongst all these desirable privileges, of which we were not deprived before she was in a capacity of transmitting them to her descendants? Yet, after all, you may still alledge, perhaps, that the loss of our children is a severe affliction; and unquestionably it would be so, if it were not a much greater to see them alive to endure those indignities which their parents suffer.

I lately fell into a reflection, which, as it afforded great relief to the disquietude of my own heart, may possibly contribute likewise to assuage the anguish of yours. In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megara; on my right I saw Piræus, and on my left Corinth. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now represented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation.

“Alas! (I said to myself) shall such a short-lived creature as man complain, when one of his species falls either by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature, whilst in this narrow compass so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, O my heart! the general lot to which man is born: And let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs.” Believe me, I found my mind greatly refreshed and comforted by these reflections. Let me advise you in the

the same manner to represent to yourself, what numbers of our illustrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once, how much the strength of the Roman republic is impaired, and what dreadful devastation has gone forth throughout all it's provinces ! And can you, with the impression of these greater calamities upon your mind, be so immoderately afflicted for the loss of one single individual, a poor, little, tender woman ? who, if she had not died at this time, must in a few fleeting years more have inevitably undergone that common fate to which she was born. Reasonable however as these reflections are, I would call you from them awhile, in order to lead your thoughts to others more peculiarly suitable to your circumstances and character. Remember then, that your daughter lived as long as life was worth possessing, that is, till liberty was no more ; that she lived to see you in the illustrious offices of prætor, consul, and augur ; to be married to some of the noblest youths in Rome ; to be blest with almost every valuable enjoyment ; and at length to expire with the republic itself. Tell me now, what is there in this view of her fate, that could give either her or yourself just reason to complain ? In fine, do not forget that you are CICERO ; the wise, the philosophical CICERO, who were wont to give advice to others : Nor resemble those unskilful empirics, who at the same time that they pretend to be furnished with remedies for other men's disorders, are altogether incapable of finding a cure for their own. On the contrary, apply to your private use those judicious precepts you have administered to the public. Time necessarily weakens the strongest impressions of sorrow : But it would be a reproach to your character not to anticipate this it's certain effect, by the force of your own good sense and judgement. If the dead retain any consciousness of what is here transacted, your daughter's affection, I am sure, was such both to you and to all her relations, that she can by no means desire you should abandon yourself to this excess of grief. Restrain it then, I conjure you, for her sake, and for the sake of the rest of your family and friends,

who

who lament to see you thus afflicted. Restrain it too, I beseech you, for the sake of your country, that whenever the opportunity shall serve, it may reap the benefit of your counsels and assistance. In short, since such is our fortune that we must necessarily submit to the present system of public affairs, suffer it not to be suspected, that it is not so much the death of your daughter, as the fate of the republic, and the success of our victors, that you deplore. But it would be ill-manners to dwell any longer upon this subject, as I should seem to question the efficacy of your own good sense. I will only add, therefore, that as we have often seen you bear prosperity in the noblest manner, and with the highest applause, shew us likewise that you are not too sensible of adversity, but know how to support it with the same advantage to your character. In a word, let it not be said, that fortitude is the single virtue to which my friend is a stranger. As for what concerns myself, I will send you an account of the state of this province, and of what is transacting in this part of the world, as soon as I shall hear that you are sufficiently composed to receive the information. Farewel.

*Sir WALTER RALEIGH to King JAMES I.  
in vindication of himself.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

**I**F in my journey outward bound I had my men murdered at the islands, and yet spared to take revenge; if I did discharge some Spanish barks taken, without spoil; if I did forbear all parts of the Spanish Indies, wherein I might have taken twenty of their towns on the sea coasts, and did only follow the enterprize I undertook for Guiana, where, without any direction from me, a Spanish village was burnt, which was new set up within three miles of mine; by your Majesty's favour, I find no reason why the Spanish Ambassador should complain of me. If it were lawful for the Spaniards to murder twenty-six Englishmen, tying them back to back,



back, and then cutting their throats, when they had traded with them a whole month, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword ; and it may not be lawful for your Majesty's subjects, being charged first by them, to repel force by force ; we may justly say, O miserable English ! If Parker and Me-  
 cham took Campeachy and other places in the Hondur-  
 ras, seated in the heart of the Spanish Indies, burnt  
 towns, and killed the Spaniards, and had nothing said  
 unto them at their return ; and myself, who forbore to  
 look into the Indies, because I would not offend, must  
 be accused ; I may as justly say, O miserable RALEGH !  
 If I have spent my poor estate, lost my son, suffered  
 by sickness, and otherwise a world of hardships ; if I  
 have resisted, with manifest hazard of my life, the rob-  
 beries and spoils, with which my companions would  
 have made me rich ; if when I had got my liberty,  
 which all men and nature itself do much prize, I vo-  
 luntarily lost it ; if when I was sure of my life, I ren-  
 dered it again ; if I might elsewhere have sold my ship  
 and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my  
 purse, and yet brought her into England ; I beseech  
 your Majesty to believe, that all this I have done, be-  
 cause it should not be said, that your Majesty had given  
 liberty and trust to a man, whose end was but the re-  
 covery of his liberty, and who had betrayed your Ma-  
 jesty's trust. My Mutineers told me, that if I returned  
 to England, I should be undone ; but I believed in  
 your Majesty's goodness, more than in all their argu-  
 ments. Sure, I am the first, that being free and able  
 to enrich myself, yet hath embraced poverty and peril ;  
 and sure I am, that my example shall make me the  
 last. But your Majesty's wisdom and goodness I have  
 made my judges, who have ever been and ever shall be

Your Majesty's most humble vassal,

WALTER RALEGH.

NOTE. One historian says, " His [JAMES I.]  
 " reign in England was a continual course of mean  
 " practices: The first condemnation of Sir WALTER  
 " RALEGH was very black ; but the executing him



" after so many years, and after an employment that  
 " had been given him, was counted a barbarous sacri-  
 " ficing him to the Spaniards." Mr. Higgons says,  
 " The action was inexcusable, being not more unjust  
 " than mean-spirited, and one of the greatest blemishes  
 " of his reign."

*Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.*

SIR,

Oates, Sept. 3, 1694.

**I** HAVE so much the advantage in the bargain, if  
 friendship may be called one, that whatsoever satisfac-  
 tion you find in yourself on that account, you must  
 allow in me with a large overplus. The only riches I  
 have valued, or laboured to acquire, has been the  
 friendship of generous and worthy men; and therefore  
 you cannot blame me if I so forwardly laid hold of the  
 first occasion that opened me a way to yours. That I  
 have so well succeeded in it, I count one of my greatest  
 happinesses, and a sufficient reward for writing my  
 book, had I no other benefit by it. The opinion you  
 have of it gives me farther hope; for it is no small  
 reward to one who loves truth, to be persuaded that he  
 has made some discoveries of it, and any ways helped  
 to propagate it to others. I depend so much upon your  
 judgment and candor, that I think myself secure in you  
 from peevish criticism or flattery; only give me leave  
 to suspect, that kindness and friendship do sometimes  
 carry your expressions a little too far on the favourable  
 side. This, however, makes me not apprehend you  
 will silently pass by any thing you are not thoroughly  
 satisfied of in it. The use I have made of the adver-  
 tisements I have received from you of this kind will  
 satisfy you that I desire this office of friendship from  
 you, not out of compliment, but for the use of truth,  
 and that your animadversions will not be lost upon me.  
 Any faults you shall meet with in reasoning, in per-  
 spicuity, in expression, or of the press, I desire you will  
 take notice of, and send me word of; especially if you  
 have

have any where any doubt; for I am persuaded that, upon debate, you and I cannot be of two opinions; nor, I think, any two men used to think with freedom, who really prefer truth to opiniatrety, and a little foolish vain-glory of not having made a mistake. I shall not need to justify what I have said of you in my book: The learned world will be vouchers for me; and that in an age not very free from envy and censure. But you are very kind to me, since, for my sake, you allow yourself to own that part which I am more particularly concerned in, and permit me to call you my friend, whilst your modesty checks at the other part of your character. But assure yourself, I am as well persuaded of the truth of it, as of any thing else in my book; it had not else been put down in it: It only wants a great deal more I had to say, had that been a place to draw your picture at large. Herein I pretend not to any peculiar obligation above others that know you. For though perhaps I may love you better than many others; yet, I conclude, I cannot think better of you than others do. I am very glad you were provided of a tutor nearer home; and it had this particular good luck in it, that otherwise you had been disappointed, if you had depended on Mr. Gibbs; as a letter I writ to you from London about it, I hope, acquainted you. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate  
and most humble servant,  
JOHN LOCKE.

*Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.*

SIR,

London, Sept. 12, 1696.

**C**OULD the painter have made a picture of me capable of your conversation, I should have sat to him with more delight than ever I did any thing in my life. The honour you do me, in giving me thus a place in your house, I look upon as the effect of having a place already in your esteem and affection; and that made me

more easily submit to what me thought looked too much like vanity in me. Painting was designed to represent the Gods, or the great men that stood next to them. But friendship, I see takes no measure of any thing, but by itself; and where it is great and high, will make its object so, and raise it above its level. This is that which has deceived you into my picture, and made you put so great a compliment upon me; and I do not know what you will find to justify yourself to those who shall see it in your possession. You may indeed tell them, the original is as much yours as the picture; but this will be no great boast, when the man is not more considerable than his shadow. When I looked upon it after it was done, me thought it had not ~~that~~ countenance I ought to accost you with. I know not whether the secret displeasure I felt, whilst I was sitting, from the consideration that the going of my picture brought us no nearer together, made me look grave: But this I must own, that it was not without regret, that I remembred, that this counterfeit would be before me with the man that I so much desired to be with, and could not tell him how much I longed to put myself into his hands, and to have him in my arms. One thing pray let it mind you of, and when you look on it at any time, pray believe, that the colours of that face on the cloth are more fading and changeable than those thoughts which will always represent you to my mind, as the most valuable person in the world, whose face I do not know, and one whose company is so desirable to me, that I shall not be happy till I do. Though I know how little service I am able to do, yet my conscience will never reproach me for not wishing well to my country; by which I mean Englishmen, and their interest every where. There has been, of late years, a manufacture of linen carried on in Ireland, if I mistake not: I would be glad to learn from you the condition it is in; and, if it thrives not, what are the rubs and hindrances that stop it. I suppose you have land very proper to produce flax and hemp; why could not there be enough, especially of the latter, produced there to supply his majesty's navy? I should be obliged by



by your thoughts about it, and how it might be brought about. I have heard there is a law requiring a certain quantity of hemp to be sown every year: If it be so, how comes it to be neglected? I know you have the same public aims for the good of your country that I have, and therefore, without any apology, I take this liberty with you. I received an account of your health, and your remembrance of me, not long since, by Mr. Howard, for which I return you my thanks. I troubled you with a long letter about the beginning of the last month, and am, Sir,

Your most affectionate  
and most humble servant,  
JOHN LOCKE.

*Mr. MOLYNEUX to Mr. LOCKE.*

HONOURED DEAR SIR,      Dublin, Sept. 20, 1698.

**I** Arrived here safely the 15th instant: And now that the ruffling and fatigue of my journey is a little over, I sit down to a task, which I must confess is the hardest I was ever under in my life: I mean, expressing my thanks to you suitable to the favours I received from you, and suitable to the inward sense I have of them in my mind. Were it possible for me to do either, I should in some measure be satisfied; but my inability of paying my debts makes me ashamed to appear before my creditor. However, thus much with the strictest sincerity I will venture to assert to you, that I cannot recollect, through the whole course of my life, such signal instances of real friendship, as when I had the happiness of your company for five weeks together in London. 'Tis with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, that I recollect what then passed between us, and I reckon it the happiest scene of my whole life. That part thereof especially, which I passed at Oates, has made such an agreeable impression on my mind, that nothing can be more pleasing. To all in that excellent family, I beseech you, give my most humble respects. 'Tis



my duty to make my acknowledgments there in a particular letter ; but I beg of you to make my excuse for omitting it at this time, because I am a little press'd by some business that is thrown upon me since my arrival : To which also you are obliged for not being troubled at present with a more tedious letter from, Sir,

Your most obliged,

and entirely affectionate friend and servant,

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

*Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.*

DEAR SIR,

London, Sept. 29, 1698.

**Y**OURS of the 20<sup>th</sup> has now discharged me from my daily employment of looking upon the weather-cock, and harkening how loud the wind blowed. Though I do not like this distance, and such a ditch betwixt us, yet I am glad to hear that you are safe and sound on t'other side the water. But I pray you speak not in so magnificent and courtly a style of what you received from me here. I lived with you, and treated you as my friend, and therefore used no ceremony, nor can receive any thanks but what I owe you doubly, both for your company, and the pains you were at to bestow that happiness on me. If you keep your word, and do me the same kindness again next year, I shall have reason to think you value me more than you say, though you say more than I can with modesty read. I find you were beset with business when you writ your letter to me, and do not wonder at it ; but yet, for all that, I cannot forgive your silence concerning your health, and your son. My service to him, your brother, and Mr. Burrige : And do me the justice to believe, that I am with a perfect affection, dear Sir,

Your most humble

and most faithful servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

*Mr.*

*Mr. LOCKE to Mr. BURRIDGE, on the  
death of Mr. MOLYNEUX.*

SIR,

Oates, Oct. 27, 1698.

**Y**OU guessed not amiss, when you said in the beginning of yours of the 13th instant, that you gave me the trouble of a letter: For I have received few letters in my life, the contents whereof have so much troubled and afflicted me, as that of yours. I parted with my excellent friend, when he went from England, with all the hopes and promises to myself of seeing him again, and enjoying him longer in the next spring. This was a satisfaction that helped me to bear our separation; and the short taste I had of him here, in this our first interview, I hoped would be made up in a longer conversation, which he promised me the next time: But it has served only to give me a greater sense of my loss, in an eternal farewell in this world. Your earlier acquaintance may have given you a longer knowledge of his virtue and excellent endowments: A fuller sight, or greater esteem of them, you could not have than I. His worth and his friendship to me made him an inestimable treasure; which I must regret the loss of, the little remainder of my life, without any hopes of repairing it any way. I should be glad, if what I owed the father, could enable me to do any service to his son. He deserves it for his own sake, as well as for his father's. I desire you therefore to assure those who have the care of him, that if there be any thing, wherein I at this distance may be any ways serviceable to young Mr. Molyneux, they cannot do me a greater pleasure than to give me the opportunity to shew that my friendship died not with his father. Pray give my most humble service to Dr. Molyneux, and to his nephew. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful and humble servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

*Mr.*

*Mr. LOCKE to the Lady CLAVERLEY.*

MADAM,

**W**Hatever reason you have to look on me as one of the slow men of London, you have this time given me an excuse for being so ; for you cannot expect a quick answer to a letter, which took me up a good deal of time to get to the beginning of it. I turned, and turned it, on every side ; looked it again, and again, at the top of every page : But could not get into the sense and secret of it, till I applied myself to the middle. You, Madam, who are acquainted with all the skill and methods of the ancients, have not, I suppose, taken up this hieroglyphical way of writing, for nothing : And since you were going to put into your letter things that might be the reward of the highest merit, you would, by this mystical intimation, put me into the way of virtue, to deserve them. But whatever your Ladyship intended, this is certain, that in the best words in the world, you gave me the greatest humiliation imaginable. Had I as much vanity as a pert citizen, that sets up for a wit in his parish, you have said enough in your letter to content me : And if I could be swoln that way, you have taken a great deal of pains to blow up, and make me the finest gaudy bubble in the world, as I am painted by your colours. I know the Emperors of the East suffer not strangers to appear before them, till they are dressed up out of their own wardrobes : It is so too in the empire of wit ? And must you cover me with your own embroidery, that I may be a fit object for your thoughts and conversation ? This, Madam, may suit your greatness, but doth not at all satisfy my ambition. He, who has once flattered himself with the hopes of your friendship, knows not the true value of things, if he can content himself with these splendid ornaments. As soon as I had read your letter, I looked in my glass, felt my pulse, and sighed ; for I found in neither of these the promises of  
thirty



thirty years to come. For at the rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the distance I see by this complimentary way of treatment I still am, I shall not have enough in this world to get to you. I do not mean to the place, where you now see the pole elevated, as you say, 64 degrees. A post horse, or a coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when shall we be acquainted at this rate? Is that happiness reserved to be completed by the gossiping bowl at your grand-daughter's lying in? If I were sure, that when you leave this dirty place, I should meet you in the same star where you are to shine next, and that you would then admit me to your conversation, I might perhaps have a little more patience. But methinks, it is much better to be sure of something, than to be put off to expectations of so much uncertainty. If there be different elevations of the pole here, that keep you at so great a distance from those who languish in your absence; who knows but in the other world, there are different elevations of persons? And you, perhaps, will be out of sight, among the seraphims, while we are left behind in some dull planet. This, the high flights of your elevated genius give us just augury of, whilst you are here. But yet, pray take not your place there before your time; nor keep us poor mortals at a greater distance than you need. When you have granted me all the nearness that acquaintance and friendship can give, you have other advantages enough still, to make me see how much I am beneath you. This will be only an enlargement of your goodness, without lessening the adoration due to your other excellencies. You seem to have some thoughts of the town again. If the parliament or the term, which draw some by the name and the appearance of business; or if company, and music meetings, and other such entertainments, which have the attractions of pleasure and delight, were of any consideration with you; you would not have much to say for Yorkshire, at this time of the year. But these are no arguments to you, who carry your own satisfaction, and I know not how many worlds, always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all these



these up in a coach, and bringing them this way. For though you should be never the better, yet there are a great many here that would, and amongst them

*The humblest of*

*your Ladyship's servants,*

JOHN LOCKE.

*A GENTLEMAN to his DAUGHTER on Marriage; from ROUSSEAU on Education.*

**Y**OU are now, SOPHY, grown up to woman's estate, and you are not to remain always single. Your mother and I would have you happy, because our happiness depends on your's. The happiness of a virtuous young woman is to make an honest man happy; we must therefore think of marrying you. We must think of this betimes, for your fate through life depends on your marriage; and we cannot think too much on it.

Nothing perhaps is more difficult than the choice of a good husband, except perhaps the choosing of a good wife. You, SOPHY, will be this rare woman; you will be the pride of our lives, and our happiness, in old age. But however great merit you may have, there are men who have still more. There is no man who ought not to think it an honour to obtain you; there are many whom it would do you honour to obtain. Among this number, the business is to find one suitable to you, to get acquainted with him, and to make him acquainted with you.

The greatest happiness of marriage depends on so many points of agreement, that it would be a folly to think to find them all. The most important must be made sure of preferably to the rest; if the others can be procured too, so much the better; if they cannot, they must be overlooked. Perfect happiness is not to be found in this world; but the greatest of misfortunes, and that which may always be avoided, is to be unhappy by one's own fault.

There

There is a suitableness which may be called natural ; there is also a suitableness arising from the institutions of men, and a suitableness that depends wholly on opinion. Of the two last, parents are the proper judges : Of the first, the children alone can judge. In marriages made by the authority of parents, those suitablenesses that arise from civil institutions and opinion are alone minded : The matches are not between the persons, but their rank and fortunes : But both these are subject to change : The persons alone remain the same in all places, and at all times : The happiness or unhappiness of the marriage state depends, in spite of fortune, on personal suitableness.

Your mother was a woman of family ; I had a large fortune : These were the sole considerations that influenced our parents to join us together. I have lost my fortune ; she hath lost her rank : Forgot by her family, what doth it signify to her, that she was born a lady ? In the midst of our distress, the union of our hearts made up for every thing : The conformity of our taste made us chuse this retirement : We live happy in our poverty ; each is to the other instead of all. SOPHY is our common treasure : We thank the Almighty for giving her, and taking away every thing else. You see child whither providence hath brought us. Those considerations which occasioned our marriage are vanished, and that which was counted as nothing, makes all our happiness.

It is for man and wife to suit themselves. Mutual inclination ought to be their first eye ; Their eyes, their hearts, ought to be their first guides : For as their primary duty, after they are joined together, is to love one another ; and as to love, or not to love, doth not depend on us, this duty necessarily implies another, namely, to begin with loving one another before marriage : This is a law of nature, which cannot be abrogated : Those who have restricted it by many civil laws, have had more regard to the appearance of order, than to the happiness or the morals of the people. You see, my dear, that the morality we preach to you, is not difficult :

difficult : It tends only to make you your own mistress, and to make us refer ourselves entirely to you for the choice of your husband.

After giving you our reasons for leaving you at full liberty to make your own choice, it is proper to mention those which ought to induce you to use it with prudence. SOPHY, you have good nature and good sense ; much integrity, and piety ; and those qualifications which a woman ought to have ; and you are not disagreeable : But you have no fortune : You have the best riches indeed ; but you want those which are most valued by the world. Don't aspire, therefore, to what you cannot attain to ; and regulate your ambition, not by your own judgment or your mother's and mine, but by the opinion of men. If nothing were to be considered but merit equal to your own, I know not where I should set limits to your hopes : But never raise them above your fortune, which you are to remember is very small. You never saw our prosperity ; you were born after we failed in the world : You have made our poverty pleasing to us, and you have shared in it without pain. Never, child, seek for that wealth which we thank heaven for taking from us : We never tasted happiness till we lost our riches.

You are too agreeable, SOPHY, not to please somebody ; and you are not so poor as to render you a burden to an honest man. You will be courted, and perhaps by persons who are not worthy of you. If they shew themselves what they really are, you will form a just estimate of them : Their outside will not impose on you long : But though you have a good judgment, and can discern men, you want experience, and know not how far men can dissemble. An artful cheat may study your taste, in order to seduce you, and counterfeit, before you, the virtues to which he is an absolute stranger. Such a one, child, would ruin you before you perceived it, and you would not see your error till it was past recovery. The most dangerous of all snares, and the only one from which reason cannot restrain you, is that into which the passions hurry one : If ever you  
have



have the misfortune to fall into it, you will see nothing but illusions and chimera's, your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment will be confused, your mind will be corrupted, you will cherish your very error; and when you come to see it, you will have no desire to leave it. It is to SOPHY's reason, not to the bias of her heart, that we commit her: While passion hath no ascendancy over you, judge for yourself: But whenever you fall in love, commit the care of yourself to your mother.

This agreement which I propose to you shews our esteem for you, and restores the natural order. It is usual for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and to consult her only for form's sake. We shall do just the contrary: You shall choose, and we shall be consulted. Make use of this right, SOPHY, freely and wisely. The husband that is suitable for you ought to be your own choice, and not ours; but it is we must judge whether you are not mistaken in his suitableness for you, and whether you are not doing, without knowing it, what you have no mind to. Birth, fortune, rank, or opinion of the world, will have no weight with us. Take an honest man, whose person you like, and whose temper is suitable to you; whatever he be in other respects, we shall receive him for our son-in-law. His income will always be large enough, if he hath hands, and good morals, and loves his family. His rank will always be high, if he ennobles it by virtue. If every body should blame us, what doth it signify? We seek not the approbation of the public: Your happiness suffices to us.

*Mr. LOCKE to ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq.*

SIR,

*Oates, Sept. 20, 1703.*

YOURS of the 7th, which I just now received, is the only letter I have a long time wished for, and the welcomest that could come; for I longed to hear that you were well, that you were returned, and that I might have the opportunity to return you my thanks

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for



for the books you sent me, which came safe, and to acknowledge my great obligations to you, for one of the most villainous books, that I think ever was printed.\* It is a present that I highly value. I had heard something of it, when a young man in the university; but possibly should never have seen this quintessence of railing, but for your kindness. It ought to be kept as the pattern and standard of that sort of writing, as the man he spends it upon ought for that of good temper, and clear and strong arguing.

I am, &c.

\* *Chillingworthi novissima*; or the sickness, heresy, death, and burial of WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

*To the same.*

SIR,

Oates, Nov. 17, 1703.

THE books I received from you to-night, with the kind letter accompanying them, far more valuable than the books, give matter of enlarging myself this evening. The common offices of friendship, that I constantly receive from you in a very obliging manner, give me scope enough, and afford me large matter of acknowledgment. But when I think of you, I feel something of nearer concernment that touches me; and that noble principle of the love of truth, which possesses you, makes me almost forget those obligations which I should be very thankful for to another. In good earnest, Sir, you cannot think what a comfort it is to me, to have found out such a man: And not only so, but I have the satisfaction that he is my friend. This gives a gusto to all the good things you say to me in your letter. For though I cannot attribute them to myself (for I know my own defects too well) yet I am ready to persuade myself you mean as you say; and to confess the truth to you, I am almost loth to undeceive you, so much do I value your good opinion. But to set it upon the right ground, you must know that I am a poor ignorant man,

man, and if I have any thing to boast of, it is that I sincerely love and seek truth, with indifferency whom it pleases or displeases. I take you to be of the same school, and so embrace you. And if it please God to afford me so much life as to see you again, I shall communicate to you some of my thoughts tending that way. You need not make any apology for any book that is not yet come. I thank you for those you have sent me : They are more, I think, than I shall use ; for the indisposition of my health has beaten me almost quite out of the use of books ; and the growing uneasiness of my distemper \* makes me good for nothing. I am, &c.

\* An Asthma.

*To the same.*

SIR,

Oates, Jan. 24 1703-4.

**T**ILL your confidence in my friendship, and freedom with me, can preserve you from thinking you have need to make apologies for your silence, whenever you omit a post or two, when in your kind way of reckoning you judge a letter to be due ; you know me not so well, as I could wish ; nor am I so little burthen some to you as I desire. I could be pleased to hear from you every day ; because the very thoughts of you every day afford me pleasure and satisfaction. But I beseech you to believe, that I measure not your kindness by your opportunities of writing ; nor do suspect that your friendship falters, whenever your pen lies a little still. The sincerity you profess, and I am convinced of, has charms in it, against all the little phantoms of ceremony. If it be not so, that true friendship sets one free from a scrupulous observance of all those little circumstances, I shall be able to give but a very ill account of myself to my friends ; to whom when I have given possession of my heart, I am less punctual of making of legs, and kissing my hand, than to other people, to whom that outside civility is all that belongs. I received the three books you sent me.

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That

That which the author sent me\* deserves my acknowledgment more ways than one: And I must beg you to return it. His demonstrations are so plain, that if this were an age that followed reason, I should not doubt but his would prevail. But to be rational is so glorious a thing, that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title; but will not debase so excellent a faculty, about the conduct of so trivial a thing, as they make themselves. There never was a man better suited to your wishes, than I am. You take a pleasure in being troubled with my commissions; and I have no other way of commerce with you, but by such importunities. I can only say, that, were the tables changed, I should, being in your place, have the same satisfaction; and therefore confidently make use of your kind offer. I therefore beg the favour of you to get me Mr. *Le Clerc's Harmony of the Evangelists*, in *English*, bound very finely in calf, gilt and lettered on the back, and gilt on the leaves; so also I would have *Moliere's Works* (of the best edition you can get them) bound. These books are for the ladies; and therefore I would have them fine, and the leaves gilt as well as the back. *Moliere* of the *Paris* edition, I think is the best, if it can be got in *London* in quires. You see the liberty I take. I should be glad you could find out something for me to do for you here.

I am perfectly, &c.

\* Reasons against restraining the press, London, 1704, in Quarto.

*To the same.*

DEAR SIR,

Oates, May 19, 1704.

NOTHING works so steadily and effectually as friendship. Had I hired a man to go to town with my business, and paid him well, my commissions would not have been so soon, nor so well dispatched, as I find by yours of the 16th, they have been by you.  
You



You speak of my affairs, and act in them with such an air of interest and satisfaction, that I can hardly avoid thinking, that I oblige you with employing you in them. 'Tis no small advantage to me, to have found such a friend, at the last scene of my life; when I am good for nothing, and am grown so useless, that I cannot be sure that in every good office you do me, you can propose to yourself no other advantage, but the pleasure of doing it. Every one here finds himself obliged, by your late good company. As for myself, if you had not convinced me by a sensible experiment, I could not have believed, I could have had so many happy days together. I shall always pray, that yours may be multiplied. Could I in the least contribute any thing thereto, I should think myself happy in this poor decaying state of my health; which, tho' it affords little in this world to enjoy, yet I find the charms of your company make me not feel the want of strength, or breath, or any thing else.

The bishop of Gloucester came hither the day you went from hence, and in no very good state of health. I find two groaning people make but an uncomfortable concert. He returned yesterday, and went away in somewhat a better state. I hope he got well to town.

Enjoy your health and youth whilst you have it, to all the advantages and improvement of an innocent and pleasant life; remembering that merciless old-age is in pursuit of you, when it overtakes you, will not fail, some way or other, to impair the enjoyments both of body and mind. You know how apt I am to preach; I believe it is one of the diseases of old-age. But my friends will forgive me, when I have nothing to persuade them to but that they should endeavour to be as happy, as it is possible for them to be: And to you I have no more to say, but that you go on in the course you are in. I reflect often upon it, with a secret joy, that you promised I should in a short time see you again. You are very good, and I dare not press you. But I cannot but remember how well I passed my time, when you were here.

I am, &c.



*To the same, directed thus :*

*For ANTHONY COLLINS, Esq; to be delivered to him after my decease.*

DEAR SIR,

**B**Y my will you will see that I had some kindness for\*\*\*. And I knew no better way to take care of him than to put him, and what I designed for him, into your hands and management: The knowledge I have of your virtue of all kinds, secures the trust, which, by your permission, I have placed in you; and the peculiar esteem and love, I have observed in the young man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you, so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one thing, which it is necessary for me to to recommend to your especial care and memory \*\*\*\*\*

May you live long and happy, in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all those blessings, which providence has bestowed on you, and your virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my memory, now I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say, upon experience, what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account. Adieu: I leave my best wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

*To the Earl of ——— from ANTONIO, acknowledging the rashness and folly he was guilty of in sending his friend a challenge, &c.*

MY LORD,

**I** AM just recovered of the wound I received in the duel, which you with so much reason and humanity endeavoured to prevent. I think myself now under an obligation to own the justice and force of your Lordship's arguments, and to retract whatever I said in defence of such an inhuman practice. It was frenzy that made me reject the advice of one who had so true a notion of honour, and whose courage had been so gloriously employed in the cause of liberty, and the Protestant succession.

You told me what the event of this mad adventure would be; that instead of defending, I should expose my sister's innocence to the public censure. It is too late for me to wish I had been guided by your generous and friendly admonitions; which for the future will wear the stamp of infallibility on them. Nor can I propose to myself a nobler example than your Lordship's in every part of human life. The generous friend, the tender husband, and affectionate parent, appear in their proper lustre — Virtue, with a superior excellence shines in your character, and inforces her precepts with resistless eloquence.

The review of your conduct is a severe reproach to my own. I shall never reflect on my late ridiculous exploit without confusion. Whatever bravery I affected, I was conscious of the most slavish fears in the midst of my insolent flights of vanity. Deliberate guilt hung heavy on my soul. I spent the night before the bloody assignation in anguish which no words can express; infernal visions haunted my imagination; the caverns of night, the joyless abodes, disclosed their terrors to my distracted fancy.

But so entirely was I governed by the maxims of the  
licentious

licentious part of the world, that with great gallantry I challenged my own ruin, and bid defiance to death and damnation; exposing myself to all the horrors, dreadful to reason and nature, to avoid the imputation of cowardice.

So tyrannical a thing is custom, that it is necessary to ask the world forgiveness for presuming to be reasonable creatures. People are often compelled to be mad in their own defence, and to act against their reason to avoid being singular. It is hard indeed, that the caprice of mankind should expect an apology from the few that are wiser than the rest, for being awake, and in their right senses; that they should be forced to excuse themselves, for keeping their eyes open, and having penetration enough to foresee a distant danger, and to much discretion as to avoid it.

A man resolved to leap from a precipice, might with a better assurance ridicule his companions for not promising to follow him; and more justly reproach them with cowardice, for refusing to break their necks, than these men of honour can upbraid a person for not complying with their rules of valour, at the expence of his life, and all his hopes of future happiness. If my generous adversary had not spared my life, when it lay at his mercy, (while my salvation depended upon that important moment) instead of giving you this penitent relation, I had been now cursing my own folly under the weight of eternal infamy.

Your Lordship's, &c.

ANTONIO.

*To VALERIUS, from an ENGLISH Merchant;  
giving an account of the adventures of his voyage.*

**I** AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity to give you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the Indies I had some affair with



a Spanish merchant; which while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered to sale as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind from any view of interest; but, from a motive of compassion, I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his ransom.

Among the captives newly taken, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his port. He drew all my attention; of which he appeared sensible, and still directed his looks to me: Our souls seemed to greet one another as if their intimacy had been of a long standing, and commenced in some pre-existent period. There was something in the air of this young stranger superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion soft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generosity beyond my own intention, and by an impulse of virtue on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some distant and unknown design of Providence. The heavenly infliction came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates.

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high, and such as would be a vast disadvantage to my present affairs, to part with. However I listened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was from that moment free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

“Then you have confined me (replied the gentle stranger) by the most lasting engagements. I might have broke through any other restraint; but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the only son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople; and you may demand what you will for my ransom.”

“You



“ You will soon be convinced (said I) there was no mercenary intention in this action. The amity I have for you is noble and disinterested : It was kindled by a celestial spark, an emanation from the divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your mortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections : But if it is your choice to return to the customs and religion of your country, you are absolutely free, without attending any terms for your release.”

With a friendly, not dejected look, he told me, it was impossible for him to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent ; but he positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father : Which he soon had, with a *charte blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it, with no other terms, but the liberty of all the christian slaves he had in his possession ; hoping, by this disinterested conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend in favour of christianity. He could persuade me to take nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

It was some months after he was gone before I could finish my negotiations in Spain ; but as soon as they were dispatched I embarked for Holland. We had not been a week at sea before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men in it carried to Constantinople to be sold as slaves. My lot fell to a master from whom I was like to find barbarous treatment : However, I was resolved to endure my bondage till I could give intelligence to my friends in England to procure my ransom. I was fixed to this, that no hardship should reduce me to give Orramel an account of my distress, till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness, nor expect a retaliation of my own.

But heaven had kinder intentions by bringing me into this adversity, nor left me long without redress. As  
I was

I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow-slaves, Orramel came by. He passed beyond me; but instantly returning, looked on me with great attention till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes: When making inquiry of some that were near to whom I belonged; and being informed, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid his demand for my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection. He spoke—he paused—and was in the greatest perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul.

“My brother! (said he) my friend!—or if there are more sacred ties in nature or virtue, let me call you by some gentler appellation! We are now united by the bands of celestial amity, one in the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity rescued me from a worse than Spanish slavery from the bondage of vice and superstition; your conduct banished my prejudices to the christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths, to which I now assent. But this is a secret even to my own domestics: And whether such a caution is criminal I am not yet able to determine.”

With what rapture, what attention, did I listen to this language! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the christian faith. An angel's song would have been less melodious. I looked upward, and with a great elevation of mind, gave the glory to the Supreme Disposer of all human events. The instinct was from above that first moved me to ransom this young captive; thence was the spring of my compassion: It would be vanity, it would be the most criminal arrogance, not to ascribe this action to the assisting Deity.

The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evidence his affection. He told me his father died since we parted in Spain; and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives. He offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of marriage,

marriage, and promised a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he said, was privately bred a christian, by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia. I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me.

The next day he conducted me to a fair summer-house, whither he sent for his sisters; who were all so handsome, that I was distressed with my own liberty, nor knew where to choose, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not superior in beauty to the rest, but there was a decorum in her behaviour which the others wanted. She had more of the modesty and politeness of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial. My choice was fixed; and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve of it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the British envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses; and after a prosperous voyage, I am safely landed in Holland.

I have sent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven; whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality it first inspired. Adieu.

*From MELINDA, giving an account of her concealment.*

MY DEAR ORIANA,

**I** TOLD you before I left my brother's house, that you should hear from me as soon as I was settled; and that I would inform you of the reason of my flight. You have too much candour and charity to judge harshly of my proceedings; which, could you see my heart, you would rather pity than condemn me for.

You have often, within these two last years, observed an alteration in my temper and person. I am no more the sprightly florid creature that you used to call the emblem



emblem of health and chearfulness. You saw the change, but did not guess the cause was a secret, hopeless passion. I was at a play: I saw there one of the most agreeable persons in the world. His dress, his behaviour, every thing was graceful and easy. The tragedy of Cato was acted. He was attentive, and seemed to enter into every noble sentiment, where either the hero or lover was described. His aspect wore the visible characters of fortitude and virtue. He stood up between the acts, and turned towards the box where I sat; and when I went out, he made way for me through the croud. But I never after saw him in any public place, nor knew who nor what he was. But the charming youth had made an impression on my thoughts, which had soon a very happy effect. I grew weary of the noisy, tumultuous way of living in my brother's house, and refused sharing in the constant round of diversions that my sister loved. Nor could there be any more dissolute and extravagant than the manners of this family; assemblies, balls, gaming,—all sorts of riots and licentiousness. I never indeed approved these entertainments; and was always uneasy, without knowing how to make myself otherwise.

The paths to happiness that religion proposed, I was as ignorant of as the savage Americans in their native groves. Dumain, who married my sister, was a professed libertine. My parents left me very young to their care, my sister being many years older than I am: And if my godfathers and godmothers, instead of renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world for me in my baptism, had solemnly vowed I should be bred in the midst of those snares and seducing temptations, they could not more effectually have discharged their trust, than by placing me in this family; whose Sundays amusements were cards; for we never went to church, unless in a frolic, to spend an idle hour, in whispering or laughing.

However, my guardian angel did not quit his charge; but, by the impression of a virtuous love, fortified my soul from every loose inclination. I fled diversions, grew fond of retirement. This soon gave me a habit of

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thinking:

thinking ; and if I had schemes of happiness, they were all in some future life, beyond the grave ; but my notions were clouded and imperfect. Indeed, I believed there was a God, and the reproaches of my own reason taught me to fear him ; but I had never looked into the Bible since I learned to read ; and was as ignorant of Christianity as a young Hottentot bred in a cave.

My pensive temper now detested vanity, in every appearance. Plays and novels no more diverted me. But wanting something to read, I saw a Bible in the room where my sister's woman lay ; and opening it, my attention was immediately engaged. The history was new to me. I carried it to my chamber ; but how was I surprised, to find the life and precepts of the great founder of the Christian Faith, so different from the manners and principles of those who assumed that sacred profession ! I found myself in the flowery paths of ruin, nor knew how to extricate myself from the fatal snare. This was the secret language of my soul, to that invisible power which knew its sincerity.

Thou Ruler of the sky, almighty Name,  
Whose piercing eye discerns my rising thoughts,  
Ere they are form'd within my anxious breast ;  
Thou seest my soul struggling to break the bands,  
Which thus detain her captive to the earth :  
Thou seest how vainly she would soar on high ;  
Passion and pleasure clog her downy wing,  
Prevent her flight, and sink her to the dust :  
There low she lies, and trembling begs thy aid,  
Conscious how impotent she is without thee.

My sister soon perceived the alteration of my temper, and used her art to engage me in some criminal diversion. But in vain ; I was sick and tired of these extravagancies. But what could I do ? My fortune was lost in the South-Sea ; I was dependent on Dumain's and my sister's charity ; and to heighten my distress, I was importuned by my Lord —, (who was lately married) to yield to his criminal passion. At this proposal I started with horror, but could not shun his address without quitting this disorderly family ; which I resolved

solved to do, and cast myself on the protection of Heaven.

I left my brother's house just after dinner, and went in a hackney-coach to a woman in the city that had been my nurse. I engaged her to secrecy, and got her to inquire for a place in some merchant's family. She soon succeeded, and introduced me to the wife of an East-India merchant, who lived in great splendor. My business was to wait on her in the station of a chamber-maid. She was very handsome, modest, and unaffected. The orders of the family were so regular and peaceful, so perfectly the reverse of my brother's, that I thought myself in another world, and among a new set of beings. Temperance and sobriety reigned amidst the height of plenty and liberality. The rooms were noble, and furnished with all the riches of the Indian world, and looked like the palace of some eastern monarch.

I found myself perfectly at ease. Dressing my mistress was all I had to do ; which was a very agreeable employment, and soon dispatched. She had something so genteel in her manner, that every thing looked graceful and becoming on her, and cost but little trouble to make it sit well. Her conversation was innocent and instructive ; her hours were spent in reading, or some little amusement with her needle, without the least inclination to rambling after balls or masquerades.

I spent two or three weeks in this regular manner, my mistress treating me almost on a level. I had not yet seen my master, who now returned from his country-house. But, my dear ORIANA, think what was my affliction, when I discovered that he was the same lovely youth I had seen at the play. As soon as he saw me, he turned as red as crimson, and I as pale as ashes. He passed by me, and went immediately into my mistress's room. It was almost two years since I had seen him, and I had some hopes I was forgot. However, I resolved to quit the family if I found he knew me, or that my friendship for his wife did not extinguish my passion. — On my master's part I soon found reason to



be easy. I hardly ever saw him ; he was either at the exchange, or when at home engaged in a series of business or beneficence. His wealth was immense, which he dispersed with an unequalled generosity. He assisted honest traders that had but a small stock, paid the debts of prisoners, relieved the widow, and redressed the injured and oppressed. This was every day's business ; which yet never entrenched on his hours of devotion, in private or public.

I now grew easy. A man of this character was not like to indulge a guilty flame in his own breast, or to flatter it in mine ; besides, his absence would soon relieve me ; for he intended to go to the Indies with the fleet, which was to set sail within a month.

The time was now expired. The day before he went his voyage, after he had been an hour with my mistress, in some private conversation, he left her, and came directly into my room, with such an air of benignity in his face, as some heavenly minister would wear, who brought a message of peace.

He begun : " You will be surprised, Madam, to find I know your family, and the reason you have put yourself into the protection of mine. The first sight I had of you at the play, made an impression, which was never effaced till I gave my vows to the best of wives. It is with some confusion I own the wrong I did your virtue, when I tell you nothing should have prevented my pursuit of the passion you first raised, but the scandal of the house you was in ; which was so extravagant, that it forbad me ever thinking of you. But I now do you entire justice, and admire that triumph of honour, that put you in a station so low, to secure yourself from the temptation of returning to your brother. I have left you five thousand pounds in bank bills ; and have told your case (as I had it from the woman that nursed you) to my wife, who has all the virtues that ever adorned the sex. She yielded to this proposal with transport ; and waits while I am gone to deliver the bills." He said this, and left me without time or language to speak my gratitude.

My

My mistress immediately came into the chamber, with goodness shining in her eyes, and gave me the bank bills, with a grace, which only virtue can stamp on human actions. She prevented my thanks, by making an apology for her ignorance of my quality, assuring me, the house was at my command; and that the hopes of my staying with her, was the greatest satisfaction she proposed in dear HENRY's absence. I could not possibly discover my sense of this surprising benefit by all the force of language. — My silence, and the tenderness into which she saw my soul was melted, was the only evidence of gratitude I could now give.

In the morning, when every thing was ready for the parting of the East India fleet, my generous benefactor came into his wife's chamber to take his last adieu. I was with her endeavouring to give that consolation myself wanted. Her grief drew some reluctant tears from him, while he endeavoured to conceal his own inward anguish. The hero and the lover appeared in his behaviour. And when, to excuse the intemperance of her sorrow, his wife urged the dangers of the seas, and the rage of barbarous nations on the shore, I shall never forget with what an air of greatness he replied, *Je crains Dieu, & je n'ai point d'autre crainte*: — "I fear God, and I have no other to fear." Thus undaunted would the god like man have appeared had he seen the stars falling from their orbs, and heard the sound of the last thunders. When he had, with an apparent grief, freed himself from the embraces of his wife, with a look of compassion, like that of some pitying angel, he bid me farewell. His domestics were lost in grief; the passage from his house was crowded with his grateful dependents, whose wrongs or necessities had been redressed by him. A thousand ardent prayers for his prosperity reached the skies, and gained the divine assent, while he hastened through the admiring throng distressed with the popular applause.

How poor a figure is that of a libertine in his most glittering heights of vanity, compared to this great man, who has so early begun his race of glory, and is in the

very bloom of youth and nature in every virtue! Instead of passing his hours in a train of idle amusements, the gay part of his life is devoted to heaven and the public welfare.—You know where to find

Your humble servant,

MELINDA.

*From a GENTLEMAN, who, in a small fortune, experiences the slights of his friends; but being suddenly reputed to be rich, is oppressed with the fawning caresses and adulation of those who had before neglected him.*

DEAR SIR,

**I** MUST, for once, postpone every thing I would say to you, in order to make room for an account you little expect.

What will you say, when I tell you, that a current report of my being immensely rich is the greatest misfortune I at present labour under? Nor do I find it so supportable as you may be apt to imagine. The occasion was owing to the frequent slights I had received from the gentlewoman with whom I lodge, and from others of my friends, who, believing that I lived up to my scanty fortune, as in truth I do (though I take care to be beholden to nobody, and pay ready money for every thing) could not treat me negligently enough. I complained of this to that arch wag *Tony Richards*, who told me he would change every one's behaviour to me in a few days. And he has done it effectually; for what does he do, but, as a kind of secret, acquaints my landlady, that, beside my poor little estate, which you know to be my all, he had lately discovered, that I had twenty thousand pounds stock in one of our great companies!

Such was the force of this whimsical delusion, that, the very next morning, I had a clean towel hung over my water-bottle, tho' I never before had more than one a week during the twenty years I have lodged there.

About



About a week after this, my cousin Tom, who for the two years he has been in the Temple, has let me see him but three times, came, in a complaisant manner, plainer dressed than I had ever before seen him ; and begged, if the length of the evening was in any degree burthensome, I would permit him to wait upon me with such pieces of wit, humour, or entertainment, as the town afforded ; the reading of which under my ear, he was sure, would be a great advantage to him ; and assured me ; that, for a beginning, he had presumed to bring the last new tragedy in his pocket. I thanked my young spark. Upon which he is so much in earnest in his observances, that three nights in a week he thus entertains me ; which will, at least, be of so much service, as to keep him out of more expensive company. And you cannot think what pains the rogue takes to read with the cadence he knows I admire, and sits till his teeth chatter before he offers to look towards the fire.

What you will still more wonder at, Sir John Hook : him called upon me before Christmas ; and though I have not had a visit from him these five years, was so obliging, as to run away with me in his chariot into Hertfordshire, to keep the holidays in his family ; where his lady treated me with the utmost respect, and her daughters paid me their morning devoirs, with the same deference as if I had been their grand-papa. No dinner was concluded upon without consulting my palate ; and the young gentlemen, his sons, are as ambitious of my hearing their exercises, as if their fortunes depended upon my approbation.

Sir John acquainted me with every improvement he had made in his estate ; and assured me, that his second son Will, my name-sake, had a genius singularly turned for managing country business, had he not the misfortune of having a brother born before him ; and gave me several reasons to believe, that a fine estate which lay in the neighbourhood, and was then to be sold, would be a great pennyworth. I took the hint ; but said, I had no inclination to purchase : He shook his head at  
my

my thousands, and told me, that, in his opinion, a land estate was preferable to the best stock in the kingdom.

When I came to town the 4th of January, I was no sooner out of Sir John's chariot, but my landlady, in person, informed me, that since I had been absent, I had so many presents sent me, that she had been in a hundred fears for their spoiling : I asked her the particulars, and found five turkeys, three chines, three hampers of Madeira for the gout, two collars of brawn, geese, chickens, hares, and wild-fowl, to a large amount.

At night I was welcomed to town by all my old acquaintance, and about twenty almost new ones. I was a little tired with my journey; and had a slight cold besides, which being observed, one was running for a physician, another for a surgeon to bleed me : One thought an emetic not improper; another recommended a gentle sweat or composing draught; and, amidst the general officiousness, I could hear it whispered, that if my will was not made, delays might prove dangerous; and, in the morning, five messengers after my welfare arrived before day.

Thus, Sir, you see my peace is gone; my tongue is of no use; for no one believes me when I declare my real circumstances; and, under the happiness of a very small fortune, I suffer all the afflictions attending a man immoderately rich; and if you keep not your usual behaviour, I shall not know myself, nor any man else; since all my companions are become flatterers, and all around me are so obsequious, that it is impossible for me to know when I do right or wrong. I am, dear Sir, though whimsically situated,

Your real friend.

*To Miss \*\*\*, advising her to take care of her house.*

**A**S you are tenant at will in a very handsome genteel house, and are now capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, ruling it by the strictest maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints in an affair of so much importance. Your building is composed of some of the finest materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any flaw and spot that may accidentally touch it. — 'Tis erected of a proper height, a just size, rear'd on a regular plan, and finished with the most accurate proportion. On the top stands a most eminent turret, furnished with a room of a globular form, which I observe has two chrystal windows in the front. These are so constructed as to be exceeding useful, as they command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by : Be sure to shut them soon at night, and you may open them as early as you please in the morning. On each side I discover a small portal to receive company ; take care they do not always stand open, for then you will be crouded with visitors, and perhaps with many such as you will not like ; let them never be shut against the instructive parent, the advising friend, or the supplicating orphan. I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out ; let that generally be barred close ; be cautious what visitors you let out publicly, lest if any of ill character be seen coming from it, you draw a scandal upon your house. It will be necessary therefore to lay a strict injunction of vigilance on your two porters, who stand centinels in liveries of the deepest scarlet, just without the ivory pallisadoes. I have seen some people paint the two pannels just below the windows ; but I would advise you to the contrary, for your own natural colours far excel all the decorations of art. This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of *Corinthian* marble,



marble, whose base is ornamented with two alabaster semiglobes, over which is generally drawn a fine lawn curtain of admirable needle-work. Beneath is the great hall, in which you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship; this, I suppose, is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some other intimate friend. I advise you to keep this always clean; furnish it well; make it a little library of the best practical authors; visit it frequently, especially when you return home from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, which you have met at the tea-table. Let the outside of the hall appear not like the hearse hung round with escutcheons, nor like a coach of state bedaubed with gilt and colourings; but let it be plain, neat, and clean; to convince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament. You are sensible, Miss, time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structure, and therefore will not be surprized to find your little tenement subject to the same change; doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain intimations the house will one day fall.——You may be soon turned out,——the landlord may give you warning, or may not;——this is uncertain; be always ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest notice. One thing I would observe too, is, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but it will lie waste and in ruins; yet the proprietor will some time or other rebuild it for your reception in a more durable manner, with the same materials, but so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident nor decays; and as it is absolutely necessary that your habitation be new reared in some other place, I heartily wish it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease will never expire.

Yours, &c.

LAURA.

*To Colonel R——s in Spain.*

**B**EFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty left me has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me, and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful thing in the prospect of death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which, I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state, which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak and fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which warm my poor languid heart;  
but

but indeed I am not capable under my present weakness of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell for ever.

*Dissuading a Friend from going to law.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely sorry to hear, that the difference between you and Mr. *Archer* is at last likely to be brought to a law-suit. I wish you would take it into your serious consideration before you begin, because it will hardly be in your power to end it when you please. For you immediately put the matter out of your own hands, into the hands of those whose interest it is to protract the suit from term to term; and who will as absolutely prescribe to you in it, as your physicians in a dangerous illness.

The law, my good friend, I look upon, more than any one thing, as the proper punishment of an over-hasty and perverse spirit, as it is a punishment that follows an act of a man's own seeking and chusing. You will not consent perhaps now to submit the matter in dispute to reference; but let me tell you, that, after you have expended large sums of money, and squandered away a deal of time in attendance on your lawyers, and preparations for hearings, one term after another, you will probably be of another mind, and be glad seven years hence to leave it to that arbitration which now you refuse. He is happy who is wise by other men's misfortunes, says the common adage; and, when you have heard from all your acquaintance, who have tried the experiment, what a grievous thing the law is, will you notwithstanding pay for that wisdom, which you may have at the cost of others?

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The representation that was once hung up as a sign in the Rolls Liberty, on one side, was a man all in rags wringing his hands, with a libel, importing, *That he had lost his suit*; and on the other, a man that had not a rag left, but stark naked, capering and triumphing, *That he had carried his cause* \*; was a fine emblem of going to law, and the infatuating madness of a litigious spirit.

How excellent to this purpose is the advice of our blessed Saviour, rather than seek this redress against any who would even *take one's coat*, to *give him his cloak also*! For, besides the Christian doctrine inculcated by this precept, it will be found, as the law is managed, and the uncertainty that attends it, even in the best-grounded litigations, that such a pacific spirit may be deemed the only way to preserve the rest of one's garments, and to prevent being stripped to their skin.

Moreover, what wise man would rush upon a proceeding, where the principal men of the profession (though the oath they take, if serjeants, obliges them not to sign a sham plea, nor plead in a cause against their own opinion) are not ashamed, under the specious, but scandalous notion of doing the best they can for their client, to undertake, for the sake of a paltry fee, to whiten over the blackest cause, and to defeat the justest? Where your property may depend altogether upon the impudence of an eloquent pleader, asserting any thing, and a perjured evidence, swearing whatever will do for his suborner's purpose; where the tricks and mistakes of practisers, and want of trifling forms, may nonsuit you; where deaths of persons, made parties to the suit, may cause all to begin again: What wise man, I say, would subject himself to these vexations and common incidents in the law, if he could any way avoid it; together with the intolerable expences and attendances consequent on a law-suit; besides the fears, the cares, the anxieties

\* 'Tis said that Sir John Tr——, master of the Rolls, caused this sign to be taken down, on the clamour it occasioned among the lawyers.

that revolve with every term, and engross all a man's thoughts? Where legal proofs must be given to the plainest facts; that a living man is living, and identically himself; and that a man is dead, and buried by certificate; where evidence must be brought, at a great expence, to hands and seals affixed to deeds and receipts, that never were before questioned; till a cause shall be split in several under ones; these tried term by term, and years elapse before the main point comes to be argued, though originally there was but one single point, as you apprehend, in the question? As to the law part only, observe the process: First comes the declaration; 2dly, a plea; 3dly, a demurrer to the plea; 4thly, a joinder in demurrer; 5thly, a rejoinder; 6thly, a sur-rejoinder; which sometimes is conclusive, sometimes to begin all over again. Then may succeed trials upon the law part, and trials upon the equity part; oftentimes new trials, or re-hearings; and these followed by writs of error.

Then you may be plunged into the bottomless gulph of chancery, where you begin with bills and answers, containing hundreds of sheets at exorbitant prices, fifteen lines in a sheet, and six words in a line, (and a stamp to every sheet) barefacedly so contrived to pick your pocket: Then follow all the train of examinations, interrogatories, exceptions, bills amended, references for scandal and impertinence, new allegations, new interrogatories, new exceptions, on pretence of insufficient answers, replies, rejoinders, and sur-rejoinders; till at last, when you have danced through this blessed round of preparation, the hearing before the master of the Rolls comes next; appeals follow from his honour to the chancellor; then from the chancellor to the house of Lords; and sometimes the parties are sent down from thence for a new trial in the courts below. ———

Good Heavens! What wise man, permit me to repeat, would enter himself into this confounding circle of the law? ———

I hope, dear Sir, you will think of this matter most deliberately, before you proceed in your present  
angry

angry purpose ; and if you shall judge it proper to take my advice, and avoid a law-suit, I am sure you will have reason to thank me for it, and for the zeal wherewith I am

Your sincere friend and servant.

To Mr. —.

*Acquainting him that he thinks himself happy in the continuance of his friendship.*

SIR,

**I**T is impossible for me to harbour any resentment against those who would have persuaded me that I had lost your favour. Notwithstanding the many uneasy hours I suffered upon that account, I can easily forgive them ; since they occasioned the kind and obliging letter which you lately wrote me. You assure me that I have not forfeited your good opinion, and I return you a thousand thanks for the pleasure you give me. No one can regard you with a warmer and more sincere esteem than myself ; and as I know none whose virtues merit a higher value, I should be unjust, if I did not feel the most sensible joy in this assurance, that I am still happy in the place which you have so long allowed me in your friendship. I shall preserve it with as entire a satisfaction, as if I could never lose it ; and at the same time with as much circumspection as if I was every moment in danger of that misfortune : I shall have all the pleasure of those that are in possession of happiness, and all the ardor of those that are in pursuit of it. This conduct, I hope, will contribute to the increase of that affection with which you honour, SIR,

Yours, &c.



*From a FATHER to a SON, on his negligence in his affairs.*

DEAR JEMMY,

**Y**OU cannot imagine what a concern your carelessness and indifferent management of your affairs give me. Remissness is inexcusable in all men, but in none so much as in a man of business, the soul of which is industry, diligence, and punctuality.

Let me beg of you to shake off the idle habits you have contracted; quit unprofitable company, and unseasonable recreations, and apply to your counting-house with diligence. It may not yet be too late to retrieve your affairs. Inspect therefore your gains, and cast up what proportion they bear to your expenses; and then see which of the latter you can, and which you cannot, contract. Consider, that when once a man suffers himself to go backward in the world, it must be an uncommon spirit of industry that retrieves him, and puts him forward again.

Reflect, I beseech you, before it be too late, upon the inconveniencies which an impoverished trader is put to, for the remainder of his life, which, too, may happen to be the prime part of it; the indignities he is likely to suffer from those whose money he has unthinkingly squandered; the contempt he will meet with from all, not excepting the idle companions of his folly; the injustice he does his family, in depriving his children, not only of the power of raising themselves, but of living tolerably; and how, on the contrary, from being born to a creditable expectation, he sinks them into the lowest class of mankind, and exposes them to the most dangerous temptations. What has not such a father to answer for? And all this for the sake of indulging himself in an idle, a careless, thoughtless habit, that cannot afford the least satisfaction beyond the present hour, if in that; and which must be attended with deep remorse, when he comes to reflect. Think seriously of these things, and in time, resolve on such a course as may bring credit to  
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yourself, justice to all you deal with, peace and pleasure to your own mind, comfort to your family; and which will give, at the same time, the highest satisfaction to

Your careful and loving father.

*The SON's grateful Answer.*

HONOURED SIR.

**I** Return you my sincere thanks for your seasonable reproof and advice. I have indeed too much indulged myself in an idle, careless habit, and had already begun to feel the evil consequences of it, when I received your letter, in the insults of a creditor or two, from whom I expected kinder treatment. But, indeed, they wanted but their own; so I could only blame myself, who had brought their rough usage upon me. Your letter came so seasonably upon this, that I am now determined to apply closely to business, and endeavour to bring a credit to myself, and satisfaction to you.

I am, &c.

*Advice from a Father to a young Beginner, what company to chuse, and how to behave in it.*

DEAR ROBIN,

**A**S you are now entering into the world, and will probably have considerable dealings in your business, the frequent occasion you will have for advice from others, will make you desirous of singling out, among your most intimate acquaintance, one or two, whom you would view in the light of friends.

In the choice of these, your utmost care and caution will be necessary; for by a mistake here you can scarcely conceive the fatal effects you may hereafter experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a judgment of those who are fit to be your advisers, by the conduct they have observed in their own affairs, and the reputa-

tion they bear in the world. For he who has by his own indiscretions undone himself, is much fitter to be set up as a land mark for a prudent mariner to shun his courses than an example to follow.

Old age is generally slow and heavy, youth headstrong and precipitate; but there are old men who are full of vivacity, and young men replete with discretion; which makes me rather point out the conduct than the age of the persons with whom you should chuse to associate; though, after all, it is a never-failing good sign to me of prudence and virtue in a young man, when his seniors chuse his company, and he delights in theirs.

Let your endeavours therefore be, at all adventures, to comfort yourself with men of sobriety, good sense, and virtue; for the proverb is an unerring one that says, *A man is known by the company he keeps.* If, such men you can single out, while you improve by their conversation, you will benefit by their advice; and be sure remember one thing, that though you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your sentiments, when occasions offer; yet that you be much readier to hear than to speak; for to this purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a man two ears, and but one tongue. Lay in therefore by observation, and modest silence, such a store of ideas, that you may, at their time of life, make no worse figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other people's ills than your own. How must those young men expose themselves to the contempt and ridicule of their seniors, who, having seen little or nothing of the world, are continually shutting out, by open mouths and closed ears, all possibility of instruction, and making useless the principal end of conversation, which is improvement? A silent young man makes generally a wise old one, and never fails of being respected by the best and most prudent men. When, therefore, you come among strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own sentiments; by this means you will judge of the merit and capacities of your company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shoot-  
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ing out hasty and inconsiderate bolts, which they would have been glad to recall, when, perhaps, a silent genius in company has burst out upon them with such observations, as have struck consciousness and shame into the forward speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my care and concern for your welfare. I hope you will constantly, from time to time, communicate to me whatever you shall think worthy of my notice, or in which my advice may be of use to you. For I have no pleasure in this life equal to that which the happiness of my children gives me. And of this you may be assured; for I am, and ever must be,

Your affectionate father.

*A letter from a gentleman on a retired life and an active one.*

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising intirely either solitude or public life. In the former men generally grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those, who, like you, can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vales and forests, amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once an ornament and a service to them. But there is another sort of people who seemed designed for solitude, those I mean, who have more to hide than to shew;



shew ; as for my own part, I am one of those whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light ; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude, like waters which may be forced into fountains, and exalted to a great height, may make a much nobler figure, and a much louder noise, but after all run more smoothly, equally, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet, which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity ; but whoever has the muses too for his companion, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may wish he had the highest cast, but if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it. I am,

S I R, your most obliged  
and most humble servant.

*A letter to the CONNOISSEUR, being a humorous satire  
on snuff-taking.*

S I R,

I Know not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all ranks of people, tho' detestable even among the lowest. The practice, I mean, is that of snuff-taking, which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may, perhaps, claim it as a privilege, since snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bays's admirable receipt, *the spirit of brains* ; but give me leave to tell you, that snuff should no more be administered in public, than than of Major's medicinal composition, at four pence a pinch, or any other dose of physic. I know not why people should

should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance, by smearing their noses with a dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-water or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one drawing out his pouncet-box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose, he would be led to conclude, that we were no better than a nation of *Blottentots*; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt, to fence them from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine, that the person he conversed with took snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

It is customary among those polite people, the Dutch, to carry with them every where their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good manners, than the practice of snuff-taking: A very Dutchman would think it odd, that a people who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco dust; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket companion, as he would be to carry a dishcloth about him.

It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the play-house continually echo with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a Tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side boxes; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who had been almost choked by a pinch of snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor

tor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bag-pipe; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those, who have no other merit than their cloaths? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take snuff only to display a white hand, perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond-ring; and I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Straßburg veritable tabac* from a right Paris paper box, and the pretty fellow uses a box of polished metal, that, by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

Though I abhor snuff taking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet am I exposed to many disgusting inconveniencies from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choaked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended: You will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink of this abominable snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk, or dross of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend's house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing from his snuff if not the liquor going the wrong way. Such eternal snuff-takers as my friend should, I think, at meal times, have a screen flapping down over the nose  
and



and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade ; or, at least, they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

This practice of snuff-taking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanness ought always to be cultivated among the women ; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with snuff ? I have with pleasure observed the snow-white surface of an handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box ; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleaner than the kitchen-wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brick dust and fuller's earth. House-wisely accomplishments are at present seldom required in a well-bred woman : Or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose ; nor indeed would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, that snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it : They should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a fallow hue from this base of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the Sun. Besides, as the nose has always been reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application as snuff-taking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips ; and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contract with the former ? Rather than snuff-taking should prevail among the ladies,  
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I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nation: Nay, I would even carry it still farther, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no reflection for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work: But a girl now-a-days would as soon be surprized in twirling a pinning-wheel, as in handling a thread-paper. The fan or the snuff-box are now the only implements they dare to use in public; yet surely, it would be much more becoming to have the fore-finger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of snuff. I am, SIR,

Your humble servant, &c.

*A letter from a lady on her husband being chosen a member of parliament.*

DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

**I** HAVE been plagued, pestered, teized to death, and hurried out of my wits ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! *Pope* and the poets may talk what they will, of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads; but I had rather live all my days among the cheese-mongers shops in *Thomas-Street*, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here; and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours; such a rout with their hissing and hollowing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces! If my Sir *John* must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might

might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the house, though he has never been within an hundred miles of the place.

Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever since we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the county, that is worth forty shillings a year; all my best floors are spoiled by the hobnails of farmers slumping about them; every room is a pig-stye, and the *Chinese* paper in the drawing room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washerwoman to go through it. We never sit down to table without a dozen, or more of boisterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he would kiss me, which I was forced to submit to for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear *Charlotte*? — do not laugh at me — I stood godmother in person to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer's, and they almost poisoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of sour ale and brown sugar. All this and more I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say, my lady is proud and above them.

BESIDES, there is not a woman creature within twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my house-keeper; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B\*\* indeed is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her lord is in the opposition. Poor *Thomas* got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him at my first coming into the country with a how d'ye to her ladyship. The greatest female acquaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayors, a taylor's wife, and Mrs. alderman *Gascoigne*, who sells pins and needles on one side of the shop, while

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her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table : I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening ; and am afterwards doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayorefs is a very violent party woman ; and she has two pug-dogs, one of which she calls Sir *John*, and the other Colonel, in compliment you must know to my husband and his brother candidate.

WE had a ball the other day ; and I opened it with Sir *Humphrey Chase*, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along for all the world like the dancing bears, which I have seen in the streets at *London*. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which I fear will lose Sir *John* a good many votes : An attorney's wife was very angry that her daughter, a little pert chit, just come from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss *Norton*, the brewer's daughter, when every body knew (she said) that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

I WISH, my dear, you were to see my dressing-room ; you would think it was a ribband-shop. *Letitice* and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours ; and yesterday no milliner's 'prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on the sweaty hats of country bumpkins. And is it not very hard upon me ? I must not even dress as I please ; but I am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in *Mackbeth*.

BUT what is worse than all, Sir *John* tells me, the election expences have run so high that he must shorten my allowance of pin money. He talks of turning off half his servants ; nay, he has even hinted to me that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature ! But if he dares to serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time ; I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the country against him. I am your affectionate friend, &c.

*A letter*



*A Letter from the Daughter of a Clergyman, a servant,  
describing the places she had lived in.*

MADAM,

SINCE you are pleased, by the very affectionate letter I received from you, to make so particular and kind an enquiry in what manner I have lived since my father died, and you went with your spouse to Ireland, I should be guilty of unpardonable negligence, or ingratitude, not to inform you: But that my letter may give you more entertainment than any thing relating merely to myself can afford, I shall take the liberty to add a few observations on more considerable persons, whose families I have lived in.

When my father died, and it was known to the neighbourhood that we were left destitute, an elderly gentleman and his wife, who lived a few miles from us, invited me to pass some time at their house. This ancient couple lived very happily upon a small estate, but large enough for their necessities; and therefore equal to their desires: They had passed forty years together with very little variety; their pleasures were confined to a very narrow circle, but their cares and fears in a much narrower: In a word, they lived according to nature, and were therefore happy. I often wished for such an easy, contented state of mind as they were blessed with, and if I had continued longer with them, perhaps I might in part have attained it; but their deaths soon closed this quiet scene, which was succeeded by a very busy one to me; for I then went to London and sought for a service.

The first place that offered to my liking, was a merchant's in the city, where I was hired to wait on his wife: The splendor this family lived in, made me think I was well provided for, and that my master was very rich; he kept a coach and a chariot, a valet de chambre, two coachmen, three footmen, a housekeeper, cook and house-maid, a servant for every child, which

were four, and myself, who only waited on my mistress: We had also a country-house, where was constantly a gardener, and one woman servant. The furniture of both houses was showey and costly, but not neat nor elegant. We had many visitors, to whom my mistress took great pleasure to shew her fine house and rich cloaths: The latter she had indeed some cause to be vain of; for when she was dressed with all her ornaments, she could not be worth less, without valuing her person, than a thousand pounds. My master was little at home, which I imputed to a multiplicity of affairs he had abroad; many people came to inquire after him, whose business I supposed was chiefly to ask his custom, for he was a great trader; but I thought it was somewhat remarkable, that he was often denied when I knew him to be in the house; this, the other servants told me, was common among great people, and indeed, such I supposed my master and mistress to be; for they endeavoured in every thing to imitate the quality, and lived at a greater expence than any of our country gentlemen can afford, who have two thousand pounds a-year. But before I had lived six months in the family, I was undeceived in my opinion of this gentleman's circumstances; for some officers, with an Extent (I think they called it) came one day into the house, whilst my mistress had eight or ten visitors in the dining-room, before whom she had displayed all her finery; this put a melancholy end to all their grandeur.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that during all the time I lived in the family, my mistress never went into the kitchen, or threaded a needle; but she now lives in one room, and sells a little tea, coffee, and such things for a subsistence; and my master is gone abroad, in a post that may bring him in fifty pounds a-year.

The next service I went to, was a baronet's, near St. James's, who lived (as I think almost every one here does) in a very expensive manner: The house-keeper, who is a talkative woman, and had been several years in the family, informed me, this gentleman had an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in Kent,

Kent, which he lived very well upon, till about five years since he was drawn into play by sharpers, who won of him large sums of money; ever since he has lived in London at a great expence, expecting a place: I doubt this will make bad worse; but as my master thinks he has been several times near succeeding, he is still very sanguine. Indeed, if faith was as effectual in removing obstacles to the obtaining of places, as it is to subdue difficulties of another nature, this gentleman has enough to remove mountains. When I came first into this family, I thought my master was a very learned man, and my lady much given to reading; for he had a large, fine library, and she a closet of choice books, curiously bound, gilt and lettered; but I soon found my master never went into the library but to shew it to company, and my lady's books were rarely taken out of the case but to be dusted. I could not imagine for what reason people who did not read, should put themselves to the expence of buying such a number of books, and fitting up a library, till I was informed, that a study is as necessary in a nobleman's or gentleman's house, although he does not read, as a chapel, though he never hears prayers; and that books in a lady's closet are esteemed as ornamental furniture as china upon cabinets; and, that there is no more necessity that the one should be read, than the other used. My master and mistress were not diverted from reading by the care of their family, or any other care, for all the servants did what was right in their own eyes: This signified nothing to complain of. My master was very jovial, and unthinking; my mistress indolent, and much troubled with vapours. This gentleman married his lady for love, when they were both very young; he saw her at the play, was deeply smitten, and being much superior in fortune, the match was soon agreed on, even before he had an opportunity of acquainting himself with her temper or disposition. When they came together he soon disliked her humours, which in a little time wore off all fondness for her person: The neglect that followed, her own indecent way of life, or both, raised, in apprehension at least,



many illnesses; but whether they were real or imaginary, they were attended with certain and substantial charges, doctors and apothecaries being in constant attendance. I often thought if this lady would employ some time in the care of her family, she might soon receive more benefit from that and exercise, than by medicines; and perhaps gain a cheerfulness of temper that would render her much more agreeable both to herself and husband: But so far is she from taking any care of the family, that she takes none of her children; she never suckled any for fear of spoiling her shape, and thinks the management of them, or any part in their education, much below her quality; she will, indeed, sometimes send to the nursery for one of them to play with, as she does for the parrot or monkey; but all care is intirely left to servants; and as the children rarely converse with any others, their behaviour, as well as the words and phrases they use, are the most vulgar you can imagine: Of the footmen and maid-servants they learn to romp, and express themselves indecently; of the housekeeper hard words, ill pronounced, and improperly used. I observed master Billy, who is about four years old, to be excessive passionate, which disposition he could not take from his father or mother; but as the nurse is a termagant, this temper is easily accounted for. You, Madam, who not only suckled so many fine children, but took such care in their education, have reason to hope you shall find no ill qualities in them, or at least, have none to answer for.

I ask pardon for this digression, and shall now proceed to acquaint you, that the irregular hours we kept in this family, and the other disorders of it, put me upon looking out for another place: One offered in the city, which I accepted, and now am in.

My master is a merchant, and I believe very wealthy: He has been married about twelve years, and has several children. This family is the reverse of those I have hitherto lived in: Every thing is well regulated: Here is care without affectation, frugality without niggardliness

gardliness, and plenty without profusion. The house is convenient though not very large; elegantly rather than richly furnished. Servants are kept for use, not ostentation. Those who have been found dishonest are immediately dismissed, and such a character given of them as they deserve: In other misdemeanors, the reproof or punishment is always proportioned to the fault. I have often with pleasure observed, that when a servant is found strictly just, or very good-natured, though they have some considerable failings, there is great mildness used towards them; the good qualities are endeavoured to be improved, and the person reclaimed from the bad: In a word, to be acceptable in this family, it is only necessary to be honest, and endeavour to please. The aimable example of my master and mistress, are not less conducive to the good order of this family, than their care and management; they are both persons of excellent sense and agreeable tempers, which qualities not only tend to make themselves happy, but excite a desire of imitation in others, and diffuse pleasure all around them. My master, though considerably employed in business, instructs his children at leisure hours in several parts of learning; he has taught both boys and girls, who are old enough, to read with a just and true pronunciation and accent; the children have also learned of their father and one another to speak French. My mistress teaches her daughters needlework, and several accomplishments proper for the sex: These, and other parts of education, are made the children's diversion, and have never cost them a tear. I have often heard this gentleman say, he thinks the common methods of teaching youth very cruel, and more likely to make fools and blockheads than men of sense and learning; that those under his direction shall not have their tempers soured, or spirits broken by severity. He is of opinion, that it is barbarous to deprive children of those pleasures youth affords, and which, perhaps, if not interrupted by the severity of parents and tutors, are the most unmixed of any enjoyed in life. I pretend not to judge how practicable

ticable this mild method may be with all tempers ; but in our family, the good effects of it are apparent : The children's love to their parents not only occasions an unwillingness to offend, but excites a strong inclination to imitate them. This gentleman and his wife have, undoubtedly, a sincere love for each other : He is delighted with her humour, and has a great fondness for her person ; she has a high opinion of his understanding : By this means she never contests things of consequence ; he never insists on trifles : She does not desire what is beyond his circumstances ; he will not refuse her what is suitable to them. If my master is out late with his friends, which is not very common, he meets with no kind nor unkind expostulations when he comes home. If my mistress is gone to rest he goes to another apartment. This lodging separately is frequent on these and other occasions, and proceeds only from complaisance. When he is minded to go a journey on business or pleasure, no dislike is shewn, tho' I know his company is so agreeable to her that she wishes he would not go so often ; but perhaps in this he judges best what is proper to support their love to each other ; for upon his return, after a considerable absence, I have observed their affection to appear with additional ardour. When my master has visitors, who are generally men of excellent sense, my mistress receives them with great civility : By this, I observe she lays no small obligation on her husband, who for his part omits no opportunity of saying the civilest, and doing the kindest things imaginable ; but this never betrays them into indecent formalities or fondnesses before company. I shall mention but one circumstance more relating to this happy couple, in which they are the reverse of all other married persons I have lived with : They are more scrupulous of being seen dirty by each other, than by strangers. I have heard the footman say my master when he comes off a journey, generally is shaved, and changes his linen before he comes home ; or if my mistress knows the time of his return, she is as clean, if not as fine, as a bride.

You



You will believe, Madam, that in this family I am very easy; for as I have the happiness to give satisfaction to my master and mistress, they are very kind to

Your, &c. E. P.

*Of the expedients to get rid of time.*

SIR,

**T**H E several busy actions of men, and the perpetual means they contrive to find themselves employment, are only so many arts to get rid of life without dying. We are in haste to get over the present moment and grasping at something future, which, when it comes, will also cloy us. We grow weary of an instant enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, passionately longed for it, and conceive pleasure in the prospect of ours at a distance; but, when we have overtaken it, it grows tasteless; and, as contradictory as it may seem, discontent arises from gratification. Thus our life lies in hope, and is in a restless succession of satiety and desire.

But, though experience shows us the vanity and emptiness of our wishes, we are for ever starting and indulging new ones, with as little success; and our hopes and desires, though they are continually baffled, are, for all that, continually rising. The greatest prince lives as much upon expectation, as the meanest slave; and, as he has fewer things to wish for, as being already master of all things, he is the more unhappy person of the two, especially if he carries in his bosom the restless sting of ambition. Though he commands every thing in his own territory, yet he cannot enjoy it because it is his; and so, with great slaughter and violence, makes a prey of his neighbour's property, which yet does not pall his appetite for more.

The great business, therefore, and hurry of the world, is nothing else but diversion, and a way of wasting the time; and princes go to war, as they do to a hunting match to keep themselves in exercise. Great men strive for scepters and white slaves, as children do for whistles and bells,

bells, only to play with them ; and, when they plague and harrass mankind about these their baubles, they do it but to entertain themselves. The mischief and misery of the world is to one of these mighty infants no more than a matter of mirth and amusement. To *Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Hannibal*, and the like children of blood, fighting was like a game at tennis ball ; and, when they were men, they rode upon provinces, as they did upon hobby-horses when they were boys : But, whether in infancy or age, an impatience to stand still and be quiet begot both these different exercises. Cutting of throats is as much a piece of sport to a warrior, as playing at marbles is to a child. The over-running of provinces, and the plundering of nations, are to him but taking of air ; and he kills, burns, and ravages, to pass away the time.

There is nothing more ridiculous in men, or argues greater ignorance of themselves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, *We will do such a thing, or such a thing, and then have done*. Alas ! there is no stopping the progress of the passions without extinguishing life. A fire will as soon burn without air. While there is life there will be desires ; and these being of things to come it is impossible to confine them to the present instant, or any stated point of time : We cannot say to them, *Thus far go, and no farther*, since progression is necessary to their existence. There is no medium between death and motion ; and when we cease to proceed, we cease to be.

To be doing, therefore, is a consequence of living ; and idleness is but a deliberation of what is to be done next. Old men are generally blamed for laying platforms and foundations of great works and buildings, which they cannot live to see finished ; but I think the censure is groundless, since, by this means, they cut out certain business and entertainment for themselves, and open a source of perpetual new action and observation, and consequently of new pleasure. Such lasting projects are therefore proper methods, to keep up and encourage expectation, which is the food and relief of life. Our whole delight is in proceeding.

Besides,

Besides, these gentlemen, who turn undertakers when it is grown late in life, do seldom or never consider that they must depart and leave their schemes unexecuted : They think they have got a knack of living ; and as every man is apt to prefer himself above all the rest, he is also apt to flatter himself with the hopes of better fortune and longer life than any other enjoys.

There was a gentleman in *Devonshire*, who, after he was fourscore, planted in a field a row of walnut trees, which it seems, do not bear fruit in many years after they are set ; and, when a neighbour told him, that the boys would steal all the nuts ; *Oh!* says old eighty, *let me alone to deal with the boys!* And Mr. *Hobbes*, in the ninetieth year of his age, made him a warm winter-coat, which, he said, must last him three years, and then he would have such another.

The famous dialouge between *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus*, and *Cineas*, his prime counsellor, is full of instruction, and excellently sets forth the restless spirit of man.

“ What, Sir, do you propose in this expedition against the *Romans* ? says *Cineas*. To conquer all *Italy*, answers *Pyrrhus*. And what next ? says the counsellor. Then we will transport our army into *Sicily*, and make that kingdom our own, replied his Majesty. And what is to be done then ? continued *Cineas*. Then, quoth the Hero, we will sail to *Africa*, and bring that country under subjection. And what remains to be done after that ? says the statesman. Why then, says the Monarch, we will sit down and be merry. And what hinders us, I beseech you, Sir, from doing so now ? said *Cineas*.”

What answer the King gave to this last question, is either not said, or I have forgot ; but it is certain he made fighting his constant diversion to the last gasp, and never came an inch nearer to that same merry hour, which he purposed as the heroic end and issue of all his bravery and battles. He was knocked on the head in an assault upon the city of *Argos*, and so died in his calling. Many are the arts and devices practised by weak mortals to dispatch their time : They are equally impatient of idleness



idleness and action: Every hour is a burden, and they must be doing somewhat to make them forget that they are tired; and, when the expedient itself grows also tiresome, as it soon does, then they try another. Thus they go on in an eternal round of curiosity and weariness, and subsist upon looking forward.

The methods of wearing away our days are as various as the humours and capacities of mankind. Some, as has been observed before, lead armies; some disturb the public in a civil way; some make speeches, and some pick their teeth. Snuff has got great and universal reputation this way, and the takers of it can recreate their whole body with a little labour of the fingers and the nose. I know an eminent serjeant at law, who finds curious diversion in drawing a string through his fingers, and tying knots upon it, and most of his learned brethren keep themselves in practice by stroaking down the sides of their perriwigs with remarkable gravity. The ladies divert themselves with tea, and slander, and visits, and their fans, and several other amusements, about which I shall say nothing. There are some few of both sexes, who find devotion as good a stratagem as any to shake off time, and so make piety a considerable diversion. With others, gaming is in great repute, for wasting their money and their time with wonderful felicity. About the *Royal Exchange*, tricking and over-reaching are notable and approved cures for laziness; but, at court, there are no means known or practised.

Since, therefore, people will be ever doing something, the best advice I can give them is, that while they are amusing themselves, they do not prejudice others. It is contrary to reason and religion, that one man should reap sorrow from the recreation of another. Every one has a title to make himself happy, provided he does it at no one's expence but his own. Innocent diversions, though ever so trifling, are lawful; and we have a right, upon these terms, to rejoice in our own folly. And whoever thinks to be severe upon it, will find, that those animadversions can do the world but little good, which are made upon trifles that do it no hurt.

I am, Sir, &c.

*A letter*

*A letter describing the two principal characters among  
Gamesters.*

S I R,

**T**HE whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper, two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The Dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

“ Who will as tenderly be led by th’ nose,

“ As asses are.”

SHAKESPEAR.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glass in turn, altho’ he is not dry.

THERE are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been Dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven’s the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

HERE we may take a survey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, SIR, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious cha-

L

rafter

rafter affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a Stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal, air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

THESE must be the chief accomplishments of our hero; but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every Gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough Gamester renounces *Venus* and *Cupid* for *Plutus* and *Ames-ace*, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a Gamester towards the destruction of his fellow creatures. His quick and lively parts are only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands with emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness is only to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

IT is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen it's vices, let us consider it's miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or  
dice,



dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror ; but the avaritious fears of the Gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask ; and like *Monfieur St Croix*, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*, *Madame Brinwillier*, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at *White's*. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive ; but if they are, they breath like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

BUT supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice ? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked ; when he must look serene in the height of despair ; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle ? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit ;—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility ? Their lordships are not always in an humour for play ; they chuse to laugh ; they chuse to joke ; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother *Thicket's* employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain 'till the *Reading* coach passes through *Smallberry Green*, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

THE Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards perpetually be placed upon the table. It is then our Game-

ster is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

OUR hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sun-rise.

THESE two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count *Guiscard*. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days; but by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count *Guiscard* appeared to be a DEVIL.

I am, SIR, Your most humble servant,  
M. N.

*A letter to the Author of the Connoisseur, on the Ladies  
painting their Faces.*

SIR,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold as to look as rosy in *January* as in *June*, and even in the sharpest weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss to account for this unalterable hue

hue of their complexions; but I soon found, that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the necessity of supplying the flesh of health with the *rouge* of vermillion, and giving us Spanish *wool* for English beauty.

THE very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they are *obliged* to keep, render them such *perfect frights*, that they would be as loth to appear abroad without "paint as without cloaths." This, it must be acknowledged, is too true: But would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, 'till she has grown as homely as the Queen of Spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle's Cales, than that Whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features; but if the ladies would give up the routes for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their *carmine* would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A MORALIST might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it is then at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermillion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail; and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the



morning as wan and yellow as a corpse; for marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain, but without relief; for this is a custom, which once admitted so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

OUR beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: They trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field; but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces as well as their heads *a la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect, that an English beauty at Morocco would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these dawblings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painters brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on lady Manchester; which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread  
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,

Beheld

Beheld this beauteous stranger there,  
 In native charms divinely fair,  
 Confusion in their looks they shew'd,  
 And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the *Tale of a Tub*, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

AMONG other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surpris'd at the genteel appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on monday grow very ruddy and blooming on tuesday; turn pale on wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on thursday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom no body knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, 'till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given, (as is observed in the epigram) like those of *Pyramus*, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprisng youth and beauty was all a counterfeit; and that (as *Hamlet* says) "God had given them  
 " one face, and they had made themselves another."

I HAVE mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in *Yorkshire*. There, I think,  
 they

they are pretty safe ; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask ; at another it was blotted with patches ; and at present it is crusted over with plaister of *Paris*. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable ; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

INDEED, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures ; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at *Hudson's* : and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature ; but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath ; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

I am, SIR, your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

*A Letter on the Abuse of Words.*

SIR,

THE Languages of all Nations have ever been in a State of Fluctuation, and we find this Complaint is constantly made by the sensible and judicious in every age. Though the Diction of the *Romans* is likely to endure as long as time shall subsist, yet we find that *Horace*, in one of his Odes, seems to be aware of the Decay of Words and Phrases, which die away and are constantly succeeded by a sudden Birth of new Terms and



and Modes of Phraseology. In several other Passages of his Writings there are short Reflections upon this literary Plænomenon, in which he always appears to me to deliver himself with Sorrow and Regret. ' They fall, says he, like Leaves and are replaced by a new Product; like young Persons they flourish for a short Time, and then tend to Oblivion.' The Comparison is most certainly very just; and as young Men in their Bloom and Vigour are said to be *upon Town*, it is the same with Words; they are also *upon Town* for a Time, and then totally perish. I have often thought that a *weekly Bill* of Words would not be unentertaining to Men of Letters; and if there was a proper Register-Office for the Purpose, where their several Births and Burials might be recorded with Accuracy and Precision, I should imagine it would furnish no disagreeable History. A Distinction might be made between a Kind of Sex in Words, according as they are appropriated to Men or Women; as for Instance, *D—n my Blood*, is of male Exraction, and *Pshaw, Fiddlestick*, I take to be Female. Upon this Plan the weekly Bill might stand in this Form.

Born this Week	{ Males 300 }	Buried	{ Males 400 }
	{ Females 900 }		{ Females 990 }
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	1200		1390

Decreased in the Burial of Words this Week 57.

If, for the Satisfaction of the curious, a List should be furnished of the several Terms that are born, or that die away, with a short Account of the Life and Character of each Phrase, whether it be born of honest Parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what Company it kept, whether it was Whig or Tory, Popish or Protestant, it would in my Opinion be an agreeable Addition to this History of the Rise and Fall of Words. There might further be added an Account of such Expressions as might happen to be naturalized, with the Objections of the Learned, who should think proper to protest against such a Naturalization of Foreigners among the Natives of this Land. Such a Procedure could not fail

to yield Satisfaction to the curious; and, though it would not prevent the Instability of our Language, it would at least display the gradual Steps towards Improvement or final Destruction. For my Part, I have ever looked upon the Permanency of our Language to be of greater Consequence than the Stocks, of whatever Denomination; and for that Reason, I should be glad that some Means were devised to hinder the Diction of our *Shakespeare* and *Milton* from being obliterated, and to suspend the Evils, which Mr. *Pope* threatened us with, when he said,

*And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.*

The Dictionary which the learned Mr. *Johnson* has published, may in some Measure answer this End; and in Aid to that Design, I have been for some Time past planning a Dictionary of such Words as appeared to me, from a Concurrence of various Causes, to be most likely to be totally forgot. In order to forward this Undertaking I have annexed a Specimen of the Work, not as yet reduced into alphabetical Order, but drawn out in such a Manner as may serve to convey to Mr. *Ranger* some Idea of the intended Work. When the Whole is compleated it may serve as a proper Companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the Works of Morality, which have been published in this Country; and it may be contributing to make our Posterity have some faint Notion of what is meant in many Places, when the visible Tendency of our Manners, to an entire Change from antient Simplicity, has almost effaced the Ideas, which the Author intended to express.

#### A SPECIMEN OF AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

CREATURE, A Term to shew our Contempt of any Person whom we dislike, chiefly used by the Ladies.

IMPERTINENT, A Term of Derision applied by the Ladies to every Man who speaks Sense to them.

THING, Very often used to imply our Dislike, but chiefly used to signify our highest Approbation. Thus it is said of a fine Lady, *She's the very Thing*; or of a young Fellow, *O Ma'am, he's the very Thing*; and some-

sometimes with Limitation, as, *Yes, very well, but not the Thing.*

**PATRIOT**, A Man who speaks against the Court till he gets a Place or Pension.

**HONEST**, This Term is derived from the *Latin* Word *Honestum*, which among the *Romans* implied every Thing that is honourable in a Character. From thence *Pope* was induced to say,

*An honest Man's the noblest Work of God.*

This is the original Meaning of the Word; in its consequential Sense it is strangely altered: *Honest* now signifies Gaming, Drinking, and Debauchery of every Sort; it being common to say of a Man who is addicted to all these fashionable Vices, that he's an *Honest Fellow*.

**GOOD-NATURE**, An old *English* Word used by our Ancestors; it is plain that it carried with it some Allusion to the Customs and Manners of those Times, but the Usage of the Word being now quite altered, there is no tracing it to its Source.

**CHOCOLATE**, The primitive Intent of this Word was, a Sort of Refreshment which was taken by the Gentlemen and Ladies for Breakfast. In its metaphorical Sense it signifies Wit, Humour, and Pleasantry, and he who can entertain his Friends with all these brilliant Qualities, is said to *give Chocolate*. The Etymology of this figurative Expression is derived from Mr. *Foote*, almost the only Writer of his Time. This Gentleman having prepared a rich mental Repast, was obliged, to evade the Censure of Justices, to invite his Friends to drink Chocolate with him in the Morning at the Theatre in the *Hay market*, after which he presented several humourous dramatic Pieces, since which, to *give Chocolate* is become a Metaphorical Term for every Thing that is lively and ingenious.

**RELIGION**, An old *English* Word for the Worship of a supreme Being, and the Practice of social Duties to our Neighbour; probably a Custom known to the ancient Druids.

**VERY**, A Particle used by polite People for Conciseness;



nels ; thus if you ask, Is not such a Book well written ? a modern fine Gentleman answers, VERY.

HUMBUG, A Lye.

WORTH, Originally it meant laudable Qualities of the Mind ; at present solely confined to a Man's Fortune. Thus a Scoundrel of fifty Thousand is a man of *Worth*, and an honest Man in Indigence is *worth* nothing.

PARTY, Formerly signified Divisions in the State, at present it means a Jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any Place of Diversion.

TRAGEDY, A Name by which *Shakespear*, *Otway*, and some others entitled their dramatic Writings ; the Moderns retain the Word, but have totally lost the original Sense of it.

COMEDY, Probably a Piece in which our rude Ancestors represented the Follies and Characters of the Age ; nothing of this Sort is at present known amongst us.

DAMNED, When Priestcraft prevailed in this Country, the People were frightened with strange Ideas of *Hell*, or a Place of Torture where the departed Spirits of bad Men were supposed to be confined. At present it signifies the highest Praise we can confer. Thus we say, *A damned fine Woman ; a damned charming Creature ; a damned fine Fellow*, &c.

MARRIAGE, Alludes to a Custom amongst our Ancestors of solemnly binding a Man and Woman to live together for Life : It remained among us till lately, but was entirely abolished by a Marriage-Act in the Year 1753.

DRUM, An Instrument of warlike Music used at the March of an Army, or in Time of Battle to animate the Soldiery : Hence stiled by *Shakespear* the *Spirit-stirring Drum*. It has not been used to any Purpose by the *English* since the Days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical Sense it means a Party of Cards. (*Vide Rout.*) Note. *It's ancient Use began to revive in 1758.*

FRIENDSHIP, An old *English* Word used by our Ancestors to signify the complex Idea of Affection and Esteem between two or more Persons, founded upon a  
virtuous

virtuous Sympathy of Tempers, and congenial Habits of Virtue (*for the Meaning of the Word VIRTUE, see in it's respective Place.*) This Custom was totally banished from among us in the Reign of King Charles II. and few or no Traces of it have been discovered ever since.

GOD, The antient Druids, it is probable from all Historians, imagined that a superior Being super intended the Direction of the Universe, and the Term God, it is not unlikely, originally signified this superior Being. But since it has been happily found out that every Thing was made by Chance, or that *Nature* (*Vide Nature in its proper Place*) produced every Thing we behold, and since the Properties of Matter have been sufficiently detected by *Lord Bolingbroke* and others, the Term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expressive of some Chimæra, which has no Existence.

TUCKER, A Bit of Linnen, Cambrick or Muslin, which the Ladies use to shew as much as possible of their Necks.

MODESTY, Alludes to some Custom among the antient *British* Ladies.

EARTHQUAKE, A Party at Cards. *Vide Rout, Drum, or Hurricane.*

FASHION, A polite Term of Excuse for all the Vices that can be thought of.

NATURE, Nothing at all; it is often called *Plastic Nature, universal Nature, &c.* but the Idea is always the same.

ROUT, Formerly signified the Defeat of an Army, and when the Soldiers were all put to flight or to the Sword, they were said to be routed. The Ladies in order to preserve some Idea of *Cressy, Poitiers, Blenheim, &c.* have agreed to call their Assemblies by the Name of Routs. This it is thought they do with more Propriety, as frequently at these Meetings whole Families are entirely routed out of House and Home.

SOUL, It was formerly believed that in each human Creature there existed something incorruptible, which was not to perish with the Dissolution of our Bodies,

but to be removed to some other Part of the Universe, and there to enjoy the Reward due to Virtue, or suffer condign Punishment for all Transgressions, while in this State of Probation. But the happy Discovery of the Properties of Matter has also banished this absurd Doctrine, which serves now to embellish the Fictions of Poets.

IMMENSE, An Epithet of Praise, thus we say, *An immense fine woman, &c.* (vide *Damned.*)

VIRTUE, The antient *Druids* made it a Rule to keep all their Passions in due Government, by which Means they were never known to prejudice their Neighbours, or hurt their own Constitutions by Intemperance, and this Practice, it is probable, was signified by the Word *Virtue*. It is used by *Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Pope*, and other Poets, as a pretty Ornament for their romantic Performances. (vide *Friendship.*)

PITY, This is also an old *English* Word, the Meaning of which cannot be traced; it is now a Word of Course when we do not care a Farthing for a Friend in Affliction.

Yours, &c.

*Virtue Happiness, and Vice Misery: Pleasure and Pain when only separable: From the Letters concerning Mythology.*

I AM just returned from a short tour I had long promised to make in D——, and find myself doubly in your debt for a couple of letters.—The kind one by mr. R—— brought me welcome accounts of your growing health, and very certain proofs of your good-humour. It was put in my hand just as I was going to take horse; and the hurry of company that flocks about one in the country left me not an hour's leisure to answer it. My journey would have been every way agreeable, but for some remains of the ill-humour raised in that country by the late election: Families in opposite interests carry it so high, that like rival courts, or if you please



please rival toasts, a visiter in one is but coldly received in another.

I will frankly confess to you the vanity (if it be so) of my wish, That my friends should like me the better the longer they know me; and particularly, That they should ever find me incapable of so *mean* a vice as flattery; which at once prostitutes truth and manhood. In confidence of this indulgence, I will venture to tell you, that your last epistle gave me exquisite pleasure. The just sentiments of men and manners, and that true taste of life, which with high delight I perceive to be growing upon you, will be a constant fund of entertainment to us both. How elegant is every period of it! and how true! What an honest indignation it expresses against your *vulgar gentlemen* ——— unfeeling souls! incapable of friendship, or of any higher taste than \* *bagatelle et brutalite*! — While at the same time how simable the contrast! The easy, well-bred, generous man, enjoying the true relish of life himself, and imparting like the sun a flow of joy and contentment to all about him. Well, mr. ———, I begin to believe it becomes no-body so well as a real gentleman *to be wise*: His genteel manners and polite language give a grace to wisdom itself. They smooth the rugged paths of philosophy, unbend the brow of austere virtue, lend a new lustre to learning, and polish every talent in life. Your unaffected reflections upon the most important subjects, and under very various aspects of things, gave rise to these sentiments, and confirmed me in the opinion, That it is not in the retired hermitage or lonely cell, we are to look for the most exalting principles, or the noblest practice — Worth, Truth, Constancy, Contempt of Death, Improvement of life, with all the shining train of genuine virtues. No—I find a gentleman who lives much in the world; who has seen, and, like Solomon, shared in it's joys, can really believe that the measure of a *happy lot* is not the number of days or accumulated years, but a discharge of the

M 2

duty

\* *Trifling and Sensuality.*

duty of our station, be it long or transient, with dignity and honour. To such a one we may say with great propriety,

\* *Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,  
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!*

And now, my dear friend, that the worst is past, I feel a pleasing serenity succeed the gloom that for some weeks hung over my mind. I can now think of T— without a sigh; or rather perceive a silent smile steal upon me at the mention of the agreeable name; and have a strong inclination to imitate the doctor of Derry, who told his patient he must not relapse for three days until he should return to attend him. You must not have such another fit until I can persuade myself to be less anxious about you; for I would not undergo the painful apprehensions, nor live in the restless agitations that tossed and tortured me during your last sickness for any consideration. It is, I know, inseparable from a real affection: § *Quis enim securus amavit?* But then a gentleman of your thorough good-nature, will certainly out of regard to one who loves you take every precaution in your power not to give him pain. I am sure this will have weight with you: Add to it the warning you have had from your constitution not to trespass against it, nor trust it too far to it's supposed strength. Henceforth, let no persuasion, no company, no temptation, induce you to risk that without which life and all it's enjoyments are tasteless and burthensome; and in this respect—*Fix your firm resolve, wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears.*

Great reason has a noble author to say, That it is cowardice, mere cowardice, that deters men from virtue, and plunges them in vice, when one round, hearty resolve

\* Happy the man, who vers'd in nature's laws,  
Can each effect ascribe to it's own cause;  
Trample on terrors and relentless fate,  
And hear the din of Acheron, sedate!  
§ *Who e'er unanxious lov'd?*

resolve would rid them of a train of miseries. 'Tis of a piece with an uncommon phrase employed by a just and happy writer, if there be one in antiquity, *Sapere aude*; DARE TO BE WISE. No habit or course of life, to which we have been accustomed, but requires courage to throw it off: And yet there is not a friend or companion you have, at least none worth keeping, who will like you the worse for being truly temperate. Let him even be a little loose himself, in his inmost soul he must approve of you, and esteem you the more for being unlike him; for well knows my friend, there is no necessity to lay aside pleasantry and good-humour, in order to assume temperance and integrity. We may be as serene, nay as gay as we please, and have much better reason to be so, when once we have come to condemn vice, and all the slavish crew of fears, remorse, endless pursuits, and insatiate cravings that attend her. It is true, the utterly abandon'd, the resolutely wicked, will look upon you as a man of *another* party, and turn your conduct into ridicule, if they can. But would you wish for *their* approbation? for *their* applause——whose friendships are leagues in wickedness, only cemented by similar vices? To pity the persons of the vicious, and assist them even in the ills which their follies have brought upon them, is one of the first lessons of virtue and dictates of humanity. Are we therefore to love, esteem, or keep them company? Are we to behave to them as we would to men exempt from their faults, and adorned with the opposite virtues? Such a one is a sad, worthless fellow, without morals or conduct; you can trust him with nothing.—

“ But,” said a noble person of your acquaintance, “ he is a shrewd, witty dog, and very entertaining: I’ll send and have him here while I stay in the country.”

“ Mr. B——, my neighbour, is a knowing, accomplished gentleman; but he is devilishly sober, and looks so stay’d, and speaks so accurate, that I cannot bear him. Here, John! take a horse, and ride quickly over to F——m, and tell Will Waggish that I expect him here to spend the week with me; and desire the



“servants, if Mr. B — should call to-day, or to mor-  
 “row, to tell him that I a’n’t at home. I’m gone a-  
 “visiting, d’ye hear? and don’t know when I re-  
 “turn.” —

Inattentive people, especially the miscalled men of pleasure (the meereft drudges of the human race) by living some time in this way, come at last to think every thing decent and lawful that suits their inclinations: While they are in a career of diversions, they really look upon honour, integrity, and virtue, as empty, insignificant sounds.

\* *Virtutem Verba putant, ut Lucum Ligna* —

So indeed they are to those who have no *feeling* of the things; such persons receive much the same benefit from all that can be said in commendation of worth and wisdom, as the late serene Dauphin did from all the elaborate editions of the Classics published for his use. To them I would only recommend to go more *thorowly* to work, and if the joys they pursue be genuine, to devote themselves wholly to them. They are but puny, starveling rakes in comparison of some of their predecessors. I remember to have read of a celebrated debauchee among the antients, the business of whose day it was *to get drunk at night*. This wise and ingenious person (for so to be sure he thought himself) prepared for the evening campaign with great address and assiduity. He slept long, eat delicately, rubbed, bathed, aired and walked, just as much as would best fit him for the dear fatigue of *being drunk*. When that grand point was attained, like a man of spirit, who had acted his part with dignity, and fully reached the purpose of life, he ordered his servants every evening to lay him on a magnificent couch, and carry him in procession with decent funeral pomp, from his salon thro’ a suite of rooms, to his bedchamber, calling out triumphantly all the way, *BEBIOKE, BEBIOKE, He bath lived, he bath lived*; the form of funeral service for the dead.

Seriously, my friend, intemperance, or vice of any species,

\* *Meer words make virtue, just as trees make groves.*

species, is but a sickly, inconsistent thing ; and we are obliged to make great allowances to be able to bear with it. You hate the whole, and you both hate and condemn the *half-knave* ; a man who falsifies his word, who eludes his promises, shuffles in his answers, or swerves in his dealings, draws your aversion, and most justly. But why hate by halves ? — why censure one vice severely, and connive at another ? Be consistent in your judgment and liking. Love not the private, easy companion in the public mercenary traitor, nor approve the pretended patriot, be he ever so flaming, in the private immoral profligate \*. I do not say that what is good in a vicious character is not to be approved ; nor deny but that the same character may in different respects be virtuous and vicious ; much less do I embrace the stoical paradox, That all vices are equally pernicious and criminal ; but I lay it down as a sacred maxim, That every man is wretched in proportion to his vices, and affirm the noblest ornament of a young generous mind, and the surest source of pleasure, profit, and reputation in life, To be an unreserved acceptance of virtue. Take the lovely guest but once into your bosom ; resolve strictly and steadily to follow her dictates, she will diffuse a joy and serenity through your soul, a confidence and courage through your speech and conduct, such as no corrupt heart ever felt, or guilty hand put in execution. This respects the important parts of life ; as to the *pleasant* they follow their betters. The sweetest ingredient in mirth is innocence ; it heightens and refines the humour, and doubles the relish of every enjoyment. I have seen many bad men brutally merry, but never one of them quite open, easy, and uncheck'd in his mirth. That absolute serenity, that supreme  
ease

\* *It was an ordinance in the admirable constitution of Sparta, when any person notoriously vicious made a whole-some proposal to the public, that some man of known probity should mount the rostrum, and repeat the same proposal, that it might pass into a decree, and be enacted in his name.*

ease is the sole gift of virtue. To her chosen alone she gives to taste gayety and pleasure *unmixed*; to drink of the pure stream that flows spontaneous from conscious worth and beneficence to men: To all others it is dashed and imbittered in proportion to the crookedness of their minds, inhumanity of their tempers, and intemperance of their lives.

Shall I wrong you in supposing you apprehensive of such a strict resolution, as if it would lead you into thorny paths, or confine you to a narrow track, full of scruples and peevishness? Trust me it will not. On the contrary, *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* The peculiar felicity of such a temper of mind, owing beyond controversy to our divine original frame, is the *simplicity* of it's directory. You need no intricate systems, nor abstruse, ambiguous rules, to lead you to the road of happiness: *One* plain principle will prove an unerring guide in this flowery path, for ever strewn with fresh contentment and unrepented pleasure. Would you be exempt from uneasiness; *Do no one thing you know, or but suspect to be wrong.* Would you enjoy the purest pleasure; *Do every thing in your power you are convinced is right.* A little attention to the inward monitor, we lamely call Conscience, will discover him to be your best friend, faithful and true; fond and forward to do good, while he must be dragg'd reluctant even to doubtful evil; for to approve of it open and undisguised, neither the songs of the Syrens could ever allure, nor the tortures of tyrants ever compel him. No sooner does the species of any conduct, or idea of any one action strike upon the understanding, than it is immediately remitted to this incorrupt judge, who transmits it to the will brighten'd with his approbation, or blacken'd with his dislike; and if the inward oeconomy be sound, it is put in execution as good, or rejected as base, according to the mark of his sovereign controul. Deceived he may be in particular instances, when falsehood is presented to him in the garb of truth; but bribed or biased he never can, from the general rectitude of his intention, singly to promote

promote the welfare of men, by assuring them, nay, by making them *feel* that their happiness depends upon their acquitting themselves fully and fairly of the duties of humanity. How often have you heard it said of a private gentleman, *He would not do an ill thing for the world?* Glorious character! and I hope more frequent than is commonly believed—a character to be courted, or to say it better, deserved by every man who wishes to live happily, and to taste genuine pleasure.

Could my friend now take one other step with me? I know he can; and fain would I assure myself *he will*. If the happiness of our lives depends upon our obedience to this *home-censor*, lodged in every man's breast, it must needs increase in proportion to our attention to his dictates, and diminish according to our negligence. What a thought is there? What a fund of uncloying pleasure pointed out to a noble youth in the bloom of life, as yet untainted with vice and fond of real fame? To live without remorse in blissful ignorance of inward pang, we must do no one thing we but suspect to be wrong; to be truly happy, we must do whatever we believe to be right: But would you *exalt* and *refine* this happiness, you must be *at pains* to examine what is right, and *at pains* to put it in execution. Startle not at the word; for in exact proportion to your pains will be your pleasure. In the ordinary occurrences of life, such a conduct will procure you peace and plenty at home, and respect and confidence abroad; but in public stations, it leads to the highest pitch of human felicity, and puts the man who honestly aims at it in the direct road to heroism and immortality.

Look around you, my friend, and observe whether the happiest (I do not say the richest) be not at the same time the best and wisest of your acquaintance? while you can scarce meet a wretch who has not been made so by vice or folly; it is finely said by our old English satirist,

*Much wo worth the man that misruleth his enwite.\**

A *misrule* that affects the offender himself in the first place,

\* *Vision of Pierce Plowman.*



place, and but consequentially those who are connected with him. Such a person we say, is lost to all *sense* of honour or shame. Think a little what may be the meaning of that expression. Is it not that by a course of immorality he has vitiated his natural perceptions of right and wrong, and dulled his taste of beauty and virtue? This we commonly call, in a strong metaphor, a seared conscience, because it is callous and unfeeling; and then the inward monitor loses a great part of his power; his voice becomes faint, and his dictates feeble; though it rarely happens that he is so intirely perverted but that he rouses at intervals, and speaks in a tone that makes his tyrant tremble: But he is much oftener cheated than *born down*; as when our moral rectitude is misguided, a false species of good passed upon us instead of the true, and the deluded fancy taught to substitute some perverse, partial end in which to place it's happiness, instead of the free exercise of it's native faculties *in doing good*. This is done by the excess sometimes of one passion, and sometimes of another: Love, ambition, envy, and avarice, take their turns in the succeeding stages of life, and present us with their favourites in imposing lights; which—no sooner vanish than the objects appear in their genuine colours, and this upright censor revokes his approbation.

But the grand forceress, *fly superstition*, approaches with an air of sanctity, and hoodwinks unhappy men, not for any one period as the other passions, but, alas! for life. *Ensnared and hampered by the soul*, as our comic poet says, they look at things only through the magic glass which the enchantress holds up to them, and start amazed when presented to them undisguised. Through it they see *nature reversed*, the world turn'd upside down, and curse the creation to oblige it's author.

You, my friend, are in little hazard of this gloomy goblin: You know that virtue when genuine and sincere, gives a dignity to human nature; and can believe the noblest genius of antiquity, when he scruples not to affirm, That the breast of a man adorned with justice,  
humanity,

humanity, and regard to the laws, is the most august temple that can be reared to God. It is from Syrens of softer aspect and sweeter voice, you have more to fear, though you have lately had a sufficient discovery of their hidden deformities, and have seen that the fair face and alluring song only serve to conceal the devouring monster — Would you effectually avoid them? — Betake yourself to knowledge, virtue, and the duties of a man. ‘ For when the all-wise creator had formed the two contraries, pleasure and pain, he found it impossible to reconcile the implacable enmity subsisting betwixt their opposite natures: — But as there was likewise a necessity that they should at times occupy one and the same subject, he blended their extremities, and joined them so inseparably that the one is never found in any great degree without the other. One sole species of joy escaped the fatal tye, to-wit, *The pleasures of the understanding, or contemplative delight*. She alone stretched herself beyond the extremity of pain, and leaving all her sister pleasures to wander with her grievous associate on the sides of mount Olympus (where the clear sky is oft o’ercast) she mounted to the top, where she basks serene in ambient light, ever-streaming in perpetual day.’

*From Sir Richard Steele to his Wife, prefix'd to the third volume of the Lady's Library.*

MADAM,

**I**F great Obligations receiv'd are just Motives for Addresses of this kind, You have an unquestionable Pretension to my Acknowledgments, who have condescended to give me your very self. I can make no Return for so inestimable a Favour, but in acknowledging the Generosity of the Giver. To have either Wealth, Wit or Beauty, is generally a Temptation to a Woman to put an unreasonable Value upon her self; but with all these, in a Degree which drew upon you the Addresses of Men of the amplest Fortunes, you bestowed your Person

Person where you could have no Expectations but from the Gratitude of the Receiver, tho' you knew he could exert that Gratitude in no other Returns but Esteem and Love. For which must I first thank you, for what you have denied your self, or for what you have bestowed on me ?

I owe to you, that for my sake you have overlooked the Prospect of living in Pomp and Plenty ; and I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from Care and Sorrow. I will not dwell upon this Particular ; You are so good a Wife, that I know you think I rob you of more than I give, when I say any thing in your Favour to my own Disadvantage.

Whichever should see or hear you would think it were worth leaving all the world for you ; while I habitually possessed of that Happiness have been throwing away impotent Endeavours for the rest of Mankind, to the Neglect of Her for whom any other Man, in his senses, would be apt to sacrifice every thing else.

I know not by what unreasonable Prepossession it is, but, methinks, there must be something austere to give Authority to Wisdom, and I cannot account for having only rallied many seasonable Sentiments of yours, but that you are too Beautiful to appear Judicious.

One may grow fond, but not wise, from what is said by so lovely a Counsellor : Hard Fate, that you have been lessened by your Perfections, and lost Power by your Charms !

That ingenuous Spirit in all your Behaviour, that familiar Grace in your Words and Actions, have for this seven Years not only inspired Admiration and Love, but Experience has taught me, the best Counsel I ever have received, has been pronounced by the fairest and softest Lips, and convinced me that I am in you blest with a wise friend, as well as a charming Mistress.

Your Mind shall no longer suffer by your Person, nor shall your Eyes for the future dazzle me into a Blindness towards your Understanding. I rejoyce in this publick Occasion to shew my Esteem for you ; and must do you the Justice to say, that there can be no Vir-

tue



tue represented in all this Collection for the Female World, which I have not known you exert, as far as the Opportunities of your Fortune have given you leave. Forgive me, that my Heart overflows with Love and Gratitude for daily Instances of your prudent Oeconomy, the just Disposition you make of your little Affairs, your Chearfulness in Dispatch of them, your prudent Forbearance of any Reflections that they might have needed less Vigilance had you disposed of your Fortune suitably ; in short, for all the Arguments you every Day give me, of a Generous and Sincere Affection.

It is impossible for me to look back on many Evils and Pains which I have suffered since we came together, without a Pleasure which is not to be expressed, from the Proofs I have had in those Circumstances of your unwearied Goodness. How often has your Tenderness removed Pain from my sick Head ? How often Anguish from my afflicted Heart ? With how skilful Patience have I known you comply with the vain Projects which Pain has suggested, to have an aking Limb removed by journeying from one side of a Room to another ; how often the next Instant travelled the same Ground again, without telling your Patient it was to no Purpose to change his Situation ? If there are such Beings as Guardian Angels, thus are they employed ; I will no more believe one of them more Good, in its Inclinations, than I can conceive it more charming in its Form than my wife.

But I offend, and forget that what I say to you is to appear in Publick : You are so great a Lover of Home, that I know it will be irksome to you to go into the World even in an Applause. I will end this, without so much as mentioning your Little Flock, or your own amiable Figure at the Head of it : That I think them preferable to all other Children, I know is the Effect of Passion and Instinct ; that I believe You the best of Wives, I know proceeds from Experience and Reason.

I am, MADAM, your most obliged husband,  
and most obedient humble servant,  
-RICHARD STEELE.

N

From



*From Anastasia to the Lord ———, informing him  
of her retreat to a convent, to avoid his importunities.*

MY LORD,

**I** Have at last taken the only means left me, to free myself from your importunities, and the weakness of my own heart, which argued but too much on your side. I found my fame, and every other consideration too light when weighed in the balance against your love : But the force of religion has turned the scale, and made me resolve to spend the remainder of my weeping days in a convent. It is in that holy retreat that I hope to find the peace which I lost in the world. You cannot be sorry for this resolution, when you consider of it. For not all the polite maxims of the present age are sufficient to discountenance virtue, or bring vice into reputation ; or could they prevail in this world, would they be admitted at God's tribunal. Your Lordship may call this bigotry, or any other name, which the levity of your fancy, or modish principles, can inspire you with, but a day will come, in which you will find it sacred truth ; and you will be glad, that, by shutting myself for ever from your sight I hindered you from the guilt you have pursued, and put it out of your power to ruin me. It would be no very pleasing reflection on your death-bed that you had seduced a soul from the paths of peace and virtue ; and, to give yourself a fashionable liberty, had entailed misery and infamy on a family who have served you with zeal and affection. What has my aged father left undone to support your interest in the country ? With what tenderness did my mother educate your two young sisters, who were committed to her care ? And in return, you would bring their only daughter to the last degree of sin and shame. This may be genteel, but surely it is not noble. How false are your sentiments of honour and justice ! You thought it would be a reflection on your character, to marry into a family so much below you in birth and fortune ; but are not ashamed to re-  
turn

turn a thousand obligations (pardon me, my Lord; for, great as you are, I must call them such) with the highest injury. And though you have not succeeded in your guilt as to that, you robbed two antient servants, nay, friends of your's, of the joy of their eyes, and delight of their age, their only child; who, by your licentious love, is forced to seclude herself from them, and the whole world, for ever. I dread to think how they will support this affliction. I left a letter on the table to acquaint my mother with my retreat, but concealed the cause, for your sister's sake; since she might perhaps resolve to discharge herself from an office, which she has executed with so much care, and has produced her so cruel a requital. Let the sorrow ye brought upon my parents content you, and do not carry ruin into another family. Why should you employ the finest understanding, and the most graceful person, to promote the cause of hell? And why must the rank, power, and wealth, which were given you to diffuse happiness all round you, only serve to make you capable of splendid mischief?

I am now in a sanctuary, where I cannot be the entertainment of your idle hours; and where the time I spent in listening to you, shall now be employed in praying for your reformation. The tears which I have often poured out in vain, to dissuade you from your guilty enterprise, shall be shed before God for your sins. For though you have used me with the utmost cruelty, your eternal welfare will always be the tenderest concern of

The unhappy ANASTASIA;

*To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal, on Pride.*

SIR,

A WITTY Satyrist has called Pride the universal Passion, and indeed its Influence on Mankind is so manifest, that there is too much Reason to believe the Maxim well founded. The general Prevalence of Politeness suppresses in some Measure the Appearance of it among the *French*; but any one, who has been at

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*Versailles,*

*Versailles*, may remember, that after all the Attention, Difference, and Complaisance of the embroidered Gentleman, who undertakes the Office of shewing the Curiosities of the Place, the Ceremony is always concluded with a Consciousness of their national Superiority, which breaks out in a brisk Question with a Shrug of the Shoulder. "*Eh! bien Monsieur; avez vous de pareille Magnificence a Londres?*" "Well Sir, have you any Thing equal to this in *London?*" In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, their Haughtiness is manifested by the frequent Use of Stiletto upon every trivial Occasion; Pride is there display'd by killing others, and the People of *England* discover it by murdering themselves. The Notion of Independance with which a free-born *Britain* is inflamed, render him untractable and refractory, to all Laws human and divine; *Religion* he makes a Joke of, and he wonders at the Impertinence of the Parliament in attempting to restrain his unquestionable Right to dispose of his Person as he pleases.

The famous *Montesquieu* imputes the Variety of Oddities, which prevail in this Country, to the general Infection of the Scurvy; but if he had charged it upon our national Arrogance, I am inclinable to think, he would have assigned a truer Cause; though, perhaps, at the same Time, black and sily Blood may not a little contribute to aggravate the Distemper. To speak with Precision, Pride is to the Soul what the Scurvy is to the Body, each in their separate Districts, the Source of Ill humours, Maladies and Disorders. The fatal Effects of the corporal Indisposition just mention'd, have been so severely felt for a long Time past, that our common News-papers are filled with Advertisements of Chymical Drops, to eradicate it entirely out of the Blood. This certainly would have been a great Benefit to Society; but, I apprehend, he would deserve still more who should devise a Cure for the Disease of the Mind. On this Account I should be glad to see a Paragraph in the Papers to the following Effect.



*To Persons of either Sex afflicted with any Species of*  
PRIDE.

“ Never were *Pride, Arrogance and Haughtiness* so frequent as of late Years; nor has any Remedy been found adequate to this pernicious Habit; which occasioned a Physician of the Soul, who employed his Thoughts much concerning them, to adapt a Medicine, or *Moral Elixir*; which is a sovereign Remedy against *Pride*, and all the Variety of Symptoms, by which it mimics by Turns almost all the Vices poor Mortals are afflicted with, and have their Rise from a depraved Selfishness of thinking, vicious Ferments of Ill-nature, and the Want of Self-knowledge; whence proceed the supercilious Brow, and surly Moroseness in the Men; and Coquetry, Airs, Fidgets, Tehees and Titters in the Women, which totally destroy the Beauty and their Features, and by a Consent of Parts affects their Heads, and produce direful Views and terrible Apprehensions; and at other Times, Fits, flushing Heats, Lowness and Sinking of the Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Twitchings of the Limbs, with many convulsive Disorders, which affect Numbers of both Sexes.

“ The above Elixir is a wonderful Alterative, occasions laudable Humility, and, as soon as taken, makes the Patient good humoured, chearful and affable to Admiration; and is good for all Sorts of People to preserve as well as procure an even Temper of Mind.”

Whenever I meet with a proud Man, I should be glad to know what he takes himself for; and I have often imagined to myself, that if his inward State of Mind were detected to the Eye of the World, it would afford a ridiculous Contrast between his several Foibles and his fancied Elevation above the rest of his Species. The many secret, uneasy Sensations which proceed from his imaginary Dignity would not be unpleasant to observe; and to perceive a Man rendered compleatly miserable by the very Turn of Thought, from whence he would



deduce his supreme Pleasure, would, in my Opinion, set People on their Guard against so great an Enemy to their Peace and Quiet. The Person who endeavours to indulge this gross Appetite, abstracts himself from Society, detaches himself from all Connections, and excludes himself from all the sociable Enjoyments of Life. Whenever this Passion is discovered, it is common to see the whole Company with-holding their Complaisance from Persons who seem to think it a Tribute due to them. For my Part, it never fails to divert me in a very exquisite Manner, when I observe a Man sit like his Grand-fire cut in Alabaster, as *Shakespeare* has it, in order to receive the Compliments of every one, without any real Merit to deserve them, and without that reciprocal Complaisance, which is always sure to procure Esteem. I would have such a one made Emperor of the Moon, or removed to some other Sphere fitted for his Reception, where Cruelty may pass for Courage, Ostentation for Merit, and Pride for Dignity.

Nothing can so surely demonstrate a narrow Mind, as an Attempt to degrade our Fellow-creatures by an haughty Arrogance of Carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *Insolence of Office*, and the *proud Man's Contumely* among those Insultations, which might prompt injured Merit to a Deed of extreme Despair; and this further enforces the Severity, which is felt by him, who is obliged to submit to it, and the Cruelty of that human Brute, who can think of putting it in Practice.

Notwithstanding all that I have urged against this rankling Infection, there is a Degree of Pride, to which every Man is entitled, and that is, a Spirit above Dependence, above Flattery, above an abject Deportment, and above every Thing poor, sordid and little. There is a Pride, which may serve to invigorate Honour, to embolden Truth, and to carry Virtue to an higher Pitch of Improvement, than it might attain assisted by this secondary Motive. The Pleasures resulting from this Principle are manly and noble; to enjoy the inward Consciousness of Honour and Honesty, and to exult in the Conviction of a Person's own Integrity,  
 Probity

Probity and upright Intentions, is just and laudable. Thus much of Pride every one has a Right to, and I know no external Circumstance that can reasonably entitle any Man alive to more. Yours, &c.

*To the same, on rising in the world.*

SIR,

IT was the Answer of a certain eminent *Jew*, when asked by what Means he accumulated the very large Fortune, which he is supposed to be possessed of, That he had more Difficulty in acquiring the first three Thousand Pounds, than all the Rest of his immoderate Wealth. This Apophthegm may be said to comprize the whole Arcanum of rising in the world, but not as one of the Adepts in the Science has thought proper to discover the secret Art of putting this Rule in Practice; it is to be apprehended, the Indigent will find as many Difficulties as ever to retard their Progress, and hinder them from emerging out of their Embarrassments. *Juvenal* has observed many Ages since, that the most exalted Virtues and the rarest Accomplishments do not find it easy to extricate themselves out of Difficulties; and the Course of human Contingencies has proved the Maxim true to this Day.

There is perhaps hardly any Man, but can point out in the Circle of his Acquaintance certain Personages of very extensive Capacities, strong and quick Parts, and a delicate Sense of Honour, who are not however able to raise themselves to any conspicuous Point of Eminence, merely because their Talents have not been called forth by Opportunity, or animated by Success. Genius wherever it subsists, must be warmed and cherished, otherwise it is apt to languish and decay; the fine Sensations, which are attendant on an enlightened Understanding, occasion a certain Delicacy in the Possessor's Way of thinking, which renders him liable to a Dejection of Spirits upon many Occasions in Life. Refined Parts should be tenderly preserved, or they are liable to be chilled by the Blasts of Adversity; like those Fruits, which would wither

ther unripened in our cold northern Clime, were they not carefully assisted in their Vegetation by the adventitious Use of hot Beds. The Stage is perhaps the only Source of real Encouragement to a Man of Genius; and indeed it may be truly said that the Players contribute more to the Promotion of Letters than all our Nobility put together. *Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrion*, says *Juvenal*, with his usual Acrimony; and if the excellent Imitator of his second Satyr should think proper to favour the Publick with any more Performances of the same Nature, he will not have Reason from the Generosity of the present Age to abate any Thing from the Severity of the Remark; on the contrary he may point it with all the witty Malice of a Friend to the Cause of Letters. The Circumstance, which in my Opinion reflects the greatest Lustre upon the Character of Lord *Sommers*, is the Encouragement he afforded to such a Genius as *Mr. Addison*, who might have remained in a less conspicuous Point of View without the Assistance of such a Patron. His Vein of Humour, which is now the genteelst in the World, might have taken a Tincture from low Life; his delicate Raillery might have subsided into coarse and vulgar Railing; his Taste, which was finished by Travel, and every other Advantage, might have grown quite callous and indelicate: For his Sentiments of Morality might have been substituted a Strain of Ribaldry, to awaken the Blush of Confusion in that female Face, which as Matters happened, he took so much Pains to set off in the Smiles of native Innocence and unaffected Beauty; and that Pen, which entertained the Town in the most elegant Productions of human Wit, might have subsided into Politics, personal Invective, and Party-rage. He would perhaps, like his Friend *Steel*, have composed a *Crisis*, and fallen a Sacrifice to the irresistible Genius of *Swift*; or, as we do not perceive that his Friendship to *Pope* was extremely sincere, he might have merited a Place in the *Dunciad*, among the many Scriblers, who are likely to figure in that Poem to all Posterity. But the kindly Protection of the Lord *Sommers* hindered him from sinking into Obscurity,

and



and from being compelled by Necessity to sell that fair Fame, which is now the Reward of his excellent Performances. The Assistance of so eminent a Person was a Kind of Demand upon him, for all that elaborate Elegance, which now distinguishes itself in his Writings.

*He from the Taste obscene refines our Youth,*

*And sets the Passions on the Side of Truth.*

POPE.

It has been the Fate of many, endowed perhaps with Parts not very inferior to *Addison*, to droop in Indigence, their Poetic Fires totally extinguished, and I make no Manner of doubt, but in the present Age, there are those who might become shining Ornaments of the Republic of Letters, were there any Incitement to spur the Muses Steed. But a Treatise on *Cribbage*, or a Calculation of the Chances at Whist, is sure of being better received at present, than such a Performance as the *Analysis of Beauty*, or any other Work of distinguished Genius. While a *Smart* subsists among us, I cannot help thinking it an indelible Reproach to the Age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*, and that he is suffered to draw his Pen in the Praises of his Maker, without receiving any other Reward, than a small Premium at *Cambridge*, and that Portion of Fame; which, in Spite of Malice and Envy, he will be always sure to enjoy.

Wit, according to the present Fashion among the opulent, is rather an Object of Ridicule than an Accomplishment deserving Encouragement and Esteem. I have some where seen it remarked, that every rich Man has a peculiar Manner of Joking; perhaps their Affluence throws an imaginary Glare of Light around every Thing they say or do. With these pecuniary Men of Humour, it is observable that the Narrowness of Fortune, in which most of the literary Tribe are situated, is a standing Topic of Pleasantry, and the severest and most diverting Thing they can say of a Man is, that "he is a Poet." The witty *Dr. Young* has ridiculed this Custom with his usual Delicacy.

*These, when their utmost Venom they would spit,  
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a Wit."*

Peer



*Poor Negroes thus to shew their burning Spite,  
To Cacodæmon's say, they're Dev'lish White.*

There is hardly any Thing more affecting to a Man of real Merit, than to find himself scorn'd by the Insolence of Purse-pride. But People of Affluence should consider when they attempt to depreciate Men of superior Parts, that they betray an unmanly Triumph over those who have still their Fortune to make. The World in general is apt to form an Idea of a Man, at the Time he is least able to make a proper Judgement for himself; and from thence it results that we find some utterly ruined by slight Errors, trivial Indiscretions, and petty Inadvertencies, while others owe their Elevation to Vices, to headstrong Passions, and a Series of selfish Views, which are, for the greater Part, more successful, than Modesty, a sober Understanding, and a Spirit above sbject Flattery and mean Submission.

They, who sit smiling at the Goal of Fortune, while others are running the hardy Course, should reflect, that it is possible for a young Man by Perseverance and unre-mitted Application, to reach the very Point, in which they take so much Pride; and then it is evident on which Side the Superiority will be found. A well turned Spirit, with the Advantages of a genteel Education and a competent Knowledge of the World, must certainly receive additional Lustre from an Accession of Wealth, and the Accomplishments of such a one will in their Turn adorn and embellish Affluence. On this Account *Juvenal's* Maxim is without Dispute highly just; a great Respect, says he, is due to Youth. The Practice of this Observation I would recommend to all Parents, Uncles, Guardians, and all Ranks of People, who have any Concern in the Education of the rising Generation; as it is to be apprehended, that they frequently, by too much Precipitance in their Conduct, drive them to Extremes, which a little Indulgence might prevent, and by which they might become valuable Members of Society.

Yours, &c.

*The*

*The history of miss Sylvia S——, a most instructive passage in the life of Mr. Nash.*

**M**ISS Sylvia S—— was descended from one of the best families in the kingdom, and was left a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expence. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful, and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority in both was allowed by all, who had either seen, or heard her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation, and some of her letters, and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this, or any other age, had they been publish'd.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all. She was imprudent! But let it not be imagined, that her reputation or honour suffered by this ally: I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use and value of money; she relieved distress, by putting herself in the place of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the croud of her lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and consequently never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success, from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by a hundred lovers, that found an husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation, or her good sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her over to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers was the celebrated

celebrated S——, who, at that time, went by the name of *the good-natured man*. This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall at length into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every newest passion, his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendship, were all in excess; he was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires; for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a goal, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour, but that of passing the present moments agreeably. He only courted dissipation, but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. Nash was at that time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S——, would in the first place quite impair her fortune, in the eyes of our sex; and, what was worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S—— from prison, would be only a temporary relief: That a mind so generous as his, would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would only study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that tho' small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she too late found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to disesteem her, in proportion as she became impoverished by her imprudence.

In



In this situation she accepted of Mr. Nash's invitation of returning to Bath ; he promised to introduce her to the best company there, and he was assured that her merit would do the rest ; upon her very first appearance, ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem ; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places, where all persons endeavour to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and shew.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation, soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought, that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was Dame Lindsey, a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified ; and tho' designing, had some wit and humour. She began, by the humblest assiduity to ingratiate herself with Miss S—— ; shewed, that she could be amusing as a companion, and by frequent, though distant offers of money, that she could be useful as a friend. Thus, by degrees, she gained an entire ascendant over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl ; and in less than one year, about 1727, Miss S——, without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, broke those of decorum, and had lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party at Dame Lindsey's, Sylvia as she was then familiarly called, was sent for, and was obliged to suffer all those slights, which the rich too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune. In most, even the greatest minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanest condition ; but in this charming girl, it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every encroachment of contempt, with sullen reluctance.

But though, in the course of three years, she was in the very eye of public inspection ; yet Mr. Wood, the architect, avers, that he could never, by the strictest observation, perceive her to be tainted with any other  
O vice,



vice, than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement or advantage of others. Her friend Mr. Nash, therefore, thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with Dame Lindsey, and to rent part of Mr. Wood's house, in Queen-square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, virtue, and regularity. In this situation of life, her desolation of life continued; she found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continual solicitude would impair the rest; with these dismal reflections she would frequently entertain herself and an old faithful maid, in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out. She would even sometimes start questions, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the least pain. When tired with exercise, she usually retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest. But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she found an inclination for repose: This custom made it necessary for her to order a lighted candle to be kept all night in the room; and the maid, commonly, when she withdrew, locked the chamber-door, and pushing the key under it, beyond her reach, left her mistress, by that constant method, undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning, when she arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell, as a signal for the maid to attend her.

This state of seeming regularity and prudence continued for some time, till the gay, celebrated, toasted Miss S—— was sunk into an housekeeper to the gentleman at whose house she lived: She was unable to keep company, for want of the elegancies of dress, and she was too haughty to seem to want them. The fashionable, the amusing, and the polite, now seldom visited her, and, from once being the object of every eye, she was now deserted by all, and preyed upon by the bitter reflections of her own imprudence.

Mr.

Mr. Wood, and part of his family were gone to London. Miss Sylvia was left with the rest as governess at Bath. She sometimes saw Mr. Nash, and acknowledged the friendship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept of any other marks of his generosity than his advice. Upon the close of the day, in which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of her not seeing him; took particular care to settle his affairs in the family, and then, as usual, sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery; she saw that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indigence she knew that nothing could be hoped, but lingering calamity; she at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life, in which she could see no corner for comfort, and of ending a scene of imprudence by the sullen exit of suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down at her dining-room window, and, with cool intrepidity, wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window:

Oh! death, thou pleasing end of human woe!  
 Thou balm of life! thou greatest good below!  
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,  
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

She then went into company with the most chearful serenity; talked of indifferent subjects, till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library in the family; there she spent the remaining hours before bed time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery, to take her leave of another child, as it lay asleep in the cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms; she then bid her old servant a good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to-bed as usual. It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with alternate passions, suspended between the natural fondness for life, and fear of death, together with the gloomy prospect of

present or future misery, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, as a nurse pins the swaddling cloaths of an infant; a pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread; the end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots at a small distance from one another: Thus prepared, she sat down again, and read the story of Olympia, in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined and left to the mercy of an un pitying world. This tragical event gave her fresh spirits to go thro' with her fatal design; and standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet-door, which opened into her chamber, she remained suspended; her weight, however, broke the girdle, and she, poor despairer, fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman that lay in the house. About half an hour after two o' clock, recovering herself, she began to walk about the room, as her usual custom was, when she wanted sleep; and the workman, supposing the noise to be some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She then once more had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died.

Her old maid continued in the morning to wait, as usual, for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience hour after hour, till two o' clock in the afternoon; when the workman, at length, entering the room thro' the window, found the unfortunate lady still hanging, and quite cold. The Coroner's jury being impannelled, brought in their verdict, as usual, Lunacy; and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave, at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseperable intimacy.

Thus died a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken; formed for the delight of society; fallen by imprudence into an object of pity.

Several



Several in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once had helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects she left behind were bought up with the greatest eagerness, by such as desired to preserve some token of a companion once so dear to them. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of, was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few; but the last swelled them to a large account, and she remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone nearly cancels every virtue.

*To Carlos from Alcander, relating his criminal engagement with the beautiful Aspasia, and the happy stop put to the execution of it by the receipt of a letter from Philander her husband, his intimate friend, and generous benefactor.*

**A**S you was the confidant of my unjust design, in visiting Philander at his country-seat, you have reason to expect I should inform you of the success of that adventure.

I had a secret passion for Aspasia before her marriage with this noble youth, and flattered myself with some hopes of finding her prepossessed in my favour.

You know how exceeding cautious and discreet I have been in my pleasures, and with what dissimulation I have secured to myself the character of a man of honour and sobriety. By this advantage I found it easy to impose on my friend; whose goodness was real and unaffected, while his unblemished integrity left him unguarded to all my artifice.

But I found it impossible to delude my father by my specious virtues. His penetration saw through that disguise by which I had escaped the public censure. Nor could any thing have been more detestable to his open temper than the affectation and hypocrisy of mine. After he had traced one of my most criminal intrigues, and

found me unreclaimed by his tenderest admonitions, he resolved to disinherit me, and settle his estate on my younger brother, who is really possessed of all those good qualities, to which, with a vain ostentation, I have only pretended.

My brother, perceiving my father's disgust, and the intention he had to make him his heir, with an unequalled generosity gave me intelligence of the threatened misfortune, desiring me to employ some friend to persuade my father from his severe proceeding.

This news came to me while I was detained a willing guest by Philander at his country-seat. I discovered the affair to him, who immediately offered to attempt a reconciliation. I gladly accepted the kind intention, nor knew any person so likely to succeed.

Philander proposed staying two or three days with my father, in order to insinuate himself the more successfully. In the mean time, I found but too easy access to the fair Aspasia; and, by an artifice that deserves the blackest infamy, prevailed with her to make a criminal appointment in a private garden belonging to the house.

This was the second day of her husband's absence. The happy hour (as I then thought it) arrived, when I was to attend my mistress in a sequestered arbour. But just as I was entering the walk that led to it, a footman came hastily after me with a letter from Philander, which brought me the welcome news of his success with my father. The vast satisfaction he expressed for having procured this reconciliation, with the real concern for my welfare, which appeared in every line, raised a sense of honour in my soul. I read the letter again, and found my guilt aggravated by its bright reverse. My falsehood was heightened by the warmth and fidelity with which the generous man had pursued my interest. My crime stood before me in its most infamous view. But how to extricate myself from this perplexity, I was entirely at a loss.

To neglect an opportunity I had with such solicitude obtained, to disappoint a yielding beauty, to dare the effects

effects of her contempt or resentment, by acting contrary to all the gallant maxims of the world, was doing the utmost violence to a disposition like mine. But then, to wrong my friend with an evidence of his fidelity in my hand, where every tender line would reproach such villany, Alexander and Scipio, I told myself, would condemn me; with many an heroic Pagan, who, in the height of youthful desires, had conquered the allurements of a guilty passion.

It was happy for me, that some accident prevented Aspasia from following me so soon as she designed. I was so far from being impatient at her absence, that I blessed every moment's delay, and was contriving to avoid the interview just as I saw her entering the garden.

I had been unused to mental devotion; and yet, in this dangerous moment, on which my perdition seemed to hang, I sent a secret prayer to heaven for assistance.

Instead of flying to the charmer's embraces with the gaiety of a lover, I went forward with a slow, reluctant pace, till we met, and then gave her my friend's letter. As soon as she had read it, she told me, "I might be assured it spoke the language of his soul: And it is, added she, to the advantageous light in which he has set your character; it is entirely to that, you are obliged for the favourable opinion I have of you."

"Is it, indeed, to this generous man, I replied, that I am indebted for the share I have in your esteem? And can I return such goodness with the vilest ingratitude!"  
—Here I paused, still keeping a respectful distance.

Aspasia, with her eyes fixed on the ground, stood in a silent confusion. But in this mute interval, imagine, if you can, what must be the conflict of my soul! I had spoke my last, an eternal silence must certainly have ensued, if the gentle Aspasia, perceiving my distress, had not put me out of pain for an apology.

"I see, said she, the disorder you are in. This retreat of honour ought to have been mine. I sincerely wish it had been so. However, you have led me the way, and I owe my recovery to your prudence."

"It



"It was my importunity, Madam, replied I, that drew you into this criminal engagement; for which I am going to inflict on myself the severe penalty of seeing you no more."

"This was what I was just resolving, answered the fair penitent; but you have gone before me in every step of virtue. We must indeed meet no more. Some disorder I feel gives me a pretence to retire immediately to my chamber; and you may leave this place early in the morning, with a proper excuse for not seeing me."

She was seated under a shade of jessamine, and appeared charming as the Queen of Love. My philosophy began to stagger, when she hastily rose, and left me in an agony of mind which no words can express.

However, I had so much command of myself as not to follow her. My reason exerted all its powers. The Divinity within spoke with a commanding force, and bid the wild tempestuous passions be still. My soul obeyed the sacred dictates, while truth and friendship took full possession of my breast.

I hastened early the next morning from this dangerous place; and must own to you, this action has given me a pleasure in reflection superior to all the gratifications of sense.

Your's, &c.]

ALCANDER.

*To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal, on Raillery.*

S I R,

**T**HERE is hardly any Talent that requires so fine an Understanding, together with so much Delicacy in the Exertion of it, as that of Raillery. But as Matters are generally managed, there is nothing so coarse as the Attempts of those, who are ambitious of shining in Conversation, and are therefore determined to banter Mankind into an exalted Opinion of their Accomplishments. But the utmost that can be allowed to these Gentlemen, is, to join in the general Laugh; and, if Mirth and Jollity are going forward, they may very properly

properly be admitted to partake of the frolic Festivity, without vainly pretending to take the Lead, or to engross the Conversation into their own Hands; in like Manner as the uninformed Country Squire should not be suffered by the Master of the Ceremonies in a polite Assembly, to come forward in a Minuet, where the Graces of Movement are required, though he may be tolerated to romp in a Country Dance, and display all the Gambols of his unfashioned Agility.

Were I to define Raillery, I should call it a delicate Exertion of Pleasantry upon the Foibles or the slight Inadvertencies, which disclose themselves in the Actions of Men. From this View of Matters, it will appear that no Tincture of Ill-nature must be suffered to disfigure the Surface; that only slight Errors must be the Ground on which the colouring is laid, and that good Manners must give a Polish to the whole. No Man has any Degree of Right to invade another's inward Peace, and therefore a well turn'd Mind will always decline any Thing that comes near to the Bosom of any Person, with whom he is willing to enter into Society. Whatever may tend to create Disesteem in the Circle of our Acquaintance, or to throw a ridiculous Light upon a Character; whatever may discover an intellectual Imbecillity or excite uneasy Sensations by touching upon Circumstances, about which it is possible a Person may have a tender Feeling, though in their own Nature, they are not of any material Importance: In short, all Topics, but such, as we are convinced the Object of our Merriment will give up, are carefully to be avoided; and even in Matters, from which Decency does not command us to abstain, it will be highly necessary to glide gently over the affected Part, that the Wound may appear to be probed by a skillful Hand. I have somewhere read a Story of *Jack Ketch's* Wife, which I think throws a Light on this Matter. Any Body, says that elegant Lady, can tuck a Man up, and stop his Breath, but to do it with Dexterity, and make the Culprit die an easy pleasant Death, is only the genteel Qualification of my Husband. Thus it requires no very shining Abilities

Abilities to inform our Neighbour of his Oddities, and point out to him his slight Indiscretions ; but to open his Eyes, and let in the Light without rendering it painful to him ; to give a Sense of the Error, without disturbing the natural Complaisance, with which every one is willing to behold himself, is a Task which requires more Elegance and Refinement than happens to fall to the Share of every Individual. And yet there is no going any where without meeting Pretenders in this Way ; every Quarter of the Town abounds with Men of Rail-lery, and to all these it is necessary to render an Account of our Actions, our Friends, our Attachments, our Cloaths, our Walk, and what not ? But if People would consider their own Insufficiency, they would not obtrude their Dullness upon Society, nor expose the Awkwardness of their own Understandings. The late Doctor *Swift* has a Passage to the present Purpose, which I have always greatly admired for a Turn of Sense, and Expression, peculiar to himself. " There is a Brain, (says he) that will endure but one *Scumming* ; let the Owner gather it with Discretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry ; but of all Things let him beware of bringing it under the *Lash* of his *Betters* ; because that will make it bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply ; Wit, without Knowledge, being a Sort of *Cream*, which gathers in a Night to the Top, and, by a skilful Hand may be soon *whipped* into *Froth* ; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for Nothing but to be thrown to Hogs."

I shall fill up the Remainder of this Paper with an allegorical Account of the Birth and Parentage of *Raille-ry*, which, I think, may serve to lay before the Reader its several efficient Qualities, and thereby deter him from the Ambition of putting it in Practice, or remind him of the Requisites, that must accompany it, whenever it offers to appear in Company.

*Good Sense* and *Ridicule* were joined in Wedlock ; the Offspring of their Marriage was *Humour*, who for a long Time roved about *Parnassus*, placing the Follies and



and Whims of Mankind in such a Light, as never failed to excite Mirth in the Synod of *Apollo* and the Muses. At length happening to wander out of Bounds, *Humour* met, upon the Borders of *Parnassus*, just upon the Verge of worldly Commerce, a certain Lady known by the Name of *Ill-nature*. Drawn in by false Allurements and a Glavering Smile, which *Ill-nature* always wore upon her Countenance, *Humour* offered Proposals of Marriage, which were carried without Delay into Execution, and in nine Months Time *Satire* was ushered into the World. Having a Mixture in his Composition of his Father's Qualities blended with the complexional Habits of his Mother, *Satire* grew up in the Practice of exposing the Infirmities of all who came in his Way. Without Restraint he took unbecoming Liberties with private Families, sowed the Seeds of Discontent in every Breast, and in Time began to disturb the Harmony of the sacred Nine. Whereupon *Thalia* who had been before extremely attached to *Satire*, conceived a secret Dislike to him, and in order to mend the Breed preferred a Petition to *Apollo* to divorce *Humour* from his Wife *Ill-nature*.

After a full hearing of the Cause, *Apollo* issued out his Edict of Separation. *Humour* could not live single, and in a short Time made another Match, which as good Luck would have it, turned out better than the former. His second Wife's Name was *Wit*, a Lady of great Vivacity, and abounding in surprising Turns in all her Conversation. She hardly could see any Thing, but her Way was instantly to compare it to some other Object in Nature; and she frequently would make her Auditors laugh by pointing out a latent Resemblance in Things, which seemed in their own Natures absolutely repugnant to each other. Her principal Attention was to set off her Husband, and though she was fond of great Variety in her Dress, she would upon many Occasions lend her best Apparel to *Humour*, who never fail'd to look most engaging, when *Wit* contributed her Ornaments. *Humour* in his Turn gave supernumerary Embellishments to his Wife, and they both reflected a reciprocal

reciprocal Lustre upon each other. They continued in a State of mutual Fondness, and their faithful Love was in Time rewarded with a tender Daughter, who was immediately called with the general Consent, by the Name of *Raillery*. The *Muses* cherished her in their Bosoms, and as she grew up she discovered a Propensity to her Father's Way of thinking, but with a considerable Abatement of his Severity. The Mother's Delicacy she possessed entire, and whenever she touched upon any Thing, like her, she endeavoured to give it an agreeable Colouring. In this Habit she was further confirmed by *Politeness*, a collateral Relation by the Mother's Side, who took upon her the Care of her Manners, and instructed her perfectly in all the secondary Qualities or lesser Morals, which are commonly known by the Name of Good-breeding. Being confirmed in these Principles, *Raillery* was, at a mature Age, thrust abroad into the World, where she had not been long before she was caressed by the courtly *Horace*, who took her home to his own House, introduced her to *Mecænas*, and found her of singular Service in all his Writings. At the Demise of that Bard, *Raillery* wandered a Vagrant up and down, till at length she took it into her Head to visit *Boileau* in *Paris*; from whence she came over to *England*, and resided for many Years at *Twickenham* with the late Mr. *Pope*, from whose Retreat she would now and then make an Excursion to pass some Hours with Doctor *Young* and Mr. *Addison*. At present it is said that she is taken into Keeping by a certain noble Earl, of whom she is so enamoured, that it is confidently reported, she will not quit his Company, though he is now inclined to be deaf; and it is further said, that she will stick by him to his last Breath; but, at that unhappy Juncture what will become of her, no Body can pretend to determine.

Your's, &c.

Copy

*Copy of a genuine Letter from Mr. Addison to a Lady.*

MADAM,

**I**T would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite so ever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice.—This expression, Madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope it is no disgrace to the behaviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, Delicacy must give way to Truth, and Ceremony be sacrificed to Candour: An honest Freedom is the privilege of Ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of Deceit, can never stoop to a willingness to flatter.—Give me leave, Madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, Madam, that were I capable of such an action, at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, Madam, of the power of your Beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost.—You have passions you say, Madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding too: You have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me entreat you for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour, and repugnant to your virtue.—I, Madam, am far from being insensible; I too have passions; and

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could



could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, Madam, of supping at Mr. D—s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I burned with a flame as strong as ever filled human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and my friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, Madam, rekindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste; or blast your own honour, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied.—My best esteem is ever your's; but should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous, and in any other command dispose of your most humble and devoted.

J. A.

*To the Author of the Gray's Inn Journal. Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

SIR,

THE severest Critics upon Writing are those, who know the least of it, which is some Comfort to an Author, who lives in an Age of Envy, Malice, Ill-Nature and Detraction.

You may know what a Gentleman thinks of you, by the Behaviour of his Servants, while they wait at Table. These People are always such sincere Friends to their Master, and have his Honour and Glory so much at Heart, that they generally place their Affections and Resentments upon the same Object.

On the contrary, you may know what the Waiting-Maid

Maid thinks of you, by the Reception you meet with from her Mistress ; for at present all young Ladies are directed in their Opinions concerning the Men by what Mrs. *Betty* is pleased to say at the Toilet, and 'if she declares, " O Ma'am, he's a fine Man — I loves to " see him like any Thing" — or, " Oh ! the Fright " — I hate the Sight of him." You are sure to find the Consequences of it, at the first Meeting.

As the World goes, there is generally more *Art* to obtain Success, than *Merit* to deserve it.

Sounding Periods and pompous Expressions no more constitute a beautiful Stile, than strutting in *Red Heel Shoes*, and *Gold Clock Stockings* can make a graceful Walk ; both may serve to impose upon the injudicious, but those, who are acquainted with Men and Books, will always think *Ease* a very requisite Quality.

Discretion has its Bounds as well as all other Virtues ; and it degenerates into a Vice, if like *Aaron's Serpent*, it swallows up the rest.

It is much more difficult to *Hear* in Company, than to *Speak* ; every one is willing to do the latter, but few have Politeness enough to do the former, though it serves a double Purpose ; it shews our Manners at the same Time that it improves the Understanding.

A Woman-Hater is the most monstrous Character in the World ; it is to be void of the natural Affections, and averse from the most pleasing Society our Nature is capable of.

People of the same Profession frequently spend their Time in envying each other ; whereas, if they were actuated by *Emulation* and each would mind his own Business, every Man would find his Account in it ; as at Play, the Way is not to be fretting at the Cards you suppose your Adversary may have, but to make the best of your own Hand.

Some Peoples Discretion is the Reverse of Charity ; it covers a Multitude of Virtues, as the latter does a Multitude of Sins.

Religion, which should make us live in Peace and Charity, is the Source of our most violent Animosities,

no one being willing to let his Neighbour worship the supreme Being according to his own Ideas, and his own Feelings, though each Person is resolved to usurp that Liberty himself.

The best Comment on the Writings of Lord *Boltingbroke* would be a Review of his Life. Yours, &c.

*From the same, on the great Utility and Pleasure of improving our intellectual Faculties by reading.*

S I R,

**M**R. *Addison* wonders how People can spend so many Hours together, without receiving any other Ideas, than what are suggested, by an Arrangement of black and red Spots. But such is the prevailing Fashion of the Times, that the *Book of four Kings* (so use the Gamester's Phrase) is the only *Volume*, that is perused at present with the least Share of Attention. It is, in my Mind, a remarkable Circumstance, that one seldom sees a Message-Card merely to invite a Person to a Rout, that is spelt as if the Writer had fifteen Shillings Worth of Education. Besides, there are frequent Complaints in the Winter-Season, that "*Every Body's engaged these two Months*." That it's impossible to make a Party for Love or Money; that in a full Town, one is very often totally at a Loss for Company:" In these Cases, the only Resource to which the Ladies betake themselves is fretting, scolding the Maids, quarrelling with their Husbands, sacrificing Reputation at the painted Altars of the Tea-Table, combing Lap Dogs, with several other elegant Accomplishments for which the inventive Faculties of the Fair are never at a Loss. I am sensible, that a Dissuasive from Pursuits of this Nature may appear extremely unfashionable; especially, when 'tis found, that I would substitute a few valuable Books in their Room.

In my Apprehension, my pretty Readers, are highly mistaken, if they imagine, that by dedicating a few Hours to the Perusal of the Productions of good Authors,



thors, they endanger their lovely Features, and run the Risque of dimming the sparkling Lustre of the Eye. On the contrary, to me it appears, that a Page or two in the Morning may serve to adjust the Countenance; that the Acquisition of a new Idea may give an higher Ornament to the Head, than a new Head Dress, and that every Face looks in higher Bloom, with a more attractive Emanation of Charms, in Proportion as we can read an Appearance of an Understanding in the Direction of the Eyes. For my Part, I should, at any Auction, set an higher Value upon a fine Picture than a fine Woman, unless she revealed some Traces of an intelligent Mind, because the former may be said to possess every requisite Quality to constitute it a Work of Value; whereas the latter wants the vivifying Soul to animate the Features, give Spirit to the Face, and demonstrates a Capacity of compounding, comparing, and forming various Combinations of Ideas. Unless we are habituated to a constant Practice of performing something in this Way, our Faculties will become totally relaxed and enervated, and the least Tendency towards thinking will become an intolerable Fatigue.

How much more eligible, therefore, is it to portion some Detachments of our Time from other Avocations, in order to spend a little Thought, in a Way that will enrich us, in our greener Years, with some Topics of Conversation fit to be made use of among Persons of common Intelligence! It is likewise laying up a Stock for old Age, or purchasing a Field of Reflection, which in the advanced Period of Life we may consider as the Estate of the Mind, where it may expatiate at Ease, and recreate itself with Speculations of Delight in its Decline.

There is nothing perhaps more justly to be accounted elegant than learned Affluence, or a Mind seduced by the Temptations of an ample Power of Expence, and judiciously employing itself in polite Improvements, which heighten the Lustre of a prosperous Situation, and give an Embellishment to the most exalted Sphere in Life. Even Blockheads are frequently sensible of

the Honour derived to them from a Reputation of this Kind, by their ridiculous Affectation of buying together an handsome Library, and making *Vailliant, Tonson, or Doddsley* take more Pains to furnish out an Apartment for them, than their Cabinet-maker to adorn their Drawing-Room.

But the greatest Advantage in Reading, is, that softening Quality which it has in all Cases of Adversity. By Cases of Adversity, I would not be understood to mean, Disappointments in our domestic Affairs, or pecuniary Losses only, but all Situations in Life, where the Mind is liable to any Manner of Uneasiness or Distress. The surest and most certain Relief in those Contingencies is derived from an Habit of conversing with the learned Writers in all Ages. By these Means, the Mind contracts a Custom of not dwelling too long upon its own Idea, but readily it affords its Attention to the Investigations of Truth, which speculative Men have thought proper to send into the World. If I remember right, Mr. *Locke* mentions a Power of transferring our Thoughts from one Object to another, as a very essential Faculty of a well-formed Understanding. When once this is attain'd, there is no Danger of our falling a Prey to Melancholy, to Grief, or any other Incumbrance which might restrain the Liberty of the Soul. From hence results that pleasing Serenity of Temper, which we observe to be peculiar to some People more than others; that Readiness to acquit itself in all the little Attentions due to those with whom we have a social Intercourse; and when under the Frowns of Fortune. A well-turned Spirit will at all Times have Recourse to Occupations of this Nature, to avert the Shaft, or soften its Smart, if its unerring Fate should make it reach us.

Yours, &c.

From

*From Polydore to Alonzo, giving him an account of his accidental meeting with his old mistress Aurelia ; of her falsehood to him, and her criminal conversation with Cassander ; of his tyrannical treatment of her, and her sincere repentance of her ill conduct.*

YOU have spent so many happy hours at the Earl of —'s fine seat in the country, that it is unnecessary to describe those beautiful scenes, with which you are so well acquainted. Here I have passed a great part of the summer season, in a manner suited to my contemplative humour. Having no taste for country diversions, or any kind of rural sports, my pleasures were confined to the charming shades and gardens with which the house is surrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmolested tranquillity, till a fit of curiosity led me to make an excursion into the wide campaign, that opened before me from the borders of the park.

If I begin with the rosy dawn, you will pardon my romantic style, in relating the surprising adventure. But without telling a lye, the morning was yet dusky ; the balmy dew, and fragrant gales, perfumed the air with their untainted sweets ; while with thoughts free as the airy songsters that warble on the branches, I wandered from rising hills to winding vales, thro' flowery lawns to leafy woods, till I found myself under the shade of a venerable row of elms ; which put me in mind of Sir Roger de Coverley's rookery. The aged trees shot their heads so high, that, to one who passed under them, the crows and rooks which rested on their tops, seemed to be cawing in another region. I was delighted with the noise ; while with the Spectator, I considered it as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation. My thoughts were inspired with a pleasing gratitude to the beneficent Father of the universe, till the sequel of my devotion was interrupted by the sight of a beautiful girl, about four or five years old, sitting on the grass, with a basket of flowers  
in



in her lap; which she was flicking in the snowy fleece of a little lamb that stood tamely by her.

I began to hope it was one of the fairy race, or some pretty phantom that haunted the grove; for the adjacent house belonging to this reverend avenue, looked more like a dormitory for the dead, than an habitation for the living. Every thing about it appeared ruinous and desolate. I could neither hear the voice, nor trace the steps of mortal men in this absolute solitude; nor had I any hopes of knowing into what wild region I was got, unless the pretty figure sitting on the grass could give me some intelligence.

I made my approaches very respectfully. But what was my surprize, in drawing near, to find the air, the complexion, every feature in miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once so passionately doated! A thousand tormenting ideas rushed into my mind at the sight of this lovely creature; who smiled on me with the most enchanting innocence. While I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herself entered the walk, and confirmed my suspicion, that this child was a living proof of her infamy.

'Tis about six years since she eloped from the public view, regardless of her own illustrious family, or the obligations she was under to the generous Cleone; who treated her with the utmost confidence, and was the last that suspected her husband's criminal affair with her.—Be my own wrongs forgot, and all the contempt with which she treated whatever proposals honour, and a disinterested passion, could make.

I found her now an object of pity, rather than resentment. The dejection of her mind was visible in her pale, haggard looks, and the wretched negligence of her habit. I could hardly persuade myself this was the celebrated thing, that once appeared in all public places with such a parade of equipage and vanity.

She was in the utmost confusion at this interview; till, excusing myself, I told her this intrusion was undesigned, and purely the effect of chance, as I was taking a morning's ramble from the Earl of ———'s, where I had spent

spent some time; and that she might depend on my word, not to discover her abode to any one in that family.

By this time she was a little composed, and invited me to rest myself after my walk. I followed her into the house, which looked more like the mansions of despair, than a retreat for a lady of pleasure. An awful silence reigned in every room, through which I made a shift to find my way by a dim twilight, that glimmered through some windows of as antique a figure as those of an old abbey. The furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from times immemorable: It looks more like unwieldy lumber, than any thing designed for use or ornament. There was nothing of a modern date, but a tea-table; and that in ruinous circumstances.

It was now about ten o'clock. Aurelia ordered tea and chocolate to be brought. All her attendance was a fresh coloured country lass; who withdrew as soon as we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a relation of Aurelia's misfortunes; but durst not ask any question, for fear it would look like insulting her distress; only renewed my excuses for interrupting her privacy.

To which she replied, " That though I was the last person in the world she should have chose to be a witness of her infamy, yet she thought herself happy, in having an opportunity to make some apology for her injustice to me, in refusing those terms of honour I once offered, and complying with such reproachful conditions as had made her the most miserable creature on earth.

" It was my criminal inclination (continued she) for Cassander, that made me inflexible to your intreaties, and my father's commands to marry you. But whatever wrong this was to your merit, my guilt with regard to the generous Cleone is of a higher nature. The intrigue I had with her husband, was attended with circumstances of the blackest treachery. I had broke through the tenderest engagements of friendship, and granted all that my dissolute lover could ask; when, finding myself with child, to hide my infamy, he brought me to this dismal place, an old mansion house belonging to his family;

family ; where I am cut off from human society, except two or three stupid peasants, his tenants, who reside in some part of this Gothic structure. It is now six years since I have breathed and slept (or I cannot call it living) in this melancholy confinement, without hopes of a release, being entirely dependent on Cassander's allowance and caprice, who but too well knows his own power and my folly ; which makes him, instead of the humble lover, act the imperious tyrant. His visits are seldom, his stay short, and I am left whole months to languish alone in a deserted solitude.

" This child, (continued she, weeping, and taking the lovely creature in her arms) this child, which might have been my joy, proves my greatest affliction. Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to hardship and necessity ; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous example. How can I give her instructions to avoid those vices which my practice approves ? or recommend that virtue whose sacred rules I have openly violated ? And still I love this worthless man. Were I penitent, could I resolve on a reformation, this leisure and retirement would be a blessing, an advantage to me ; but I am obstinate in guilt, while I despair of happiness in this world or the next. Till I came hither, my hours were spent in frolic and gaiety ! A constant series of diversions shortened the days and gave wings to the jovial hours, which now have leaden feet, and burdened with grief, lag heavily along. No sort of reflexion gives me joy. Whether I look backward or forward, all is darkness and confusion. I am no way qualified for retirement. Books are my aversion, thinking is my horror : I am weary of living, and afraid to die !"

I heard this account with a heart full of compassion, and said what I could to persuade her to break off this criminal commerce with Cassander, and throw herself on the care of Providence, and the generosity of her friends. But I had too much value for my own peace, and too great a contempt for a woman of Aurelia's character, to make any particular proposals for her freedom ; and, bidding her adieu, hastened back to the Earl's, without



out saying one word of my adventure; which I commit to your secrecy, and subscribe myself,

Your humble servant,

POLYDORE.

*Letter to dissuade a Friend from living in Celibacy.*

SIR,

**Y**OU have declared against Matrimony, and for no other Reason, as I can learn, than that you are unacquainted with its Sweets. If you considered that there is no other licit Means for peopling the World, and establishing a Kind of Immortality by the Production of a successive Race of Men, you would, perhaps change your Opinion; but without confining ourselves to general Reflexions, which affect less than those of a more immediate Concern, let us see if you could not live more agreeably with a Woman, than in the single State you are resolved to make Choice of. For my part, I should think that, if you find yourself capable of regulating a Family, of living upon good Terms with an honest Person, and of giving good Education to Children, you would find that there is nothing more comfortable than to live with a Woman, who has made a Tender of herself to you, and who is willing to discharge all the Duties incumbent on that Union. And indeed, if you examine every Thing that passes in a Family under proper Regulation, you will see that a good Woman shares with her Husband whatever may happen; endeavouring to increase his Joy by her Satisfaction, and to alleviate his Pains and Sorrows by the Part she bears in them. Though the first Transports of Love should suffer some Abatement, yet the virtuous Woman will still be her Husband's best Friend. They concert together the Measures they judge conformable to what they design to undertake and put in Execution. They never act but by Agreement; their Thoughts and Sentiments rest on the Foundation of mutual Confidence; and the good Understanding that subsists between them, adds  
unspeakable

unspeakable Charms to their Union. A Husband may possess himself in perfect Ease, by leaving the Care of his Family-Concerns to a frugal and good Housewife. How sweet must it be for him to have Children, who are the Effects of his Love, and who will be hereafter the Support of his Old-age? But it is a much more sensible Joy, to see that these Children grow up in Goodness by the Education given them. Single Life, in Man, can no where find the real Consolation and Assistance that are met with in the Society of a Woman: You know that it is in Quality of Help-mate that God has given so amiable a Half to Man; and that, therefore, the Scripture says, 'It is not good for a Man to be alone.' You might even have seen in History, that the Romans expelled their City those that persisted to live in the State of Celibacy, as being useless to the Republic; and, for aught I know, it may be of Service to our Government to lay a Tax upon all Batchelors. But it would be better to lay upon yourself the Injunction of engaging in Matrimony, which, no doubt, will be more agreeable than you have hitherto thought of. You will take, I hope, in good Part, the Advice I here presume to give you, and believe that I am, with all Sincerity, &c.

*Letter from an Uncle, shewing his solicitude for his young Niece.*

SIR

YOU know what various Scenes of Life I passed through some Years ago, when you and I were intimate Friends, and lived in the same Neighbourhood. I am now arrived to an happy Old-age; you may be assured I mean an healthy one. I have been near three Years past a single Man; have, alas! experienced the most heart-telt Grievs; but Time has softened their Severity, and the tender Remembrance is become rather pleasing, than painful to me: I enjoy the Thought, that each Day brings me still nearer to a Meeting with those I have loved and lost. One tender Object engrosses all  
my

my Attention, an Orphan Niece, recommended by a dying Sister to my Care. For her I feel all the Anxiety of a Father, and, for her Sake, wish to live till I can secure to her the Protection of some worthy Man, who may deserve to call so bright a Jewel his. I give you Leave to make Allowances for an old Man's Fondness, but I think her "the fairest Pattern of excelling Nature." Her Age is just Sixteen; her Birth and Fortune intitle her to make some Figure in what is called the Polite World, and I would by no Means exclude her from it; but how shall I guard her young Heart from being infected by the Follies she must meet with there? Have not I Reason to apprehend the Lessons such Numbers will be endeavouring to teach her, in this School of Vanity, will make deeper Impressions than any Thing I can say? To attempt defending her against them is all I can do. For this Purpose, I endeavour to raise her in her own Opinion, to convince her of the Dignity of her Nature, and that she was born for noble Purposes, than like the gay Insect of a Day, to flutter for a while and die. I tell her, Admiration cannot long be her's; a few Years must put an End to it, should no merciless Distemper, by removing the Cause, deprive her of it sooner. But Esteem, far preferable to Admiration, she may, if she pleases, secure to herself, even to her latest Moments. I do not attempt to depreciate the Charms of her Person; I acknowledge them to be superior to those of the Generality of Women; but I recommend it to her to consider this Advantage as a further Call upon her Gratitude to Providence, from whom she has received it. When her Glass presents to her the faithful Representation of her Obligations to Nature, I advise her to be careful, that the Jewel within may be worthy of so rich a Casket; and intreat her to be watchful, that no internal Deformity may disgrace the Elegance and Beauty of her outward Appearance. That the Regularity of her Words and Actions may correspond with that of her Features, I beg her to be persuaded that no Paint can be purchased to animate her Face equal to the Glow of Innocence and conscious Virtue.

Q

I am



I am very sensible all the Instructions I can give her, fall infinitely short of those she would have received from her Parents, had they been longer lent her. Her Mother would have held forth her indulgent Hand to guide her through those Paths herself had trod with so much Honour. She would have prevented her mistaking Thorns for Flowers, like too many of her unthinking Sex, who have gathered them as such, and placed them in their Bosoms, without discovering the fatal Error, 'till wounded by them.

My principal Aim, in her Education, is to make her a converseable Companion to a Man of Sense, and an useful Mother to her Children. I shall take Care to admonish her, that, when married, she gives not into the fashionable Folly, I had almost called it Vice, of completing her own Education, when she should attend to that of her young Family. She, who has the Honour of becoming a Wife and Mother, descends much too low, when she suffers a Train of Masters to attend her, and idly wastes, with fiddling Men and singing Women, that Time she should devote to the Care of her Children; a Care from which no Rank excludes the Mother, and for which she is sure of being most eminently rewarded by the exquisite Pleasure arising from it; a Pleasure the gay, the fashionable World, can never know. The indifferent Husband and the giddy Wife seek to attain by separate Paths, to what they miscall Pleasure, and, whilst they are wasting Youth and Health in the vain Pursuit, their helpless Innocents are abandoned to the Care, or, more properly speaking, to the Negligence of Servants. Thus do they rob themselves of their best, their sweetest Enjoyments, and, with a Parent's tender Name, are Strangers to the pleasing Sensations, the delicate Emotions, that fill a Parent's Breast. Ask a Husband and Wife, affectionately fond of each other, if the most melodious Notes ever gave them a Pleasure, equal to that which thrills through their Veins, when their little Prattlers, with infant Voice, attempt to lisp their Names? Behold such an happy Pair, surrounded by their blooming Offspring, with Eyes swimming with

with Delight, gazing on them, and on each other; filled with Gratitude to Providence for the Treasure intrusted to their Care, and resolved, with the Divine Assistance, not to let it perish in their Hand.

This is domestic Happiness; a Happiness most pure, most perfect, because most virtuous. It is a Foretaste of what we hope to enjoy hereafter, where all is Harmony and Love; it is — to be felt alone — Language is too weak to express it.

If you imagine, Sir, that what I have intimated to you of my Care of bringing up my Niece, can convey any useful Hint to you for the Instruction of your numerous Offspring, it would give me an infinite Pleasure to hear it. No one can have more ardent Desires for their Welfare. This I owe to my perfect Esteem of you, which Length of Time has never lessened; and believe, that I shall always be your, &c.

*From a Young Gentleman, reflecting on the absurd and unmanly Education given him by his Mother.*

SIR,

**I** WAS condemned by some disastrous Influence to be an only Son, born to the apparent Prospect of a large Fortune, and allotted to my Parents at that Time of Life when Satiety of common Diversions allows the Mind to indulge parental Affection with greater Intenseness. My Birth was celebrated by the Tenants with Feasts and Dances, and Bag-pipes; Congratulations were sent from every Family within ten Miles round; and my Parents discovered in my first Cries such Tokens of future Virtue and Understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining Part of Life to my Happiness, and the Increase of their Estate.

The Abilities of my Father and Mother were not perceptibly unequal, and Education had given neither much Advantage over the other. They had both kept good Company, rattled in Chariots, glittered in Play-houses, and danced at Court, and were both expert in

the Games that were in their Time called in as Auxiliaries against the Intrusion of Thought.

When there is such a Parity between two Persons associated for Life, the Husband, if he be not completely stupid must always suffer for Want of Superiority, and sink in Submissiveness. My Mamma, therefore, governed the Family without Controul; and, except that my Father still retained some Authority in the Stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary Bottle, broke a Looking Glass, or *China* Dish, to prove his Sovereignty, the whole Course of the Year was regulated by her Direction, the Servants received from her all their Orders, and the Tenants were continued or dismissed at her Discretion.

She therefore thought herself intitled to the Superintendency of her Son's Education; and when my Father, at the Instigation of the Parson, fairly proposed that I should be sent to School, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a Child to be ruined; that she never knew any Boys at a Grammar School that could come into a Room without blushing, or sit at the Table without some awkward Uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into Danger by some boisterous Plays, or vitiating their Behaviour with mean Company; and that, for her Part, she would rather follow me to the Grave, than see me tear my Cloaths, and hang down my Head, and sneak about with dirty Shoes and blotted Fingers, my Hair unpowdered, and my Hat uncocked.

My Father, who had no other End in his Proposal, than to be wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my Learning; for indeed he had known very few Students that had not some Stiffness in their Manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic Tutor should be procured, and hired an honest Gentleman of mean Conversation, and narrow Sentiments, but whom, having passed the common Forms of literary Education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a Scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same Table



ble with his Pupil, and had no other View, than to perpetuate his Felicity by the utmost Flexibility of Submission to all my Mother's Opinions and Caprices. He frequently took away my Book, lest I should mope with too much Application; charged me never to write without turning up my Ruffles, and generally brushed my Coat, before he dismissed me into the Parlour.

He had no Occasion to complain of too burdensome an Employment; for my Mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his Company, and suffered me not to pass any more Time in his Apartment, than my Lesson required. When I was summoned to my Task, she enjoined me not to get any of my Tutor's Ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for Practices to be avoided. I was every Moment admonished not to lean on my Chair, cross my Legs, or swing my Hands, like my Tutor; and once my Mother very seriously deliberated upon his total Dismission, because I began, as she said, to learn his Manner of sticking on my Hat, and had his Bend in my Shoulders, and his Totter in my Gait.

Such, however, was her Care, that I escaped all these Depravities; and, when I was only twelve Years old, had rid myself of every Appearance of childish Diffidence. I was celebrated round the Country for the Petulance of my Remarks, and the Quickness of my Replies; and many a Scholar, five Years older than myself, have I dashed into Confusion by the Steadiness of my Counenance, silenced by the Readiness of my Repartees, and tortured with Envy by the Address with which I picked up a Fan, presented a Snuff box, or received an empty Tea-cup.

At Fourteen I was completely skilled in all the Niceties of Dress, and I could not only enumerate all the Variety of Silks, and distinguish the Product of a *French* Loom; but dart my Eye through a numerous Company, and observe every Deviation from the reigning Mode. I was universally skilful in all the Changes of expensive Finery; but, as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in *Brussels* Lace.

The next Year saw me advance to the Trust and Power of adjusting the Ceremonial of an Assembly. All received their Partners from my Hand, and to me every Stranger applied for Introduction. My Heart now disdained the Instructions of a Tutor, who was rewarded with a small Annuity for Life, and left me qualified, in my own Opinion, to govern myself.

In a short Time I came to *London*, and, as my Father was well known among the higher Classes of Life, soon obtained Admission to the most splendid Assemblies, and most crowded Card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded; the Ladies praised the Fancy of my Cloaths, the Beauty of my Form, and the Softness of my Voice; endeavoured in every Place to force themselves upon my Notice; and invited, by a thousand oblique Sollicitations, my Attendance to the Play-house, and my Salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost Extent of my Conception; I passed every Morning in Dress, every Afternoon in Visits, and every Night in some select Assemblies, where neither Care nor Knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few Years, however, these Delights became familiar, and I had Leisure to look round me with more Attention. I then found that my Flatterers had very little Power to relieve the Languor of Satiety, or recreate Weariness, by varied Amusements; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the Sphere of my Pleasures, and to try what Satisfaction might be found in the Society of Men. I will not deny the Mortification with which I perceived, that every Man, whose Name I had heard mentioned with Respect, received me with a Kind of Tenderness, nearly bordering on Compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their Understandings by treating me with Contempt. One of these Witlings elevated his Crest, by asking me, in a full Coffee-house, the Price of Patches; and another whispered, that he wondered why Miss *Frisz* did not keep me that Afternoon to watch her Squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine  
Conversation

Conversation by those who were themselves basely admitted, I returned to the Ladies, and resolved to dedicate my Life to their Service, and their Pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my Charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay World, some are married, some are retired, and some have so much changed their Opinion, that they scarcely pay any Regard to my Civilities, if there is any other Man in the Place. The new Flight of Beauties to whom I have made my Addresses, suffer me to pay the Treat, and then titter with Boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave Ladies, who, unacquainted with all that either gives Use or Dignity to Life, are content to pass their Hours between their Bed and their Cards, without Esteem from the Old, or Reverence from the Young.

*To the Countess of ——— on the Death of her Sister,  
by Mrs. Rowe.*

MADAM,

**I** Should have wrote to your Ladyship before now, but I thought your concern too just and sincere, to be treated with ceremony. Indeed I am ill qualified to write epistles of consolation. The wise, doleful things, that people vex their friends with on those occasions, appear to me more like a farce than a just sense of their grief. People may talk like good Christians at their ease, but pretty sentences and formal speeches are very trifling remedies to a real and unaffected sorrow.

You see, Madam, I am ready to justify all your concern for Lady ———. Not that I think there is any thing melancholy in her early death, after a life so virtuous. Your charming sister has, in my opinion, quitted the stage very gracefully, and in all the decorum of youthful charms and piety. Mr. *Collier* tells us in his *Essays*, that if the sun was never to rise again, it would be much more glorious for him to fall from the skies with all his light and heat, than to gain a few hours only to languish and decline.

My



My thoughts are not at present intirely consistent.—I have been reading my Lord *Shaftesbury's Moralists*, which has fill'd my head with beauty, and love, and harmony, but all of a divine and mysterious nature. However superior his notions may be to my capacity, I have been agreeably led on thro' I know not what enchanting scenes of happiness. I wish you would read it, for it would make you the most charming and agreeable enthusiast in the world. Whether I am in my right senses at present, I cannot tell, but you may be assur'd

I am, &c

*To the same, by Mrs. Rowe.*

MADAM,

I Have waited for the letter you promis'd me with great impatience ; but whether you write or not, you find I am resolv'd to molest your — repose, I was going to say, but I believe I may recall that soft word for one of a more vexatious meaning, and flatter myself, that I only interrupt a sort of magnificent hurry, in which your Ladyship is engag'd.

I can't persuade myself to impute your long silence to inclination ; but have invented a hundred other accidents that have depriv'd me of the pleasure of your Ladyship's letters. So rooted a thing is vanity in human nature I and indeed it is one great privilege of our being, and makes us as well satisfy'd with some pleasing fiction, as the most real happiness. For my part, I am always easy, as long as I can persuade myself not to call in question my own merit ; which, however imaginaty, leaves me in perfect tranquillity, 'till a fit of modesty raises some doubts and scruples to interrupt my felicity.

My brother begs you to accept a volume of lives compos'd by Mr. *Rowe*. I believe I am not partial in saying, there never was a better judge of the beauties of the *English* language, and of the graces of human life, than Mr. *Rowe* ; and as they were publish'd at the opportunity of two or three of the author's friends, who

are

are persons of great wit and learning, I don't question they will pass for finish'd essays.

I am, &c.

*From Mrs. Rowe to Mr. Thomas Rowe, her Husband.*

**I** Should be too vain, if I believ'd any thing I can write could give you half the satisfaction your letter gave me. Tho' you have so often assured me of the constancy of your affection, I always hear the tender protestation with new pleasure. I read your letter over and over, and grow proud to find I have secured the heart of a man of your sense and merit. I shall make it the business of my life to fix your esteem, and think that reward worth all my care.

'Tis with great reason I am more impatient of your absence than you can be of mine. I hope not to be disappointed of hearing from you the next post; nothing but that can give me any pleasure at this distance from you. Pray be here as soon as you can; 'till then adieu. May every watchful angel guard you.

*To the same.*

**I** Could not content myself with sending my service to you by Mr. ———; there was something in that so cold and formal, and so unequal to the tenderness I would express, that I resolv'd to write to you, and send you all my soul; but words cannot paint that sincere affection, that amity and just esteem, that such merit as yours has inspir'd. However, I would flatter myself that your own heart will dictate something of what I would speak, and inform you with what impatience you are expected by

Your PHILOMELA.

*To the same.*

**I** Find by your letter, that you are got well to the end of your journey ; in this my prayers were answer'd, and may the heavenly guardians still protect, and return you again to my wishes.

In the mean time, I shall give no body occasion to make panegyrics on my wit or good humour ; the little share I have of either, is owing to the ambition I have to please you. This gives a serenity to my thoughts and a vivacity to my conversation. If I endeavour to say a fine thing, 'tis only to gain your applause ; and when you are absent, 'tis indifferent to me whether I speak common sense or not ; all society grows insipid, and I hear nothing that deserves the least attention ; even the rural scenes fail to please me ; the verdant shades and flowery fields, since you are gone, have lost their charms.

You flatter my vanity, in writing with so much gallantry and politeness ; and if making it the business of my life to be agreeable to the man I love, can engage your heart, my happiness is secure. Not is it possible such merit as yours should ever suffer me to grow indifferent,

While life and breath remain ; and when at last  
I feel the icy hand of death prevail,

My heart strings crack, and all my senses fail,  
I'll fix thy image in my closing eye,

Sigh thy dear name, then lay me down and die.

*To Miss Sarah Rowe.*

**Y**OUR brother is very devoutly reading *Quarles* to me, and by that, gives me a good excuse to write nonsense. We are reduc'd to the last necessity, by the want of our things, and Mr. Rowe is forc'd to read the pamphlets of the last age for his entertainment. He continues



tinues very well, and does not complain of the least disorder in his health. We are still at *Agford*, and should taste all delights the country scenes afford, if we could meet such nymphs as you in every verdant shade to converse with; your company would complete the enjoyment, and give the groves and streams new charms. You know, my dear sister, that I am always unaffected and sincere in these kind of professions.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page  
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,  
As to a friend, the secret of my heart:  
And in familiar speech to let you know,  
How much I love you, and how much I owe.  
Knock at my heart, for thou hast skill to find  
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;  
And thro' the veil of words thou view'st the naked  
mind.

After all this verse and prose, I hope you'll grant I have wrote a long letter; but have a little patience, and I'll release you, with my most grateful thanks and sincere duty to my mother, to whom I have too great obligations to be express'd; but all that obedience and gratitude can return, she may still command from me.

I am, my dear Sister,

Your, &c.

*From Mrs. Rowe to her Brother-in-Law.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

**Y**OU are not more charm'd with your hero, than I am to find you pleas'd with the most noble and sublime part of the new tragedy. 'Tis true, according to the weakness of my sex, I might have been touch'd with beauties of a more soft and effeminate nature; but it shews a superior turn of mind, to enter into public and generous sentiments, of which you express so just an admiration.

You have too modest an opinion of yourself, in suspecting my friendship; tho' the tender relation I had to  
your

your brother is dissolv'd, a thousand other obligations bind me to the interest of your family, which no time, nor accident, will have power to blot from my soul. While virtue and gratitude are words of sacred importance, I shall never lose the remembrance of the series of favours I receiv'd from you in my late happy relation. Your whole family seem'd in a gentle confederacy, how to crown my hours with tranquillity and joy — May that kind and generous treatment I had among you, find a full retribution; whatever blessings Heaven has in store for mortals, may they be all yours.

For myself, I ask nothing, but to conclude my part as soon as possible, and to finish the great action of life with the applause of that impartial Judge, who knows the most secret intentions of my soul.

But whatever variety of happiness, whatever duration of being I shall pass, my esteem for you will be unalterable: Those sparks of amity and beneficence which Heaven has kindled in my breast can never be extinguish'd; this sacred principle of Love shall be perpetually improving in the peaceful realms of light.

When constant faith, and holy Hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;  
Then thou, more happy pow'r fair charity,  
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,  
Shalt still survive —  
Shalt stand before the throne of Heav'n confess,  
Forever blessing, and forever blest.

P R I O R.

Adieu.

*From the same to Mrs. Arabella Marrow.*

MADAM,

I AM extremely oblig'd to you, for the account of your travels. A view of those fine prospects in your description, is much more agreeable to my temper, than  
being

being at the pains of seeing them any other way ; while I am persuaded your images of them are more beautiful and entertaining than the things you describe.

My Lady ——— has given me an account of Mr. ———'s death. She speaks of it in a manner that gives me the highest esteem for her virtue, and the humanity of her temper: To make such just reflections on life and its vanities, in the pride of youth, and gayest circumstance of fortune, is very uncommon. But nothing gives me a greater opinion of her wit, and the elegance of her taste, than the value she has for your conversation. You know I am very sincere ; as I have no dependence, I am past all ceremony with the world. Since Mr. *Rowe's* death, I have had neither hopes nor fears ; but am in a state of absolute indifference with regard to the events of this world. I have ease and plenty to the extent of my wishes, and can form no desires but what my father's indulgence would procure ; and I have nothing to ask of Heaven beyond the good old man's life. The perfect sanctity of his character, with the benevolence of his temper, makes him a refuge to the widow and fatherless. The people follow him with their blessings and prayers, when he goes abroad ; which he seldom does, but with a design to reconcile some difference, or to right the injured and oppress'd. The rest of his hours are entirely spent in his private devotion, or books, which are his only diversions. But I forget myself, and acknowledge, it would be more a-propos to entertain you with the charms of some handsome young fellow, or the dress and equipage of a beau, than with the moral virtues and temperance of hermits and philosophers.

Lady ——— tells me you are in a constant hurry of company in *Warwickshire*. I suppose you do not know that you deserve my compassion ; but I can't help bestowing it upon you. With all the graces of your person, the charms of your wit and address, or all besides that mortality can boast, I would not be in your circumstances. O rather

*Bear me, some god, to Hæmus' dewy top,*

R

or



or to mount *Atlas*, or to the wilds of *Africa*, or any other savage wilderness on earth ! O bear me

Far from the noisy follies of the great,  
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state,  
Far from the thoughtless crowd, who laugh, and  
play,

And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,  
Their short, inestimable hours away !

In the humour I am now indulging, you will certainly think a desert the most proper place for

Your, &c.

*To the Author of the Connoisseur, on the modern Method of Education among People of Fashion.*

SIR,

I Remember, in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles, that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence of this was, that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt ; and in the end it produced a separation. The sons followed the example of their father, and in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition and bigotry, turned out *\* Freethinkers*: The lady of the house retired with her daughters to France, and to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

The like method seems to be observed in the general education of children ; who, as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents according to their sex ; whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by

*\* The word Freethinker, which in it's proper sense, means one who examines freely, and thinks for himself, is now generally applied to those who do not think at all ; or under a pretence of thinking freely in religious matters, take a liberty of living a vicious and immoral life, and thereby throw an odium on the most glorious character that a reasonable being can be possess'd of.*

by their peculiar manners, as by a certain cast of features or complexion. My young squire is put upon a little horse before he can well walk, and becomes (as his father was before him) the pupil and companion of the groom and the game-keeper: And if miss's mamma should chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, and the wife of a substantial tradesman, the little lady is early instructed to value herself on her blood, and to despise her father's dirty connection with business.

To this method of education it is owing, that the same vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modish excesses of these times are in their nature the same with those which were formerly in vogue, though they differ somewhat in their shape and appearance. The present race of bucks, bloods, and freethinkers, are but the spawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire Club: And if our modern fine ladies have had their Masquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday Tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their Morning Chocolate in the Hay-Market, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring-Gardens, the New-Exchange Assignations, and the Morning Puppet-show, which employed the attention of their grandmothers: And as it is not apparent, that our people of fashion are more wicked, so neither are they wiser than their predecessors.

When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections farther than what merely concerns their own persons. Let our young men of fashion expose their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our Universities at home;—let them trifle away their time in insipid amusements, and run loose about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery;—let our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whist, and be seen only at routs and assemblies;—if the consequence extend not beyond themselves. But as these are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals

of our next race must depend ; it becomes a public concern, lest the reign of vice and ignorance should be supported, as it were, by hereditary succession, and propagated to distant generations.

The modern method of education is, indeed, so little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almost impossible the children should be wiser or better than their parents. The country squire seldom fails of seeing his son as dull and awkward a looby as himself ; while the debauched or soppish man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diseases into the family, and fresh mortgages on the estate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. TOWN, with a few remarks on this subject, you would do service to posterity ; for the present give me leave to illustrate what I have said by the example of a very fashionable family.

Lady Belle Modely was one of the finest women in the last reign, as the Colonel her husband was one of the smartest fellows. After they had astonished the world singly with the *clat* of their actions, they came together : Her ladyship was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of fashion ; while the Colonel fell a sacrifice to her beauty, only because she was admired by every body else. They lived together for some time in great splendor ; but as matrimony was a constraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the best company, is at the head of every party of pleasure, never misses a masquerade, and has card-tables constantly at her own house on sundays. The Colonel is one of the oldest members of the club at *White's*, runs horses at Newmarket, has an actress in keeping, and is protected from the impudence of duns, by having purchased a seat in parliament at almost as great an expence, as would have satisfied the demands of his creditors.

They have two children : The one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-school for a while ; but *La*

*tin*



*tin* and *Greek*, or indeed any language except *French*, are of no service to a gentleman : And as the lad had discovered early marks of spirit, (such as kicking down wheelbarrows, and setting old women on their heads) the Colonel swore *Jack* should be a soldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him, before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had served only in the peaceful campaigns of *Covent-Garden*, took great pains to instil into *Jack* all that prowess so remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with sharpers, his midnight skirmishes with constables, his storming of bagnios, his imprisonment in round-houses, and his honourable wounds in the service of prostitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under so excellent a tutor, and soon became as eminent as his father. He is a Blood of the first rate ; *Sherlock* has instructed him in the use of the broad sword, and *Broughton* has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the *banourable* way ; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen, and most courageously run a drawer through the body. His scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress ; but it is said, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

Such is the consequence of the son's education ; and by this our people of distinction may learn, how much better it is to let a lad see the world, as the phrase is, than to lash him through a grammar-school like a parish boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college cloister. Lady BELLE has not been less careful of her daughter Miss HARRIOT. Those who undertake the business of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to consider women merely as Dolls ; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their persons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue are only fit for poor awkward creatures, who are to marry a shopkeeper or a parson ; but they can be of no use to a fine girl, who is designed to make a figure. Accord-

ingly Miss HARRIOT was committed to the care of *Madame Governante*, who never suffered her to speak a word of *English*, and a *French* dancing-master, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As she grew up, her mamma instructed her in the nicest points of ceremony and good breeding : She explained to her the laws and regulations of dress, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what fashions best became her, and what colours best suited her complexion. These excellent rules were constantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyship's own practice : Above all, she unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the stratagems she had herself employed in gaining new conquests, taught her when to advance and when to retreat, and how far she might venture to indulge herself in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

Miss HARRIOT soon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the most elegant accomplishments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whist than Mrs. *Sharply*, and to bet with more spirit at brag than the bold lady *Atall*. She was carried about to *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, and every other place of diversion by the mother ; where she was exposed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the best bidder. But as Miss had some fortune in her own disposal, she had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, settlements, and pin-money ; and (just before the late act took place) eloped with a gentleman, who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himself to Miss HARRIOT, by a stature of six feet and a shoulder knot.

I am, SIR, your humble servant, &c.

*On Modesty and Assurance.*

SIR,

I Have here sent you a Fable, with which, perhaps, you will not be displeased.

Modesty, the Daughter of Knowledge; and Assurance,  
the

the Offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the Road; and, as both had a long Way to go, and had experienced, from former Hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their Journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the Opposition in their Natures, to lay aside all Animosities, and, for their mutual Advantage, to travel together. It was in a Country where there were no Inns for Entertainment; so that, to their own Address, and to the Hospitality of the Inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for Provisions and Lodging.

Affurance had never failed of getting Admittance to the Houses of the Great; but it had frequently been her Misfortune to be turned out of Doors, at a Time when she was promising herself an elegant Entertainment, or a Bed of Down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such Houses, and compelled to take Shelter in the Cottages of the Poor; where, tho' she had Leave to continue as long as she pleased, a Truss of Straw had been her usual Bed, and Roots, or the coarsest Provisions, her constant Repast. But, as both, by this accidental Meeting, were become Friends and Fellow-travellers, they entertained Hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the Way by dividing the Care of it.

Affurance, who was dressed lightly in a Summer Silk and short Petticoats, and who had something commanding in her Voice and Presence, found the same easy Access as before, to the Castles and Palaces upon the Way; while Modesty, who followed her in a Russet Gown, speaking low, and casting her Eyes upon the Ground, was, as usual, pushed back by the Porter at the Gate, till introduced by her Companion, whose fashionable Appearance and familiar Address got Admission for both.

And, now, by the Endeavours of each to support the other, their Difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the Favourites of all Companies, and the Parties of their Pleasures, Festivals, and Amusements. The Sallies of Affurance were continually checked by the Delicacy of Modesty; and the Blushes of Modesty were frequently



frequently relieved by the Vivacity of Assurance ; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old Pranks, which always put her Companion out of Countenance, was yet so awed by her Presence, as to stop short of Offence.

Thus, in the Company of Modesty, Assurance gained that Reception and Esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her Absence ; while Modesty, by Means of her new Acquaintance, kept the best Company, feasted upon Delicacies, and slept in the Chambers of State. Assurance indeed had, in one Particular, the Ascendancy over her Companion : For, if any one asked Modesty whose Daughter she was, she blushed, and made no Answer ; while Assurance took the Advantage of her Silence, and imposed herself upon the World as the Offspring of Knowledge.

In this Manner did the Travellers pursue their Journey ; Assurance taking the Lead through the great Towns and Cities, and apologising for the Rusticity of her Companion ; while Modesty went foremost through the Villages and Hamlets, and excused the odd Behaviour of Assurance, by representing her as a Courtier.

It happened one Day, after having measured a tedious Length of Road, that they came to a narrow River, which, by a hasty Swell, had washed away the Bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the Bank, casting their Eyes on the opposite Shore, they saw, at a little Distance, a magnificent Castle, and a Crowd of People inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the Covering from her Limbs, plunged, almost naked, into the Stream, and swam safely to the other Side. Modesty, offended at the Indecency of her Companion, and diffident of her own Strength, would have declined the Danger ; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her Cowardice by the People on the other Side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her Depth, and, oppressed by her Fears, as well as entangled by her Cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the Current none know whither. It is said, indeed, that she

was

was afterwards taken up alive by a Fisherman upon the *English* Coast, and that shortly she will be brought to this Metropolis, and shewn to the Curious of both Sexes.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her Journey alone ; and, though not altogether as successful as with her Companion, yet, having learnt in particular Companies, and upon particular Occasions, to assume the Air and Manner of Modesty, she was received kindly in every House ; and, at last arriving at the End of her Travels, she became a very great Lady, and rose to be the first Maid of Honour to the Queen of the Country.

*From a young Lady in Town to her Aunt in the Country, describing Greenwich Park, and the Passage to it by Water.*

HONOURED MADAM,

**L**AST Tuesday, being Easter Tuesday, I went with my Uncle, Aunt, and Cousins, down the River, on what they call a Party of Pleasure ; but with Design principally to see Greenwich Park and Hospital.

We took Water at the Tower, which I shall describe in a future Letter : I was pretty much afraid of Danger from Anchors, Cables, and such like, as we passed by the great Numbers of Ships, that lay in our Way at first setting out. But afterwards the River looked very pleasant, and the Number of Boats all rowing with the Tide, made the River look very agreeably.

After sailing a few Miles, we came within Sight of the Dock-yard at Deptford, where several large Ships upon the Stocks afforded a fine Prospect ; as the naval Strength of England is both its Glory, and its Defence.

Next to Deptford, I was greatly pleased with the Prospect of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich, for Seamen grown old in the Service of their Country. When we landed, we went into this fine Building ; and in the Inside, every thing, in my Judgment, was perfectly agreeable to the Magnificence of the Outside ; allowing the

the one to be designed to do Honour to the Nation, the other to support a Number of necessitous People, who ought to be the public Care. The great Hall, and the Paintings in it, are admirable ; but I know not whether they would not better suit a Palace, than an Hospital : And, indeed, this may be said of the whole Building.

From thence we went into the Park ; where I beheld divers odd Scenes of Holiday-folks. Here appeared a rakish young Fellow, with two or three Women who look'd like Servant-maids ; the Hero delighted, the Nymphs smiling round him——There a careful looking Father with his Children on each Side ; Trains of admiring Lovers, ready-pair'd, followed one another in thronging Crouds at the Gate ; a Sea-Officer, with a Lady not over-burdened with Modesty in her Behaviour : A Croud of City Apprentices, some with, some without their Lasses : Half a dozen Beaux ogling all they met : And several seemingly disconsolate Virgins walking alone. The Concourse of middling Objects pressed chiefly toward a high Hill in the Middle of the Park ; where, as they arriv'd, their Business was to take hold of Hands, and run down as fast as possible, amidst the Huzza's of a Multitude of People, who earnestly expected to see the Women fall, in hopes that their Cloaths would not lie so conveniently, when they were down, as might be wished.

This, Madam, is a Diversion you would not expect so near the polite City of London ; but I assure you, such a Levity possessed almost every body assembled on this Occasion, as made the Park, tho' most beautiful in itself, no way entertaining to

Your most dutiful Niece.

*Sir Richard Steele's Account of the famous Ceiling in the great Hall at Greenwich, painted by Sir George Thornhill.*

**I** Went the other Day down the River, and dined with some Virtuosi Friends at Greenwich. The  
Purpose



Purpose of the Gentleman, who invited us, was to entertain us with a Sight of that famous Cieling in the great Hall at Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious Countryman, Mr. Thornhill, who has executed a great and noble Design with a masterly Hand, and uncommon Genius. The Regularity, Symmetry, Boldness, and Prominence of the Figures, are not to be described, nor is it in the Power of Words to raise too great an Idea of the Work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain Account of it.

In the Middle of the Cieling (which is about 106 Feet long, and 56 Feet wide, and near 50 Feet high) is a very large oval Frame, painted and carved in Imitation of Gold, with a great Thickness rising in the Inside to throw up the Figures the greater Height; the Oval is fastened to a great Sufteat adorned with Roses in Imitation of Copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantick Figures of Slaves, four on each Side, as though they were carved in Stone; between the Figures, thrown in Heaps into a Covering, are all manner of Maritime Trophies in Metzo-relievo, as Anchors, Cables, Rudders, Masts, Sails, Blocks, Capitals, Sea-guns, Sea-carriages, Boats, Pinnaces, Oars, Stretchers, Colours, Ensigns, Pennants, Drums, Trumpets, Bombs, Mortars, small Arms, Granadoes, Powder-Barrels, Fire Arrows, Grapling-Irons, Cross Staves, Quadrants, Compasses, &c. all in Stone-Colours, to give the greater Beauty to the rest of the Cieling which is more significant.

About the Oval in the Inside are placed the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack; the Six Northern Signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the North-side of the Oval; and the Six Southern Signs, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, are to the South, with three of them in a Groupe, which compose one Quarter of the Year: The Signs have their Attitudes, \* and their Draperies are varied  
and

\* *Aries is of a turbulent Aspect, with little Winds and Rains hovering about him, his Drapery of a bluish Green, shadowed*

and adapted to the Seasons they possess, as the cool, the blue, and the tender green to the Spring, the yellow to the Summer, and the red and flame-Colour to the Dog-Days and Autumnal Season, the white and cold to the Winter; likewise the Fruits and the Flowers of every Season as they succeed each other.

In the Middle of the Oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a Throne under a great Pavilion or purple Canopy, attended by the four Cardinal Virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice.

Over the Queen's Head is Concord, with the Fasces, at her Feet two Doves, denoting mutual Concord and innocent Agreement, with Cupid holding the King's Scepter, while he is presenting Peace with the Lamb and Olive Branch, and Liberty expressed by the Athenian Cap, to Europe; who laying her Crowns at his Feet receives them with an Air of Respect and Gratitude. The King tramples Tyranny under his Feet, which is express'd by a French Personage, with his leaden Crown falling off, his Chains, Yoke and Iron Sword broken to pieces, a Cardinal's Cap, triple crown'd Mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath is Time bringing Truth to Light, near which is a Figure of Architecture, holding a large Drawing of Part of the Hospital, with the Cupola, and pointing up to the Royal Founders, attended by the little Genii of her Art. Beneath her is

Wisdom

*shadowed with dark Ruffet, to denote the Changeableness of the Weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June, a calm red; July, more red dish, and as he leans upon his Lyon veils a little from the Sun. Virgo, almost naked and flying from the Heat of the Sun; Libra, in deep red; Scorpio veils himself from the scorching Sun in a flame-colour Mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot; December, or Capricorn, blueish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, presides Flora; over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, presides Ceres; over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus; and over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a brazen Pot of Fire.*

Wisdom and Heroick Virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules, destroying Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other Vices, which seem to fall to the Earth, the Place of their more natural Abode.

Over the Royal Pavillion is shewn at a great Height Apollo in his Golden Chariot, drawn by four white Horses, attended by the Horæ, and Morning Dews falling before him, going his Course through the twelve Signs of the Zodiack; and from him the whole Plafond or Cieling is enlightened.

Each End of the Cieling is raised in Perspective, with a Ballustrade and Eliptick Arches, supported by Groupes of Stone Figures, which form a Gallery of the whole Breadth of the Hall; in the Middle of which Gallery, (as tho' on the Stocks) going into the upper Hall, is seen in Perspective the Tafferil of the Blenheim Man of War, with all her Galleries, Port-holes open, &c. to one Side of which is a Figure of Victory flying, with Spoils taken from the Enemy, and putting them aboard the English Man of War. Before the Ship is a Figure representing the City of London, with the Arms, Sword and Cap of Maintainance, supported by Thame and Isis, with other small Rivers offering up their Treasures to her; the River Tine pouring forth Sacks of Coals. In the Gallery on each Side the Ship are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great Archimedes, many old Philosophers consulting the Compass, &c.

At the other End, as you return out of the Hall, is a Gallery in the same Manner, in the Middle of which is the Stern of a beautiful Galley filled with Spanish Trophies. Under which is the Humber with his Pigs of Lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her, with other lesser Rivers. In the North-end of the Gallery is the famous Ticho Brahe, that noble Danish Knight, and great Ornament of his Profession and Human Nature; near him is Copernicus with his Pithagorean System in his Hand; next to him is an old Mathematician holding a large Table, and on it are described two principal Figures, of the incomparable Sir Isaac

S

Newton,



Newton, on which many extraordinary Things in that Art are built. On the other End of the Gallery, to the South, is our learned Mr. Flamsteed, Reg. Astron. Profess. with his ingenious Disciple, Mr. Tho. Weston. In Mr. Flamsteed's Hand is a large Scrole of Paper, on which is drawn the great Eclipse of the Sun that did happen on April

1715; near him is an old Man with a Pendulum counting the Seconds of Time, as Mr. Flamsteed makes his Observations with his great Mural Arch and Tube on the Descent of the Moon on the Severn, which at certain Times form such a Roll of the Tides as the Sailors corruptly call the Higre, instead of the Eager, and is very dangerous to all Ships in its Way. This is also express'd by Rivers tumbling down by the Moon's Influence into the Severn. In this Gallery are more Arts and Sciences relating to Navigation.

All the great Rivers, at each End of the Hall, have their proper Product of Fish issuing out of their Vases.

In the four great Angles of the Cieling, which are over the Arches of the Galleries, are the four Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele and Neptune, with their lesser Deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper Attitudes, &c.

At one End of the great Oval is a large Figure of Fame descending, riding on the Winds, and sending forth the Praises of the Royal Pair.

All the Sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted Pilasters, Trophies of Shells, Corals, Pearls; the Jambs of the Windows ornamented with Roses empannell'd, or the Opus reticulatum heightened with green Gold.

The Whole raises in the Spectator the most lively Images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much Passion and Emotion.

N B. Sir James Bateman was the first Proposer and the first Benefactor to the Cieling.

*From*

*From the Connoisseur, on an affected use of hard Words.*

**I**T is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very chearfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistress's name, and called it an acrostic: Not to mention the curious inventions of rebusses and anagrams. For the same reason, the modern song-writers of our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets, and madrigals in Crambo. Authors, who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles; and with our writers of comedy, long swords, short jerkins, and tables with carpets over them pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to elevate and surprise; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws float on the surface, candidly supposes that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors by availing themselves of this secret have passed for very deep writers; and arrant nonsense has as often laid snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full-bottomed periwig.

Those, who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain, but this is sometimes a task above their abilities; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very

wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of cuppeity, tableity, tallow candleity, and twenty other things with as much sound and as little signification. Of these we may very well say with the poet,

Such labour'd nothings in so strange a stile,  
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work as an unnecessary profusion of Technical Terms. This will appear very plainly to those, who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets, and it is for these in particular, that Longinus admires the *Odyssey*. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with Starboard and Larboard, the Main-mast and Mizzen-mast, and a multitude of Sea-terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his *Gulliver*. Those, who treat military subjects, are equally ridiculous: They overwhelm you with Counterescarpes, Palisades, Ballions, &c. and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in Technical Terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouses, &c. of which he will put her in possession, if she will join issue with him, and manifests his passion, in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience, that sits under our preachers, are ignorant  
and



and illiterate, and should therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, simple, and intelligible a manner as possible. Hard words, if they have any meaning, can only serve to make them stare, and they can never be edified by what they do not understand. Young clergymen just come from the University, are proud of shewing the world that they have been reading the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the most abstruse points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and enforce the precepts of the Apostles and Evangelists, than retail the confused hypotheses of crabbed metaphysicians.

As to essays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine, that they must necessarily be written in the easy language of nature and common-sense. No writer can flatter himself, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almost too abstrusely for the study, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latinisms. Yet this has been reckoned by many the standard-file for these loose detached pieces. Addison was proud that he could boast, of having drawn learning out of schools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houses, as Socrates was said to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men: But these people (as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to say of the same Socrates) mount the clouds themselves. This new-fangled manner of delivering our sentiments is called writing sound sense: If I find this mode seems likely to prevail, I shall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very suddenly oblige the world with a *CONNOISSEUR* so sensible, that it will be impossible to understand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves never appear with so ill a grace as in our common conversation.—In writings we expect some degree of exactness and precision; but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our

familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the antient, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the Gods: In like manner some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine-spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world; and scarce enquire how you do, or bid you good-morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give in to this practice: If she makes no blunder, it sits very ungracefully upon her; but it is ten to one, that the rough uncouth syllables, that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth, and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder, that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil, who had a mind to banter the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with an huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Gargantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little; and after turning over his dictionary desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary.—This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into Lexicons, to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

*The*

*The Study of the English Language recommended.*

A Friend of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of *The ENGLISH CLUB*. The title, with which they dignify their Society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best Classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them; whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by the Town for the service of the current year.

The whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: And I never remember any society that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English Tongue is become as little the general care as English Beef, or English Honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais.



lais. This is to be sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their Mother Tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country, and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France Academies established for the support and preservation of the French language: And perhaps, if to the present Professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a Professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned Universities.

When we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description, which Benedick gives of Claudio's: "Their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." These dishes too are all French; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: Hence their conversation becomes so "fantastical a banquet," and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy.

*salmagundy*. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much ennuyee:—he does not affect to be genteel, but *de-gagee*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne sçay quoi*, and a certain *naivate*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of Humbug, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: Or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*.

Many, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our Universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and construe Lycophron extempore, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius, which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakespear and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parrallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their Mother Tongue: For these reve-  
rend

rend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons, that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our Universities, which we might expect very often, considering the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those, who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the booksellers as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin Classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen Town Eclogues; and Horace have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the Baïæ.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. To rescue our Native Language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those, who are accounted ornaments of our Seats of Learning; and it is surely more than



than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

*To the Connoisseur, on Dram-drinking.*

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of Strong Liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a Dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: At other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland's Gin. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer Brandy to keep it from her head: But this is sometimes too *cold* for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish Uisquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking Hartshorn and Water; and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night-time, that she never lives without a Cordial-water bottle by her bed-side. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Peppermint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

Her very diet must always be made *heartening*, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of Rum. She has a glass of Mountain with Bitters an hour before dinner to create an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of Punch together in the evening; but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

But

But notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milk-maid's; except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings-out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a *phlogistic* humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt-brandý at Snap-dragon.

I am, SIR, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

*Pliny to Septitius*

**T**HERE are, it seems, who have condemned me to you, as being upon all occasions too lavish in commendation of my friends. I acknowledge the charge, and glory in it too; for can there be a nobler error than an excess of benevolence? But still, who are these, let me ask, that are better acquainted with my friends than I am myself? Yet grant there are any such, why will they deny me so pleasing a mistake? For supposing my friends deserve not the high encomiums I give them, certainly I am happy in believing they do. Let them recommend then this ungenerous strictness to those (and their number is not inconsiderable) who imagine they shew their judgment, when they indulge their censure. As for myself, they will never be able to persuade me I can be guilty of an excess in friendship. Farewell.

*Pliny's Letter to Atrius Clemens.*

**I**F ever polite Literature flourished at Rome it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances: I will content myself however with  
naming

naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth. When I served in the army in Syria, I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection ; tho' that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceeding open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy, if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more now than I did then, because I understand them better ; if I can with truth, say I understand them yet : For as none but those who are skilled in Painting, Statuary, and the plastic Art, can form a right judgment of any performances in those sciences ; so a man must himself have made great advances in learning, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His stile is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest. He has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard, circumstances, which, tho' they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute however to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit ; his countenance is grave, but not austere ; and his approach commands respect without creating awe : Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and without chastising reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips ; and even after the heart is convinced the ear still wishes to listen to the harmo-



nious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons) whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that tho' he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates as first in merit tho' not in dignity. But to dwell no longer on the virtues of a man whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail, but to encrease my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing causes, answering petitions, passing accounts and writing of letters; but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of Philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so; but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation, — even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come I dare say so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: On the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friend's in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell.

*Pliny to Hispulla.*

**I**T is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father ;

ther; but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? As indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house; where he is exposed to few, I should rather say no, wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of Rhetoric, of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Among the many advantages for which this youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he has that of a most beautiful person. It is necessary therefore, in this loose and slippery age to find out one, who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely; but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary, it is, in truth, the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on that side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as much zeal, as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then

place him with a tutor, whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill-acquired if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewell.

*Pliny to Sossius.*

**I** Have a very singular value for Calvisius Nepos; as indeed he is a man of indefatigable industry, great eloquence, and (what I prefer to all the rest) of consummate integrity: He is nephew to your friend and my guest Calvisius; I beg therefore you would do him and his uncle the honour of making him one of the tribunes \* of the soldiers. It will be an obligation to us at the same time, as well as to Nepos, whom I am persuaded you will think equally deserving your favour. You have bestowed numberless good offices upon many; but I will venture to say, you never conferred one that was better placed than here, and few, perhaps so well. Farewell.

\* *Their business was to decide controversies in the army, and to take care of the works and camp.*

*Pliny to his Wife Calpurnia.*

**N**EVER was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending but following you into \* Campania; as at all times so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you make in your strength and recovery, and how the tranquillity, the amusements and plenty of that charming country agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind, infinitely

\* *Where Fabatus Calpurnia's grandfather had a delightful villa, much celebrated.*



infinitely painful ; but now your sickness conspires with your absence to perplex me with a thousand inquietudes. I fear every thing that can befall you, and, as is usual with all, under the same terrifying apprehensions, suspect most, what I most dread. Let me conjure you to prevent my solicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day : I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters ; though all my apprehensions will again return upon me the moment I have perused them. Farewell.

*Pliny to Geminus.*

OUR friend Macrinus is pierced with the severest affliction. He has lost his wife ! a lady, whose uncommon virtues would have rendered her an ornament even to antient times. He lived with her thirty-nine years in the most uninterrupted harmony. How respectful was her behaviour to him ; and how did she herself deserve the highest veneration, as she blended and united in her character all those amiable virtues that adorn and distinguish the different periods of female life. It should, methinks, afford great consolation to Macrinus, that he has thus long enjoyed so exquisite a blessing. But that reflection seems only so much the more to im-bitter his loss ; as indeed the pain of parting with our happiness still rises in proportion to the length of it's continuance. I cannot therefore but be greatly anxious for so valuable a friend, till this wound to his peace shall be in a condition to admit of proper applications. Time however, together with the necessity of the thing, and even a satiety of grief itself, will best effect it's cure. Farewell.

*Pliny to Calvisius.*

OTHER people visit their estates in order to recruit their purses ; whilst I go to mine only to return

so much the poorer. I had sold my vintage to the merchants, who were extremely eager to purchase it, encouraged by the price it then bore, and what it was probable it would rise to : However they were disappointed in their expectations. Upon this occasion to have made the same general abatement to all would have been much the easiest, tho' not so equitable a method. But justice, according to my estimate, is the noblest of all virtues, and to be pursued in one's domestic as well as public conduct ; in minute, as in great affairs ; and in our own as well as in the concerns of others. And if every deviation from rectitude is equally \* criminal, every approach to it must be equally laudable. In the first place then, I remitted to all in general, one eighth part of the price they had agreed to give me, that none might go away without a mark of my liberality : In the next, I particularly considered those who having advanced large sums towards their purchase, and done me so much the more service, and has been greater sufferers themselves. To those therefore who bought of me to the value of ‡ ten thousand sesterces, I gave back over and above that, which I may call the general and common eighth, a tenth part of what they had paid above that sum. I don't know whether I express myself clearly enough ; I will endeavour to explain my meaning more fully : For instance ; suppose a man had purchased of me to the value of fifteen thousand § sesterces, I remitted to him one eighth part of that whole sum, and likewise one tenth of † five thousand. Besides this, as several had deposited in different proportions the part of the price they had agreed to pay, whilst others had advanced nothing ; I thought it would not be agreeable to equity, that all these should be favoured with the same undistinguished remission. To those, therefore, who had made any payments, I returned a tenth part upon each of the sums so paid. By this means,

\* *The stoics maintained that all crimes are equal.*

‡ *About 80l. of our money.*

§ *About 120l. of our money.*

† *About 40l. sterling.*

means, I made a proper acknowledgement to each of them according to their respective deserts ; and likewise encouraged them, not only to deal with me for the future, but to be forward in their payments. This instance of my good-nature, or my judgment (call it which you please) was a very considerable expence to me. However I found my account in it ; for all the country greatly approved both of this uncommon piece of generosity, and the method in which I conducted it. Even those whom I did not *measure* (as they say) *by the same all*, but distinguished according to their several degrees, thought themselves obliged to me in proportion to the integrity of their dispositions, and went away pleased with having experienced, that not with me,

*The brave and mean an equal honour find.* HOMER.  
Farewell.

*Pliny to Paternus.*

THE sickness which has run thro' my family, and carried off several of my domestics, some of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply afflicted me. I have two consolations, however, which tho' they are not equal to so considerable a grief, still they are consolations. One is, that as I have always very readily manumized my slaves, their death does not altogether seem immature, if they lived long enough to receive their freedoms ; the other, that I have allowed them to make a kind of a will †, which I observe as religiously as if they were legally intitled to that privilege. I receive and obey their last requests as so many authoritative commands, suffering them to dispose of their effects to whom they please ; with this single restriction, that they leave them to some in my family, which to persons in their stations, is to be esteemed as a sort of commonwealth. But tho' I endeavour to acquiesce under these reflections, yet the same tenderness which led me to

shew

† *A slave could acquire no property, and consequently was incapable by law of making a will.*



shew them these indulgences, still breaks out and overpowers my strongest resolutions. However, I would not wish to be insensible to these soft impressions of humanity; tho' the generality of the world, I know look upon losses of this kind in no other View, than as a diminution of their property, and fancy by cherishing such an unfeeling temper they discover a superior fortitude and good sense. Their wisdom and magnanimity I shall not dispute. But manly I am sure they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood to feel those impressions of sorrow which it endeavours to resist, and to admit not to be above the want of consolation. But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this subject, — tho' not so long as I would. There is a certain pleasure in giving vent to ones grief; especially when we pour out our sorrows in the bosom of a friend, who will approve, at least pardon, our tears. Farewell.

*There is some thing so uncommonly amiable in this Family Piece, that the reader cannot be displeased with being stopped a moment to take a second view of it. If nothing remained of Pliny but this singular Trait of his character, we might nevertheless assuredly pronounce of him, that he was ennobled by every social virtue. For as it is certain the greatest minds have ever been most open to impressions of the humane kind, so every moral virtue necessarily flows from benevolence as from it's true and genuine source. It is impossible a man, who has a just feeling of the calamities of others, can deliberately break thro' the moral ties of any kind; because it is certain he cannot do so without being the occasion of suffering to those who stand within the influence of the particular action. This principle also will ever afford the most unerring test of patriotism, or the public affections; for the cruel and unrelenting in private and domestic life, can never act upon the true notion of liberty, in the more enlarged relations of public concerns. With great justice therefore our author makes this generous principle the evidence of manhood; as Juvenal describes a tenderness of disposition to be a principal note of distinction which nature has marked out between the rational and brute creation.*

Heaven

Heaven gave the tear humane, a sign confess,  
 Soft pity dwells within the mortal breast ;  
 That noblest passion noblest bosoms know !—  
 Turn'd every virtue from another's woe !  
 'Tis man's great privilege, the glorious line  
 That marks from brute, the human soul divine !  
 JUV. SATYR. 15. 181.

*Pliny to his Wife Calpurnia.*

**Y**OU kindly tell me my absence is greatly uneasy to you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, instead of their author, which you frequently place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these tender amusements. In return, I read over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had just received them ; but, alas ! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence ; for how aimable must her conversation be, whose letters have so many charms. Let me receive them however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is still a mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me. Farewell.

*Pliny to Mauricus.*

**I**N compliance with your solicitation, I consent to make you a visit at your Formian villa ; but it is upon condition that you put yourself to no inconvenience on my account ; a condition which I shall also strictly observe on my part. It is not the pleasures of your sea and your coast, that I pursue ; it is your company, together with ease and freedom from business, that I desire you to enjoy ; otherwise I might as well remain at Rome ; for there is no medium worth accepting between giving up your time wholly to the disposal of others, or reserving it entirely in your own ; at least for myself, I declare, I can not relish mixtures of any kind. Farewell.

*Pliny*

*Pliny to Servianus.*

**I** AM extremely rejoiced to hear, that you design your daughter for Fuscus Salinator, and congratulate you upon it. His Family is \* Patrician, and both his father and mother are persons of the most exalted merits. As for himself, he is studious, learned and eloquent, and with all the innocence of a child unites the sprightliness of youth to the wisdom of age. I am not, believe me, deceived by my affection when I give him this character; for tho' I love him, I confess, beyond measure, (as his friendship and esteem for me well deserve) yet partiality has no share in my judgment; on the contrary, the stronger my fondness of him is, the more rigorously I weigh his merit. I will venture then to assure you (and I speak it upon my own experience) you could not have formed to your wish a more accomplished son-in-law. May he soon present you with a grand-son, who shall be the exact copy of his father; and with what pleasure shall I receive from the arms of two such friends, their children, or grand-children, whom I shall claim a sort of right to embrace as my own! Farewell.

\* *Those families were esteem'd patrician, whose ancestors had been members of the senate in the earliest times of the regal or consular government.*

*Pliny to Maximus.*

**M**Y studies prove both an entertainment and consolation to me; and as there is no pleasure I prefer to them, so there is no uneasiness they do not alleviate. In this season therefore of dejection, occasioned by the indisposition of my wife, the dangerous sickness of some of my servants, and the death of others, I fly to my books; those sovereign composers of my grief. It is true, indeed, they teach me a greater sensibility to misfortunes, but they teach me too how to bear them  
with



with more patience. It is an establish'd rule with me, before I publish any of my productions, to take the judgment of my friends upon them, especially yours. I beg therefore you would examine the performance I here send you, with particular care, as I am afraid the disquietude of my mind may have prevented me from giving it the attention I ought. For tho' I could command myself so far as to sit down to write, I was not master enough of my heart, to do so with ease and chearfulness; but if study throws the mind into a pleasing state of serenity, a state of serenity is necessary to throw a grace upon our studies. Farewell.

*Pliny to Paulinus.*

**M**ANKIND differ in their notions of happiness; but in my opinion it consists in the anticipation of an honest fame, and the conscious security of making a glorious figure in the eyes of posterity. I confess, if I had not the reward of an immortal reputation in view, I should prefer a life of uninterrupted ease and retirement to any other. There seems to be but two points worthy our attention; either the endless duration of fame, or the short extent of life. Those who are governed by the former consideration must pursue it with the full exertion of the most laborious efforts; while such as are influenced by the latter should quietly resign themselves to repose, nor wear out a short life in so perishable pursuits; as some, we may observe, do, and then sink at last into contempt, in the midst of a wretched and fruitless course of false industry.

These are my daily reflections, which I communicate to you, in order to renounce them if you do not join with me in the same sentiments; as undoubtedly you will, who are for ever meditating some glorious and immortal enterprize. Farewell.

*Pliny*

*Pliny to Junior.*

A CERTAIN friend of mine lately corrected his son with great severity before me, for being something too profuse in the article of dogs and horses. "And pray, said I to him, (when the youth was withdrawn) did you never commit a fault yourself which deserved your father's correction? Nay, are you not sometimes even now guilty of errors, which your son, were he in your place, might, with equal gravity reprove? Are not all mankind subject to follies? And have we not each of us our particular foibles, in which we fondly indulge ourselves?"

The great affection I have for you, induced me to set this instance of unreasonable severity before you, as a caution not to treat your son with too much rigor and austerity. Consider he is but a boy, and that there was a time when you were so too. In exerting therefore, the authority of a father, remember always that you are a man, and the parent of a man. Farewell.

*Pliny to Sabinianus.*

YOUR freedman, whom you lately mention'd to me with displeasure, has been with me, and threw himself at my feet with as much submission as he could have done at yours. He earnestly requested me with many tears, and even with all the eloquence of silent sorrow, to intercede for him; in short he convinced me by his whole behaviour, that he sincerely repents of his fault. And I am persuaded he is thoroughly reformed, because he seems entirely sensible of his guilt. I know you are angry with him, and I know too it is not without reason; but clemency can never exert itself with more applause, than when there is the justest cause for resentment. You once had an affection for this man, and, I hope will have again: In the mean while, let  
me

me only prevail with you to pardon him. If he should incur your displeasure, hereafter you will have so much the stranger plea in excuse for your anger, as you shew yourself more exorable to him now. Allow something to his youth, to his tears, and to your own natural mildness of temper? Do not make him uneasy any longer, and I will add too, do not make yourself so; for a man of your benevolence of heart, cannot be angry without feeling great regret. I am afraid, were I to join my intreaties with his, I should seem rather to compel, than request you to forgive him, yet I will not scruple to do it; and in so much the stronger terms, as I have very sharply and severely reprov'd him, positively threatening never to interpose again in his behalf. But tho' it was proper to say this to him, in order to make him more afraid of offending, I do not say so to you. I may, perhaps, again have occasion to intreat you upon his account, and again obtain your forgiveness, supposing I mean, his error should be such as may become me to intercede for, and you to pardon. Farewell.

*Pliny to the same.*

**I** GREATLY approve of your having, in compliance with my letter, received again into your family and favour, a freedman, whom you once admitted into a share of your affection. It will afford you, I doubt not, great satisfaction. It certainly at least has me, both as it is a proof that you are capable of being governed in your passion, and as it is an instance of your paying so much regard to me, as either to yield to my authority. or to comply with my request; you will accept therefore, at once, both of my applause and my thanks. At the same time I must advise you, to be disposed for the future to pardon the errors of your people, tho' there should be none to interpose in their behalf. Farewell.

*Pliny*



*Pliny to Geminus.*

**Y**OU have frequently in conversation, and lately in a letter, commended your friend Nonius to me for his great liberality to some particular persons: I shall join with you in his applause, if his bounty is not confined to those only. I would have him, who desires to shew himself influenced by a spirit of true generosity, be liberal to his country, his relations and his friends; his friends, I mean in distress; not like those who chiefly bestow their presents, where there is the greatest ability to make returns. I do not look upon such, as parting with any thing of their own; on the contrary, I consider their bounties as only so many disguised baits, thrown out with a design of catching the property of others. Much of the same character are those, who defraud one man in order to be generous to another, and pursue munificence thro' the paths of avarice. The first and fundamental principle of genuine liberality, is to be contented with one's own; and after that to cherish and embrace all the most indigent of every kind, in one comprehensive circle of benevolence. If your friend observes this rule in its full extent, he is entirely to be commended; if he only partially pursues it, still he deserves (in a less degree indeed, however, he deserves) applause; so uncommon is it to meet with an instance of generosity even of the most imperfect kind! The lust of avarice has so totally seized upon mankind, that their wealth seems rather to possess them, than they to possess their wealth. Farewell.

*Pliny to the emperor Trajan.*

**W**E have celebrated, sir, (with those sentiments of joy your virtues justly merit) the day of your accession, when, at the same time that you are accepted you saved the empire. And we sincerely implored the  
gods

gods to preserve you in health and prosperity, as it is upon your welfare that the security and repose of mankind depends. I renewed at the same time the oath of allegiance at the head of the army, which repeated it after me in the usual form, the people of the province zealously expressing their affection to you by taking the same oath. Farewell.

*Trajan to Pliny.*

**Y**OUR letter, my dear Pliny, was extremely acceptable, as it gave me an account with what zeal and affection you, together with the army and the provincials, solemnized the day of my accession to the empire.

*Pliny \* to the emperor Trajan.*

**I**T is a rule, sir, which I inviolably observe, to refer myself to you in all my doubts : For who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance ? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measures of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them ; whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to the ages of the guilty, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult ; whether repentance intitles them to a pardon ; or if a man has been once a christian, it avails nothing to desist from his error ; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession are punishable ; in

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all

\* *This letter is esteemed as almost the only genuine monument of ecclesiastical antiquity, relating to the times immediately succeeding the Apostles, it being wrote at most not above forty years after the death of St. Paul. It was preserved by the Christians themselves as a clear and unsuspicious evidence of the purity of their doctrines ; and is frequently appealed to by the early writers of the church against the calumnies of their adversaries.*

all these points I am greatly doubtful. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians, is this : I interrogated them whether they were Christians ; if they confess'd, I repeated the question twice again, adding threats at the same time ; when, if they still persevered, I ordered them immediately to be punished : For I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obduracy certainly deserv'd correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation, but being \* citizens of Rome I directed them to be carried thither.

But this crime spreading (as is usually the case) while it was actually under persecution, several instances of the same nature occurred. An information was presented to me without any name subscribed, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and frankincense before your statue ; (which for this purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods) and even reviled the name of Christ ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians, into a compliance with any of these articles ; I thought proper therefore to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person, at first confess'd themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it ; while the rest own'd, indeed, that they had been of the number formerly, but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) forsaken that error. They all worshipped your statue and the images of the gods, throwing out imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed the whole

\* *It was one of the privileges of a Roman citizen, secured by the Sempronian law, that he could not be capitally convicted but by the suffrage of the people, which seems to have been still so far in force, as to make it necessary to send the persons here mentioned to Rome.*



whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a certain stated day before it was light, and addressed themselves in a form of prayer to Christ, as to some God, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purposes of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up ; after which, it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which according to your orders, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account, I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavour to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to administer \* in the religious functions: But I could discern nothing more than an absurd and excessive superstition. I thought proper therefore to adjourn all further proceedings in this affair in order to consult with you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration ; more especially, as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions ; this enquiry having already extended, and being still likely to extend to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. For this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread it's infection among the country villages. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to remedy this evil, and restrain it's progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented, and the sacred solemnities, after a long intermission, are again revived ; while there is a general demand for the victims, which

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\* *These women, it is supposed, exercised the same office as Phœbe mentioned by St. Paul, whom he styles Deaconess of the church of Cenchrea. Their business was to tend the poor and sick, and other charitable offices ; as also to assist at the ceremony of female baptism, for the more decent performance of that rite ; as Vossius observes upon this passage.*

for some time past have met with but few purchasers. From hence it is easy to imagine, what members might be reclaimed, from this error, if a pardon were granted to those who shall repent.

*Trajan to Pliny.*

THE method you have pursued, my dear Pliny, in the proceedings against those Christians which were brought before you, is extremely proper; as it is not possible to lay down any fixed plan by which to act in all cases of this nature. But I would not have you officiously enter into any enquiries concerning them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished; \* with this restriction however, that were the party denies himself to

\* *If we impartially examine this prosecution of the Christians, we shall find it to have been grounded on the antient constitution of the state, and not to have proceeded from a cruel or arbitrary temper in Trajan. The Roman legislature appears to have been early jealous of any innovation in point of public worship; and we find the magistrates, during the old republic, frequently interposing in cases of that nature. Valerius Maximus has collected some instances to that purpose, [ L. 1. c. 3. ] and Livy mentions it as an established principle of the earlier ages of the commonwealth, to guard against the introduction of foreign ceremonies of religion. Quoties (says that excellent historian, speaking in the person of one of the consuls, who is addressing himself to the people) quoties hoc patrum avorumque ætate negotium est magistratibus datum, ut sacra externa fieri vetarent? Judicabant enim prudentissimi viri—nihil æque dissolvendæ religionis esse quam ubi non patrio sed externo ritu sacrificaretur. [ L. 39. c. 16. ] It was an old and fix'd maxim likewise of the Roman government, not to suffer any unlicensed assemblies of the people: And of this Livy also is a voucher: Majores vestri (says he) ne vos quidem nisi quum, &c. forte temere coire noluerant; & ubicunque multitudo esset, ibi*

to be a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Informations without the accuser's name subscribed, ought

ibi & legitimum rectorem multitudinis censebant debere esse. [L. 39. c. 25] From hence then it seems evident that the Christians had rendered themselves obnoxious (not so much to Trajan as) to the antient and settled laws of the state, by introducing a foreign worship, and assembling themselves without authority.

We are not therefore to judge of the proceedings in question, by the rules we should apply to cases of the same nature in our own times. The established religion of the Romans was no other, in the judgment and confession of their best writers, than an engine of state, which could not be shaken without the utmost danger, or rather perhaps; without the total subversion of their civil government. Accordingly we find them strongly inculcating a tenacious observance of all it's rites: Majorum instituta tueri (says Cicero) sacris cæremoniisque retinendi, sapientis est. [De leg.] Nor is this principle, if the observation of the celebrated Machiavel is just, peculiar to the Roman state, but of universal truth in politics; for he lays it down as a general maxim, that "wherever the religion of any state falls into disregard and contempt, it is impossible for that state to subsist long." [Mach discorsi sopra tit liv.] This case therefore is to be considered in a civil, not a religious view; as a matter of state, not of speculation; wherein the lenity and moderation both of the emperor and his minister deserve to be applauded, as they are neither of them for pushing the matter as far as they most certainly might, had they acted strictly up to the antient and fundamental laws of their country.

The circumstance that attended the Christian assemblies being held at an unusual hour (ante lucem, as Pliny tells us) seems to have raised a surmise that they were of the Bacchanalian kind. For it is extremely observable, that in the account which the Christians here give of the true design of their meeting, they justify themselves from the  
very



ought not to be received in prosecutions of any sort, as it is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and by no means agreeable to the equity of my government.

*very crimes with which the Bacchanalians had been charged; intimating it should seem, that they themselves had been taxed with the same: Se Sacramento non ad Scelus aliquod abstringere; sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, &c. which runs parallel with the accusation against the Bacchanalians, as it stands in Livy: Nec unum genus noxæ, stupra promiscua, &c. sed falsi testes, falsa signa testimoniaque & indicia eadem ex officina exhibant. [Liv. 1. 39. c.]*

*Pliny to the emperor Trajan.*

**M**AY this and many succeeding birth-days be attended, Sir, with the highest felicity to you; and may you in the midst of an uninterrupted course of health and prosperity, be still adding to the increase of that immortal glory, which your virtues justly merit!

*Trajan to Pliny.*

**Y**OUR wishes, my dear Pliny, for my enjoyment of many happy birth-days, amidst the glory and prosperity of the republic, were extremely agreeable to me.

*From Mr. Gay to Mr. F.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9. 1718.

**T**HE only News that you can expect from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World; and there is scarce any thing that can reach me except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read, in old Authors, of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Valleys have escaped: The only thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary

to

to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers, which is in this Neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! For unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two, much more constant, Lovers than ever were found in Romance, under the Shade of a Beech Tree. *John Hewit* was a well-set Man, of about five and twenty ; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction. If she milked, it was his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood ; for Scandal never affirmed, that he had any other Views than the lawful Possession of her in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy : Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-cloaths, and *John* was suiting several Sorts of Poppies and Field Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for her Wedding day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded.

*Sarah* was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley. *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder ; every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called for one  
another

another throughout the Field: No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they slept to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoak, and spied this faithful Pair, *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over as to screen her from the Lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffered in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* left Eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast: Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Sign of Life was found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we furnish the Epitaph; which is as follows:

*When Eastern Lovers feed the sun'ral Fire,  
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire:  
Here pitying Heaven that Virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victim's seiz'd.*

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. *Pope* says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

Your's, &c.

The Epitaph was this:

*Near this Place lie the Bodies of  
JOHN HEWIT and MARY DREW,  
an industrious young Man  
and virtuous Maiden of this Parish;  
who being at harvest-work,  
(with several others)  
were, in one instant, killed by Lightning,  
the last Day of July, 1718.*

*Think*



*Think not, by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,  
 A Pair so faithful could expire;  
 Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,  
 And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.  
 Live well and fear no sudden Fate;  
 When God calls Virtue to the Grave,  
 Alike 'tis Justice, soon or late,  
 Mercy alike to kill or save.  
 Virtue, unmov'd, can bear the Call,  
 And face the Flash that melts the Ball.*

*A translation of a letter from the Empress of Russia to M.  
 d'Alembert, at Paris, whom she had invited to Russia  
 to educate her son.*

*Mons. d'Alembert,*

**I** HAVE just received the answer you wrote to Mr.  
 Odar, in which you refuse to transplant yourself to  
 assist in the education of my son. I easily conceive that  
 it costs a philosopher, like you, nothing to despise what  
 the world calls grandeur and honour: These, in your  
 eyes, are very little, and I can readily agree with you  
 that they are so. Considering things in this light, there  
 would be nothing great in the behaviour of Queen  
 Christina [of Sweden] which hath been so highly ex-  
 tolled; and often censured with more justice. But to  
 be born, and called to contribute to the happiness, and  
 even the instruction of a whole nation, and yet decline  
 it, is, in my opinion, refusing to do that good, which  
 you wish to do. Your philosophy is founded in a love  
 to mankind: Permit me then to tell you that to refuse  
 to serve mankind, whilst it is in your power, is to miss  
 your aim. I know you too well, to be a good man, to  
 ascribe your refusal to vanity. I know that the sole  
 motive of it is the love of ease, and leisure to cultivate  
 letters and the friendship of those you esteem. But what  
 is there in this objection? Come, with all your friends:  
 I promise both them and you, every convenience and  
 advantage that depends upon me; and perhaps you  
 will

will find more liberty and ease here, than in your native country. You refused the invitation of the King of Prussia, notwithstanding your obligations to him: But that Prince has no son. I own to you, I have the education of my son so much at heart, and I think you so necessary to it, that perhaps I press you with too much earnestness. Excuse my indiscretion for the sake of the occasion of it; and be assured that it is my esteem for you that makes me so urgent.

Moscow, Nov. 13,

CATHERINE.

1762.

In this whole letter I have argued only from what I have found in your writings: You would not contradict yourself.

*Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.*

**Y**OU are by this Time satisfied how much the Tenderness of one Man of Merit is to be preferred to the Addresses of a Thousand. And by this Time the Gentleman you have made choice of is sensible, how great is the Joy of having all those Charms and good Qualities, which have pleased so many, now applied to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you Reputation, should give you Happiness; and I can wish you no greater than that you may receive it in as high a Degree yourself, as so much good Humour must infallibly give it to your Husband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the Title of Poet should say something more polite on this Occasion: But I am really more a Well-wisher to your Felicity, than a Celebrator of your Beauty. Besides, you are now a married Woman, and in a Way to be a great many better Things than a fine Lady; such as, an excellent Wife, a faithful Friend, a tender Parent, and at last, as the Consequence of them all, a Saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever desired to hear (whatever others  
may

may have spoken to you) I mean Truth: And it is with the utmost sincerity that I assure you, no Friend you have can more rejoice in any Good that befalls you, is more sincerely delighted with the Prospect of your future Happiness, or more unfeignedly Desires of a long Continuance of it.

I hope you will think it but just, that a Man who will certainly be spoken of as your Admirer, after he is dead, may have the Happiness to be esteemed, while he is living,

Yours, &c.

*Miss F—— to Miss LOVE LACE, on Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter.*

**W**ANT of Time is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and Your's in Haste, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part, my whole Life is little more than a perpetual Hurry of doing nothing: And, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I have a Mind to do, so I can always contrive to be at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, Excuse this Nonsense. This is modest, indeed; but though I am excessive good-natured, I am resolved, for the future, not to pardon it entirely, in any one but myself.

I have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote easily; and, if I had not some private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, I should conclude this to be a Master-piece of the Kind, both as to Easiness of Thought and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which, Mr. Wycherly says, is easily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though,

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it must be confessed, he outdoes me in a few Trifles of another Sort; such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. *Pope*, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over dress'd. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. *Pope* could only contrive to write without a Genius, I do not know any one so likely to hit off my Manner as himself. But he insists upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing, as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, it is notorious, that the *Israelites* made Bricks without that Material, as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this; I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with: Therefore I have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dulness, who is ever at Hand to assist me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in short, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

*To Mrs. —, a Love Letter, full of Truth.*

MADAM,

**I** MUST acquaint you, in short, that you must either pull out your Eyes, or I must pull out mine; either you must not be so handsome, or I must be blind. Yet, though my Passion is as violent perhaps as any Man's, you must not expect I should either hang or drown. I should betray great Want of Sense, and little Knowledge of your Merit, to be willing to leave the World while you are in it. To deal sincerely with you, Madam, I choose infinitely the Happiness of living with you, before the Glory of dying for you. Besides, I have that good Opinion of your Sense, to believe you prefer the living Lover to the dead; the Lips that are warm, to those that are cold; the Limbs which have Motion, to those which have none. If I must die, Madam, kill me



me with your Kindness, but not with your Cruelty : Let me expire rather upon your Bosom than at your Feet. If you shall be tenderly inclined to give me a Death of this Kind, I am prepared to receive it on any Ground in the three Kingdoms : Appoint but your Place and I shall not fail to meet my fair Murderer.

*On Matrimony, from Mr. H—— to Mrs.——*

MADAM,

**F**EW Subjects enter more into Conversation among young People than Matrimony ; nor is any spoke of in more opposite Lights : It is often represented as a Heaven or Hell upon Earth ; but does Experience warrant a Belief, that there is no intermediate Condition between the Bliss of the Good and the Torments of the Bad, in this State ? It is the inconsiderate Part of Mankind who think Matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married Persons happy or miserable ; but a very little Reflection would convince them of their Mistake : It is Men or Women who are heavenly-minded, or diabolical. The Institution in itself is of vast Importance : Christianity cannot stand without it ; nor can the common Liberty and Rights of Mankind subsist without some Contract, which shall be equally binding to both Sexes ; yet, if Avarice or Ambition, even Love unguided by Prudence, or any other Passion, is the Cause of Engagements, which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the Charge of the Institution. But here also the Laws of God, and of the Land, have provided for our Security : No more is required than in all other Cases, a pious Resignation to our Condition, whilst we make up for the Deficiency of our Pleasure, by another ; I mean so to cultivate Reason, as to raise our Sense of Duty, in Proportion as our Affections flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious Man by a virtuous Woman, or the contrary ? By Vice, I mean every moral Defect of Mind, or Corruption

of Heart. Women are generally most disposed to Religion; and, when kindly treated, give the strongest Proofs of native Ingenuouſness; whence I conclude, that notwithstanding Man's boasted Pre-eminence, your Defects are most easily corrected: The very Superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of Controul.

Hence you may discover the indulgent Care of Providence; for even the Subjection, of which Women inconsiderately complain, is generally conducive to their Happiness. Your Felicity arises chiefly from your Subjection; and it is no Paradox to say the same of your Power. "As climbing of a sandy Way to the Feet of the Aged, so is a Wife full of Words to a quiet Man.—But if there be Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort in her Tongue, then is not her Husband like other Men!" This conveys the strongest Sense of a Man's Happiness, whose Wife has tender Affections, good Sense, and a virtuous Mind. She who makes Trial with Sincerity, may easily find the Meaning of the Words, and the weighty Instruction contained in them. But in our Days, Men set out upon Principles which will by no Means bear an Examination. It is presumed that very little or no Virtue is to be found; therefore Provision for those Pleasures which Money can purchase, is the first Object. Either we are not taught what we owe to God and our Neighbour; religious and domestic Duties are neglected; or our Parents, mistaking external Parade for Happiness, seek after the greatest Fortunes, be the Advantages of them what they may; they teach us the very Lesson which the greatest Part of Mankind learn, in spite of all the Care which the wise and virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while the Laws of God and Nature are invariable, and we can never beat out an artificial Happiness whose Pleasures compensate for the Neglect of Nature, though the Taste may become so depraved as hardly to leave any Vestiges in the Mind of the Lesson which Nature teaches. I have read many beautiful Passages on this Subject; in every Writer of Eminence one finds some, with regard to Men as well as Women.

I recollect one more, which seems to be of great Force, because it is very natural : " Where no Hedge is, there  
 " the Possession is spoiled ; and he that hath no Wife,  
 " will wander up and down mourning." It often happens that the Unmarried are unhappy, they know not why ; whilst the Capricious in Taste, inconstant in Temper, or vicious by Inclination, are reformed by Wedlock. And as we may with great Propriety say, Blessed is she who converteth a Sinner to Repentance, I think we may add, Cursed is he whose Carelessness or Folly induces his Wife to go astray.

Whatever our State or Condition may be ; how keen soever our Pursuit of Happiness ; how infinitely diversified our Opinions on which our Felicity so much depends ; and how contradictory soever our Practice may be to such Opinions ; so long as we have Senses to distinguish Light from Darkness or Bitter from Sweet ; so long as we have a Ray of Reason to distinguish Truth from Falshood, or Joy from Anguish and Perturbation, we must come back to our Text,

- " *That to be good, is to be happy ;*
- " *Angels are happier than Men, because*
- " *They are better ; Guilt is the Source of Sorrow,*
- " *'Tis the Fiend, th' avenging Fiend,*
- " *That follows us behind with Whips and Scourges :*
- " *The Blest know none of this, but rest*
- " *In everlasting Peace of Mind, and find*
- " *The Height of all their Heav'n is Goodness."*

You see, Madam, I learn my Morality from Poets as well as Divines, and have my Ears open to Instruction in a Play-house as well as in a Church. But as we cannot be quite so good, we must be contented if we are not quite so happy as Angels. Let us keep in View the glorious Rewards of Virtue, nor suffer our Enjoyment of a small Portion of Felicity, if a large one is not our Lot, to dishearten us in the Pursuit. The Time will very shortly come, when the seeming Inequality amongst Mankind will be settled. Farewell.

I am your's, &c.

Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.

SIR,

Oates, April 26, 1695.

YOU look with the Eyes, and speak the Language of Friendship, when you make my Life of much more Concern to the World than your own. I take it, as it is, for an Effect of your Kindness, and so shall not accuse you of Compliment; the Mistakes and Over-valuings of Good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common Truth allows. This on my Side I must beg you to believe, that my Life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my Reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your Conversation, and, upon twenty Occasions, lay my Thoughts before you, and have the Advantage of your Judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my Share of Friends of all Ranks, and such, whose Interest, Assistance, Affection, and Opinions too, in fit Cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one Place vacant, that I know no body that would so well fill as yourself: I want one near me to talk freely with, *De quolibet Ente*; to propose to the Extravagancies that rise in my Mind; one with whom I would debate several Doubts and Questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the Mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden Earth, which never came near the Light before; but whether it contain any Metal in it, is never so well tried as in Conversation with a knowing, judicious Friend, who carries about him the true Touch-stone, which is Love of Truth in a clear-thinking Head. Men of Parts and Judgment the World usually gets hold of, and by a great Mistake (that their Abilities of Mind are lost, if not employ'd in the Pursuit of Wealth or Power) engages them in the Ways of Fortune and Interest, which usually leave but little Freedom or Leisure of Thought for pure disinterested Truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in Earnest, to the full Latitude of real Knowledge, are not every where to be met with.

Wonder



Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my Neighbourhood: I should be too happy in a Friend of your Make, where you within my Reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some Business would once bring you within Distance; and 'tis a Pain to me to think of leaving the World, without the Happiness of seeing you.

I am, &c.

*Mr. LOCKE to Mr. MOLYNEUX.*

DEAR SIR,

*Oates, 2 July, 1695.*

**D**ID I not assure myself that our Friendship were grown beyond Suspicion of Compliment, I should think I should have need to make Excuses to you for my long Silence; but I know you will credit me, when I tell you it has been neither Forgetfulness nor Negligence.

The Abridgment of my *Essay* is quite finish'd. It is done by a very ingenious Man of *Oxford*, a Master of Arts, very considerable for his Learning and Virtue, who has a great many Pupils. It is done with the same Design you had in View when you mention'd it. He has generally (as far as I could remember) made Use of my Words; he very civilly sent it me when it was done; upon looking it over, I guess you will approve of it, and think it well done. It is in Mr. *Churchill's* Hands, and will be printed as soon as the third Edition of my *Essay*, which is now in the Press, is printed off.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have found any good Effects of my Method on your Son. I should be glad to know the Particulars; for though I have seen the Success of it in a Child of the Lady, in whose House I am (whose Mother has taught him *Latin* without knowing it herself when she began) yet I would be glad to have other Instances; because some Men, who cannot endure any thing should be mended in the World by a new Method, object, I hear, that my Way of Education is impracticable. But this I can assure you, that the Child above-mention'd, but nine Years old in

*June*

June last, has learn'd to read and write very well; is now reading *Quintus Curtius* with his Mother; understands Geography and Chronology very well, and the *Copernican* System of our Vortex; is able to multiply well, and divide a little; and all this without ever having one Blow for his Book. The third Edition is now out; I have order'd Mr. *Churchill* to send you one of them, which I hope he has done before this. I expect your Opinion of the Additions, which have much encreased the Bulk of the Book. And though I think all that I have said right; yet you are the Man I depend on for a fair and free Censure, not inclined either to flatter, or quarrel. You know not of what Value a knowing Man, that is a sincere Lover of Truth, is, nor how hard to be found; wonder not therefore, if I place a great Part of my Happiness in your Friendship, and wish every Day you were my Neighbour; you would then find what Use I should make of it. But, not to complain of what cannot be remedied, pray let me have all the Advantage I can at this Distance. Read the Additions, and examine them strictly, for I would not willingly mislead the World. Pray let me know whether the Doctor, your Brother, has any Children; when he has, I count I owe him one of my Books of Education.

Mr. MOLYNEUX to Mr. LOCKE.

SIR,

Dublin, August 24, 1695.

I AM mightily pleased that your *Essay* is abridg'd, though for my own reading, I would not part with a Syllable of it. However, others may not have so much Leisure as to set on a large Book, and for such the Abridgment may be useful. 'Tis to me no small Argument of the curious Genius of the *English* Nation, that a Work so abstract as yours, should now suffer three Impressions in so short a Time.

I have already so much Experience of your Method of Education, that I long to see your third Edition.  
And

And since you put me upon it (to whom I can refuse nothing in my Power) I will give you a short Account of my little Boy's Progress under it.

He was six Years old about the Middle of last *July*. When he was but just turn'd five, he could read perfectly well; and on the Globes could have traced out, and pointed at all the noted Parts, Countries, and Cities of the World, both Land and Sea: And by five and an half, could perform many of the plainest Problems on the Globe; as the Longitude and Latitude, the Antipodes, the Time with them and other Countries, &c. And this by Way of Play and Diversion, seldom call'd to it, never chid or beaten for it. About the same Age he could read any Number of Figures, not exceeding six Places, break it as you please by Cyphers or Zero's. By the Time he was six, he could manage a Compass, Ruler and Pencil, very prettily, and perform many little Geometrical Tricks, and advanced to Writing and Arithmetick; and has been about three Months at *Latin*, wherein his Tutor observes as nigh as he can, the Method prescrib'd by you. He can read a *Gazette*; and, in the large Maps of *Sanfon*, shews most of the remarkable Places as he goes along, and turns to the proper Maps. He has been shewn some Dogs dissected, and can give some little Account of the grand Traces of Anatomy. And as to the Formation of his Mind, which you rightly observe to be the most valuable Part of Education, I do not believe that any Child had ever his Passions more perfectly at Command. He is obedient and observant to the nicest Particular, and at the same Time sprightly, playful, and active.

*The Marquis of GRANBY's Letter of Thanks to  
the British Forces in Germany.*

*Munster, Jan. 1, 1763.*

**L**ORD Granby hoped to have had it in his Power to have seen and taken his Leave of the Troops,  
before

before their Embarkation for *England*; but a severe Illness having detained him at *Warburg*, and his present State of Health obliging him to take another Route, he could not leave this Country without this public Testimony of his entire Approbation of their Conduct since he has had the Honour of commanding them.

These Sentiments naturally call for his utmost Acknowledgments; he therefore returns his warmest Thanks to the Generals, Officers, and private Men, composing the whole *British* Corps, for the Bravery, Zeal, Discipline and good Conduct he has constantly experienced from every Individual; and his most particular and personal Thanks are due to them for their ready Obedience, upon all Occasions, to such Orders as his Station obliged him to give.

His best Endeavours have always been directed to their Good, by every Means in his Power; and he has the Satisfaction to think he has some Reason to flatter himself of their being convinced, if not of the Efficacy at least of the Sincerity, of his Intentions, if he may judge by the noble Return their Behaviour has made him; a Behaviour that, while it fills him with Gratitude, has endeared them to their King and Country, and has covered them with Glory and Honour.

Highly sensible of their Merit, he shall continue, while he lives, to look upon it as much his Duty, as it will for ever be his Inclinations, to give them every possible Proof of his Affection and Esteem; which he should be happy to make as apparent as their Valour has been, and will be conspicuous and exemplary to after Ages.

I am, &c.

*An Uncle to a Youth, on his complaining of Hardships in his Apprenticeship.*

COUSIN WILLIAM,

I AM sorry you should have any Misunderstanding with your Master: I have a good Opinion of him, and I am unwilling to entertain a bad one of you. It

is



is so much the Master's Interest to use his Apprentices well, that I am inclinable to think, that when they are badly treated, it is oftener the Effect of Provocation than Choice. Wherefore, before I give myself the Trouble of interposing in your Behalf, I desire you will strictly inquire of yourself, whether you have not, by some Misconduct or other, provoked that Alteration in your Master's Behaviour, of which you so much complain. If, after having diligently complied with this Request, you assure me, that you are not sensible of having given Cause of Disgust on your Side, I will readily use my best Endeavours to reconcile you to your Master, or procure you another. But, if you find yourself blameable, it will be better for you to remove, by your own Amendment, the Occasion of your Master's Displeasure, than to have me, or any other Friend offer to plead your Excuse where you know it would be unjust to defend you. If this should be your Case, all your Friends together could promise for your better Behaviour, indeed; but as the Performance must even be your own, it will be much more to your Character to pass through your whole Term without any Interposition between you. Weigh well what I have here said, and remember that your future Welfare depends greatly on your present Behaviour. I am

Your loving Uncle;

*To Mr. LUST LOVE.*

*From a Lady of inferior Fortune, whom he courted for a Mistress.*

SIR,

AFTER very much Perplexity in myself, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this Way. If I do not within a few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But, alas! what am I

I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you: But, after I have done so, I am to assure you, that, with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no Inclinations towards me, but to my Dishonour. But alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but professed Error and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy; and yet you give up every Thing else, when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World; and I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife; and hope to convince you, that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one, who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence; you would soon grow tired of me, though I am sprightly, young, gay, and airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it made itself false, where is now the Innocence which charm'd you? The first Hour you are alone, you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a Destroyer; he blasts all the Fruits he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her place, after Imagination is cloy'd; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold myself the Cause of uneasy Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the two  
Companions

Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air, and free Commerce, which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life, of which I have but a mere Idea.

On the other Hand, if you can be so good and so generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise yourself all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promise yourself from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easy Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise yourself from me, will be followed by Distaste and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of Sense are but the lower Part of its Felicity.

Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness, the haughty Daughter of a Man, who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her, who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honoured and obliged by that Permission, whom of the two will you chuse? You perhaps will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all Things to have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought you; I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce

Y

between

between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain; between us of a Friendship. Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask yourself, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? Such will be your Case with me. In the other Marriage you will live in a constant Comparison of Benefits, and never know the Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

It may be you will after all act rather in the prudential Way, according to the Sense of the ordinary World. I know not what to think or say, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your grateful Wife, but never your abandon'd Mistress.

*From a Country Chapman beginning Trade, to a City Dealer, offering his Correspondence.*

SIR,

*Lancaster, Oct. 20, 1763.*

**T**HE Time of my Apprenticeship with Mr. Walker of this Town being expired, I am just going to begin for myself in *Preston*, having taken a Shop there for that Purpose. And as I know the Satisfaction you always gave to my Master in your Dealings, I make an Offer to you of my Correspondence, in Expectation that you will use me as well as you have done him, in whatever I may write to you for. And this I the rather expect, as you cannot disoblige Mr. Walker by it, because of the Distance I shall be from him; and I shall endeavour to give you equal Content with regard to my Payments, &c. Your speedy Answer, whether or no you are disposed to accept of my Offer, will oblige

Your humble Servant.

*In*



*In Answer to the foregoing.*

SIR,

London, 23 October, 1763.

I HAVE received yours of the 20th, and very cheerfully accept the Favour you offer me. I will take care to serve you in the best Manner I am able, and on the same Foot with Mr. *Walker*; not doubting you will make as punctual Returns as he does; which intitles him to a more favourable Usage than could otherwise be afforded. I wish you Success with all my Heart, and am

Your obliged Servant.

*From a Maid-Servant in Town, acquainting her Father and Mother in the Country with a Proposal of Marriage, and asking their Consents.*

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,

I THINK it my Duty to acquaint you, that I am address'd to for Change of Condition, by one Mr. *John Brittle*, who is a Glasier, and lives in the Neighbourhood by us. He is a young Man of a sober Character, and has been set up about two Years, has good Business for his Time, and is well beloved, and spoken well of by every one. My Friends here think well of it, particularly my Master and Mistress: And he says, he doubts not, by God's Blessing on his Industry, to maintain a Family very prettily: And I have fairly told him, how little he has to expect with me. But I would not conclude on any Thing, however, till I had acquainted you with his Proposals, and asked your Blessings and Consents; for I am and ever will be

Your dutiful Daughter

ANN LOVEGLASS.

*From the Parents, in Answer to the preceding.*

DEAR NANNY,

**W**E have received your dutiful Letter. We can only pray to God to bless and direct you in all your Engagements. Our Distance from you must make us leave every Thing to your own Discretion; and, as you are so well satisfied in Mr. *Brittle's* Character, as well as all Friends, and your Master and Mistress, we give our Blessings and Consents with all our Hearts: We are only sorry we can do no more for you. But let us know when it is done, and we will do some little Matter, as far as we are able, towards House-keeping. Our Respects to Mr. *Brittle*. Every Body joins with us in Wishes for your Happiness; and may God bless you, is all that can be said by

Your truly loving Father and Mother.

*The Daughter's Answer, acquainting her Parents with her Marriage.*

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,

**I** Write to acquaint you, that last *Thursday* I was married to Mr. *Brittle*, and am to go home to him in a Fortnight. My Master and Mistress have been very kind, and have made me a Present, towards House-keeping, of three Guineas. I had saved twenty Pounds in Service, and that is all. I told him the naked Truth of every Thing, and, indeed, did not intend to marry so soon; but, when I had your Letter, and shewed it him, he would not let me rest till it was done. Pray do not streighten yourselves out of Love to me. He joins with me in saying so, and bids me present his Duty to you, and tell you, that he fears not to maintain me very well. I have no Reason to doubt of being very happy. And your Prayers for a Blessing on both our Industry, will, I hope, be a Means to make us more so. We are, and ever shall be, with Respects to all Friends,

Your most dutiful Son and Daughter.

*Recom-*

*Recommending a superior Man-Servant.*

SIR,

**T**HE Bearer of this is Mr. *John Thrifty*, whom I mentioned to you the last Time I saw you ; and for whose Integrity and Ability to serve you in the Way you talked of, I dare be answerable. I take the greater Pleasure in this Recommendation, as I doubt not it will be of Service to you both ; and am,

Sir, your most obedient Servant.

*Recommending a Wet Nurse.*

MADAM,

**T**HE Bearer is Mrs. *Fruitful*, whom I recommend to you as a Nurse for Master. You will be pleased with her neat Appearance, and wholesome Countenance. She lives just above Want, in a pleasant airy Place ; and has a very honest diligent Husband, with whom she lives very happily ; and the Man is exceedingly fond of Children, very sober and good-humoured ; and they have every Thing very pretty about them. You will find such Answers to the Questions that shall be put to her, as will please you in every Respect that you mentioned to me ; and the Woman will not tell an Untruth, or impose upon you. In a Word, I know not a more proper Person, and I am glad I have this Opportunity to oblige you in so deserved a Recommendation ; for I am,

Dear Madam, your most faithful Servant.

*To a Friend, in Compliance with his Request to borrow a Sum of Money, the Repayment being limited to a certain Time.*

SIR,

**T**HE Intimation you give me, that the Sum of fifty Pounds will be of great Use to you, and that you shall be able to repay it in four Months, makes

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me

me resolve to put myself to some Difficulty to oblige you. Accordingly, I inclose a Bank-note to that Amount. But I must, in the Name of Friendship, beg of you to return it to me unused, if you cannot keep your Word in the Repayment; for my accommodating you with this Sum is rather, at present, a Testimony of my Inclination, than Ability, to serve you: For I am  
Your affectionate Friend and Servant.

*A Letter from Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, Linen-draper, in London, formerly of Manchester, to the Author of a Paper, called the FREE THINKER.*

SIR,

I AM a Linen-Draper, and am proud that it is in my Province to serve many of the Fair Sex with Holland, Muslins, &c. but notwithstanding I make it my Study to please all my Customers, I had this Day the Misfortune to disoblige a Lady, by adhering too scrupulously to a favourite Maxim of yours, *That Honesty is the best Policy.*

This Lady wanted some extraordinary good Holland, and pretended to have a great deal of Skill, and the nicest Discernment in Linen, which I could wish all the Persons had who come to my Shop. I very officiously shew'd my Compters over with various Sorts, and told her the Prices of them; but none pleas'd her. I continu'd to shew finer, till I had quite drain'd my Compters; but still she did not approve of any: Being very studious to please her, I pick'd out a choice Piece of Holland, and justly recommended it for its Fineness, told her I would engage for its Goodness, that it was even, thick, and white, that it was a Holland of an excellent Fabrick; with all the Eloquence of such like Drapery Terms: The very lowest Price I told her was 10s. *per Ell*; after all I could say, she found fault with it, said she lik'd it not, that it would not do, though she did not assign any one proper Reason for her Dislike of it.

Being conscious that this Holland very well deserv'd the Character I had given it, I was resolv'd to make Use



Use (in an honest Way) of an Expedient which is sometimes practis'd in all Trades: Whereupon, unknown to the Lady, I shew'd her the very same Holland again, telling her, that it was an extraordinary Piece, and the very best I could pretend to put into her Hands: She ask'd the Price; I told her 13 s. an Ell; she immediately blam'd me for not shewing her that Piece before, saying, I like this very well; she order'd me to cut off 12 Ells, for which she paid me. I thereupon return'd her 36 s. assuring her it was the very same Holland I had offer'd her before at 10 s. an Ell. I desired her not to have a worse Opinion of it, because I thought myself oblig'd to make a Return of that Money; and said, she should always find sincere Dealing from me: Upon which she told me she would never come within my Shop. I answer'd, that I was very sorry her Ladyship should misconstrue a well-intended Action; that I was not willing to gain her Custom by defrauding her; and advis'd her rather to repose a Confidence in an honest Tradesman, than to rely too much upon her own Judgment.

I humbly appeal to you Mr. *Free Thinker*, desiring your Sentiments of my Conduct in this Affair, and am,  
&c. J. H.

*From an Apprentice to his Master, begging Forgiveness  
for a great Misdemeanour.*

GOOD SIR,

I AM so ashamed of myself for the last Occasion I have given you to be angry with me, after my repeated Promises of Amendment, that I have not the Courage to speak to you. I therefore take this Method of begging you to forgive what is past; and let this Letter testify against me if ever I wilfully or knowingly offend again for the future. You have Children of your own. They may possibly offend, though I hope they never will, as I have done. Yet, Sir, would you not wish they might meet with Pardon, if they should,  
rather

rather than Reprobation? — My Making or my Ruin, I am sensible, lies in your Breast. If you will not forgive me, sad will be the Consequence to me, I doubt. If you do, you may save a Soul, as well as a Body, from Misery; and, I hope, Sir, you will weigh this with your usual Goodness and Consideration. What is past, I cannot help; but for what is to come, I do promise, if God gives me Health and Power, that my Actions shall testify for me how much I am,  
*Good Sir, &c.*

*The Master's Answer.*

JOHN,

**Y**OUR Letter has affected me so much, that I am willing once more to pass over all you have done. Surely I may at last depend on these your solemn Assurances, and, I hope, deep Contrition! If not, be it as you say, and let your Letter testify against you for your ungrateful Baseness; and for me, in my Readiness (which however shall be the last Time) to forgive one that has been so much given to promise, and so little to perform. But I hope for better, because I yet wish you well; being, as you use me,

*Yours, or otherwise.*

*Dr. TILLOTSON to Lord SHREWSBURY.*

MY LORD,

**I**T was a great Satisfaction to me, to be any Ways instrumental in gaining your Lordship to our Religion, which I am really persuaded to be the Truth; but I am, and always was, more concerned that your Lordship should continue a virtuous and good Man, than become a Protestant; being assured that the Ignorance and Errors of Men's Understanding, will find a much easier Forgiveness with God, than the Faults of the Will. I remember your Lordship once told me, that  
 you

you would endeavour to justify the Sincerity of your Change, by a conscientious Regard to all other Parts and Actions of your Life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own Act, than by being a worse Man after your Profession to have embraced a better Religion; I will certainly be one of the last to believe any Thing of your Lordship that is not good; but I always feared I should be one of the first that should hear it. The Time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something that affected me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth to trouble your Lordship about it; but having heard the same from those who, I believe, bear no Ill-will to your Lordship, I now think it my Duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told that your Lordship is of late fallen into a Conversation, dangerous both to your Reputation and Virtue; two of the tenderest and dearest Things in the World. I believe your Lordship to have a great Command and Conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human Frailty, and of the dangerous Temptations to which Youth is exposed in this dissolute Age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high Provocation of almighty God, and the Hazard of your Soul, whenever you engage in a bad Course, what a Blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted Reputation; what Uneasiness and Trouble you will create to yourself, from the severe Reflections of a guilty Conscience; and how great a Violence you will offer to your good Principles, your Nature, and your Education. Do not imagine you can stop when you please: Experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain than for Men to think they can set Bounds to themselves in any Thing that is bad. I hope in God no Temptation has yet prevailed upon your Lordship, so far as to be guilty of any loose Act; if it has, as you love your Soul, let it not proceed to an Habit; the Retreat is yet easy and open, but will every Day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that, upon your Repentance and Resolution of Amendment,

ment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us, by his Grace, to be better for the future. But I need not enforce these Considerations upon a Mind so capable of, and easy to receive good Counsel: I shall only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a Point of Wisdom it is, in all our Actions, to consult the Peace of our Minds, and to have no Quarrel with the constant and inseparable Companion of our Lives. If others displease us, we may quit their Company; but he that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy, because he has no Way to get rid of himself.

My Lord, for GOD's Sake and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all Means to save yourself from this untoward Generation. Determine rather upon a speedy Change of your Condition, than to gratify the Inclinations of your Youth, in any Thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the Satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no Ground for this Report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest News to me in the World. I have only to beg of your Lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the Formality of my Profession; but that it proceeds from the truest Affection and good Will, that one Man can possibly bear to another. I pray to GOD every Day for your Lordship, with the same Constancy and Fervor as for myself, and do now earnestly beg that this Counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

FORMS of MESSAGES and COMPLIMENTS for  
CARDS, or BILLETS, which may be altered  
so as to serve on most Occasions.

#### CARD I.

**M**R. and Mrs. Gay's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Chearful*, and if they are not engaged will do themselves the Pleasure to wait on them, in the Afternoon, to drink Tea.

*Monday, 10 o'Clock.*

CARD



C A R D II.

*The Answer.*

Mr. and Mrs. *Chearful* return their Compliments, and will be very glad of Mr. and Mrs. *Gay's* good Company.

*Monday, 11 o'Clock.*

C A R D III.

Mr. and Mrs. *Young's* Compliments, to Mr. and Mrs. *Ward*, and shall be glad of their Company this Evening to play a serious Game at Whist.

*Tuesday Morn.*

C A R D IV.

*The Answer.*

Mr. and Mrs. *Ward's* Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Young*, they are sorry they cannot have the Pleasure of waiting upon them, being pre-engaged.

*Tuesday Morn.*

C A R D V.

Miss *Brown* hearing that Miss *Williams* is indisposed, desires, with her Compliments to her, to know how she does, and, as soon as it is agreeable, will do herself the Pleasure to pay her Respects to her personally.

*Wednesday Morn.*

C A R D VI.

*The Answer.*

Miss *Williams's* Compliments to Miss *Brown*, with Thanks for her kind Enquiry of her Health. She has got a severe Cold, which will prevent her going abroad a few Days, Miss *Brown's* Company, will, on that Account, be a greater Favour than usual, as often as convenient.

*Wednesday Morn.*

C A R D VII.

Miss *Carter's* and others of Miss *Bell's* Acquaintance, send Compliments, and intending to see the new Tragedy to-night, will in their Way call upon Miss *Bell*, whose agreeable Company will conduce greatly to heighten the Pleasure proposed.

*Thursday Morn.*

CARD

C A R D VIII.

*The Answer.*

Miss *Bell's* Compliments to Miss *Carter* and her Acquaintance, to all whom she is highly obliged for their intended Favour, and will be ready to wait upon them ; and doubts not of being agreeably entertain'd in the Company of Persons of such good Sense and true Taste.

*Thursday Morn.*

C A R D IX.

Mr. *Mason's* Compliments to Miss *Fanny Birch*, who he understands is to be of the Party invited to dance Country Dances at Mr. *Smart's* this Evening. Being engag'd in some particular Business, which will prevent his personally waiting on her, begs the Favour of having her for a Partner.

*Friday, 10 o'Clock.*

C A R D X.

*The Answer.*

Miss *Fanny Birch* has no Objection against dancing with Mr. *Mason*, and thinks necessary Business a very sufficient Reason for his not waiting on her personally.

*Friday Noon.*

C A R D XI.

Mr. *Freeman* sends his best Respects to Coz. *Jones* and Family, and begs the Favour of their Company to dine with uncle *Freeman*, who says it is a bold Freedom for a Batchelor to pretend to entertain those who are so good Judges of genteel and elegant Life ; but candid and good-natur'd Visitants make all with'd for Allowances.

*Saturday Morn.*

C A R D XII.

*The Answer.*

Mr. and Mrs. *Jones* and Family's proper Respects to Uncle *Freeman*, and as many of them as can conveniently, will do themselves the Pleasure to wait on him to Dinner ; where there is no Doubt of meeting with every Thing from Coz. *Freeman*, that is agreeable, tho' a Batchelor.

*Saturday Morn.*

F I N I S.

